500

ENGLISH HYMNS:

THEIR AUTHORS AND HISTORY.

BY

SAMUEL WILLOUGHBY DUFFIELD,

AUTHOR OF "THE LATIN HYMN-WRITERS AND THEIR HYMNS," "THE HEAVENLY LAND,"
"WARP AND WOOF: A BOOK OF VERSE," "THE BURIAL OF
THE DEAD," ETC., ETC.

THIRD EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

"But the great Master said, 'I see
No best in kind but in degree.
I gave a various gift to each
To charm, to strengthen and to teach.

"'These are the three great chords of might,
And he whose ear is tuned aright
Will hear no discord in the three,
But the most perfect harmony.'"

LONGFELLOW: *The Singers.*

FUNK & WAGNALLS.

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To

CHARLES SEYMOUR ROBINSON, D.D., LL.D.,

Whose *Laudes Domini* furnished a Basis for the Present
Work, as his Advice and Urgency have promoted
its Progress, this *Compendium* of Biography,
Incident and Religious Suggestion
is now cordially

DEDICATED.

LAUS PERENNIS.

O monks of Antioch, I read
That in the olden, happy days,
You kept alive a precious deed,
And sang and chanted ceaseless praise.

Whoever neared your holy throng—
Whether he came by night or noon—
Across his spirit passed a song;
Upon his heart there broke a tune.

He heard and knew, and, gliding by,
He spake within himself, and said,
"So must the angels sing on high,
Where life hath risen from the dead!"

But now I tread your voiceless shore,
O monks of Antioch, and lo!
I hear the ceaseless song no more;
No more the choir go to and fro.

Nay, for the world is all too wide!
Too strait and close the cloisters grew;
All nations laud the Crucified,
And they and we still sing with you!

October, 1885. S. W. D.

PREFACE.

I HAVE written this Preface, in waking and dreaming moments, a good many times. It is " borne in upon me"—as the Quakers say—that the Courteous Reader and I must make each other's acquaintance in the first person singular before we are separated by the editorial " We."

I would not have him " mislike me for my complexion," or fancy that, because this is a somewhat elaborate—and, I hope, somewhat accurate—treatise on the Authors and History of English Hymns, it must therefore be dry reading and useless to all except the musty grubbers among old hymn-books.

Nor would I have him—or her, for I know as many women who love hymns as I do men !—think me capable of imposing on his credulity with every sort of ill-grounded or sentimental tradition concerning the origin or the use of these Hymns. The size of the present volume shows what has been omitted as well as included. And as this is in no sense either a work of fiction or of dead statistics, I have confined myself to the truth as I found it, and have mainly restrained a desire to indulge in the Comparison of Texts and the History of Alterations. I suppose I might add, too, that I have only plucked a few flowers from the outer limits of that great garden of Christian Biography wherein grow Solomon's rose, Christ's lily, Chaucer's daisy, and Robert Robinson's saffron-crocus.

It was when I was busy with the Latin Hymns that this work was peremptorily forced upon me by the exigencies of the case. Large as it was, I looked upon it only as the *adytum* or vestibule to that cathedral of ancient praise. But I soon found that English Hymnology afforded a very fruitful field, for, as a rule, in the immensity of material each editor has perforce taken a certain direction and dug his galleries and shafts to correspond. Such a thing as one General Guide to the whole subject of the Hymns themselves was not to be had. Especially there was a lack in

America, where we employ, more freely than does England, the sacred songs of "all peoples, nations, and languages." This catholicity and the publication of *Laudes Domini*, Dr. Robinson's latest and noblest collection of hymns, determined both the basis and the scope of the present work.

There are those who, in Hymns, as in Art and in Music, are clamorous nowadays for the new, the precise, and the æsthetic. But the "old wine" is good enough yet, and there is honey still in the lion-carcass of the field-preaching Church of Lady Huntingdon's day. I shall not defend archaic expressions, bad rhymes, and halting rhythm, but I shall constantly aver that Hymns are pre-eminently the utterance of Spiritual Life, and that what the Church Universal adopts and cherishes is, by that fact, removed both from the control of a picking pedantry and of a cold-blooded correctness.

The string with which I have bound these things together is undoubtedly mine own. I have not been satisfied merely to quote and to compile; but I must needs bring in more or less of my own tying of the knots. I feel like old "Democritus" Burton: "As I do not arrogate, I will not derogate." There is honest, hard labor here. And I take Burton's comfort to myself: "I shall be censured, I doubt not; for, to say truth with Erasmus, *nihil morosius hominum judiciis*, there is naught so peevish as men's judgments; yet this is some comfort, *ut palata, sic judicia*, our censures are as various as our palates."

I have paid particular care to our American Hymn-Writers, and have received from them much personal help. The Materials for Annotation, placed at my service, have been unusually fine—both as to Hymnologies (of which I have consulted all, without a known exception) and as to Hymn-Books and Original Editions. And yet I have scrupulously avoided a kind of dogmatic "Sir Oracle" method—which is to me one of the most unpleasant features of the study of these Texts and Origins. The best of men can be mistaken, and it does not conduce to confidence for any person to believe, or imply, that knowledge will perish with him. Good old Daniel Sedgwick is the suggestive "horrible example"—writing "Jeremiah Stegen" for "Gerard Tersteegen" and assigning R. Robinson's hymn to Lady Huntingdon!

I trust there is yet more light to break across this hymn-country, this Land of Beulah, from which the towers and palaces of the New Jerusalem can be seen. And while I have many thanks to tender to many friends who have always given freely what I required of them (and whom I cannot name "more particularly"), I am notably grateful for the help I have had upon the Indexes, as afforded by Mr. H. P. Main and Rev. Samuel M. Jackson, of New York City; Mr. C. Alex. Nelson, of the Astor Library; Mr. C. R. Gillett, librarian of Union Theological Seminary; Rev. J. L. Russell, of Altoona, Pa.; and Mr. E. P. Mitchell, of Glen Ridge, N. J. From first to last, also, the work has received the accurate and invaluable assistance of Miss L. B. Day, of Bloomfield, N. J.

I have the assurance to declare that these Authorities which I have consulted; these Authors who have given me their confirmation; these Hymn-Books which pave my floor, and these Hymnologies under which my desk groans, are inaccessible to the ordinary reader, and are largely out of the reach of specialists. I have been freely laying other people's rose-leaves in my wax that I might burn a fragrant candle withal, in the midst of the obscurity. And if the Courteous Reader likes his light, I shall be well content!

And now, as I turn from these studies to those where I must toil for the most part as a solitary explorer, that I may soon send "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns" to accompany this volume, I beg to add that the present pages have been written amid the continuous and delightful occupations of an active and growing pastorate. They have filled its interstitial spaces with their own benediction of charity and peace, and if they kindle any other heart with love for the service of the Lord as they often have kindled mine, they will achieve the mission and the prayer with which they go forth. The years thus spent have made me ready to borrow the language of an unknown hymn-writer of the last century, and to sing,

"I'll trim my Lamp the while,
And chaunt a midnight Lay,
Till perfect Light and Gladness come
In Glory's endless Day."

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., April 22, 1886.

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION.

THE demand for a new edition of *English Hymns*, coming so soon after the first issue of three thousand copies, may well be a surprise to others, as it certainly is to myself. The past three months have been spent in a slow convalescence from dangerous illness induced by overwork, and no medicine could have been more salutary than the invariably kind reviews printed by various journals and the frequent and appreciative letters of my brethren in the ministry. If I am to believe what I read, I have done some service to the Church of Christ, even while my lips have been silent and my hands have "hung down." I ask, in return, the prayers of those to whom this book is helpful, that I may be fully able to renew my old and happy labor, and also to complete the manuscript of the *Latin Hymn-Writers* without undue delay. I can indeed make the final couplet of Doddridge's Last Hymn my own, and say:

> "For 'tis a heaven begun to know,
> To love, and serve my Lord below."

Mr. Hubert P. Main has again aided me (especially in the American chronology), and I owe particular thanks to Rev. T. W. Chambers, D.D., to Rev. C. S. Nutter, to the veteran hymnologist, David Creamer, and to Rev. G. W. Anderson, D.D., and his friend, Mr. Francis Jennings, for many annotations and suggestions. The very few real changes which these have rendered necessary are a "source of wonder and delight" to one who hoped for accuracy and has done his utmost to secure it.

SAMUEL W. DUFFIELD.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., Sept. 15, 1886.

ENGLISH HYMNS.

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King.—WATTS.

IT is one of the truest tests of a hymn when it is found to possess the power of awakening and stimulating devotion. Dr. Doddridge on one occasion wrote to Dr. Watts that he had preached to a number of plain country folk in a large barn. The sermon was from Heb. 6 : 12, and at its close he announced and read the hymn, " Give me the wings of faith to rise." The effect—he tells Dr. Watts—was deep and pervading. The clerk, who acted as precentor, could scarcely utter the words, and many of the audience were in tears. " These," he continues, " were most of them poor people who work for their living." They had found in the language of the hymn—as many have found in the words of this which is before us—the interpretation of their emotions.

The present piece is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 51—the third part, L. M. He entitled it " The Backslider Restored ; or, Repentance and Faith in the Blood of Christ." It originally possessed eight stanzas.

A CHARGE to keep I have.—WESLEY.

This hymn is based on Lev. 8 : 35 ; a fact which was definitely proven by Mr. James Grant in the *Christian Standard*, about 1872. Calvinists and Arminians had been in controversy over the views contained in it, and the debate had been somewhat acrimonious. The doctrine taught is that of obedience : that we should " abide at the door of the congregation, and keep the charge of the Lord." It is No. 188 of Charles Wesley's *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762. The tune he selected for it was " Olney."

A FEW more years shall roll.—BONAR.

From *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series, 1857. Its title is "A Pilgrim's Song," and it has six stanzas. Of that stanza commencing "A few more Sabbaths here," Dr. Bonar says, in a foot-note: "The old Latin hymn expresses this well:

'Illic nec Sabbato succedit Sabbatum,
Perpes laetitia sabbatizantium!'"

The Latin is Peter Abelard's, for whom see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns," where there is a full account of the discovery of Abelard's hymns.

The present hymn ranks in popularity next to Dr. Bonar's "I lay my sins on Jesus." In the original form it contains six stanzas, the chorus varying only by a single word in each case, as "great" day, "blest" day, "calm" day, "sweet" day, and "glad" day.

A MIGHTY fortress is our God.—HEDGE, *tr.*

There is no grander hymn in the German tongue than the "*Ein Feste Burg*" of Martin Luther. It has been frequently rendered into English, and these versions have been collected (1883) by Rev. Leonard W. Bacon, D.D., and published as an accompaniment to the Four Hundredth Commemoration of the great Reformer's birth. We venture to add to these another rendering, which has met with favor among Luther's fellow-countrymen resident in the United States.

A firm defence our God is still,
  A trusty guard and weapon;
He bears us free from every ill
  Which unto us can happen.
    That old devilish foe
    Strives us to overthrow;
    Great might and cunning art
    Arm him in every part;
On earth no one can match him.

By our own might is nothing done,
  We are too soon forsaken;
Yet fights for us that Righteous One,
  Whom God Himself has taken.

Who is this, do you say?
Christ is His name alway,
The Lord of Sabaoth;
No other God in sooth
Than He shall win the battle.

And were the world with devils filled,
All waiting to devour us,
We fear not what the fiend has willed,
He shall not overpower us;
This prince of wickedness
May scowl no whit the less;
But he can injure none,
His might is overthrown;
One little word defeats him.

And they shall let that Word abide—
No thanks to them for favor!
He stands forever on our side,
With strength and saintly savor.
Let them deny us life,
Goods, honor, child, and wife,
Let them take all away,
They have not won the day:
God's kingdom shall not perish!

[S. W. D., *tr.*, 1873.]

The rendering by Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D., contests the palm of popularity with that by Thomas Carlyle, "A safe stronghold our God is still." Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge was born in Cambridge, Mass., December 12th, 1805, and after an education in Harvard College (where he obtained his B.A. in 1825) and at the Divinity School (1828) he entered the Unitarian ministry. He was pastor at West Cambridge; Bangor, Me.; Providence, R. I.; and Brookline, Mass., from which he removed to Harvard College as Professor of German Literature in 1872. He had previously discharged the duties of Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the Divinity School (from 1857) in connection with his parochial work. With Dr. Huntington (now bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church) he prepared the *Hymns for the Church* [Unitarian, 1853], in which this translation was first published.

The life of the author of the original hymn is too well known to require notice here, except as to its dates. Martin Luther was born at Eisleben, Germany, November 10th, 1483, and died at the same place, February 17th, 1546. He entered Erfurt University in 1501, and took his degrees of B.A. in 1502, and of M.A. in 1505. He intended to be a lawyer. The death of a friend by lightning, at his side, made him resolve to be a monk. He was received as an Augustinian novice at Erfurt, July 17th, 1505, and in 1507 was regularly ordained as a priest. The vicar of that order, John Staupitz, was his great help in the study of the truth.

In 1508, Luther took the chair of Philosophy at Wittenberg. During the year 1511 he went to Rome on business connected with the Augustinians. It was after this that he preached at Wittenberg and became acquainted with saving faith. We find him, in 1516, deeply moved by Tauler's mysticism, and in a way to break off from the Roman Church. Yet he did not realize how he was drifting.

John Tetzel's sale of indulgences drew from Luther ninety-five theses, nailed (October 31st, 1517) to the door of the *Schloss Kirche* in Wittenberg. Later, the cardinal-legate Cajetan was appointed to reclaim him to the papal authority. But this was unsuccessful. Cajetan was greatly irritated by Luther's strength of argument. "I will not talk any more with the beast," he said; "he has deep eyes, and his head is full of speculation."

The Elector of Saxony now dispatched his chamberlain, Miltitz, to induce Luther to be amenable to Rome. He partially succeeded (January, 1519), and Luther promised to be silent. In these days he was of a thin and spare appearance, with great freshness and vigor of speech, and a "rude vehemence" which he could not suppress. Students flocked to his lectures.

In 1520, the incipient Reformer urged the Christian nobles to take up the work of purifying the Church—since the Pope declined to attempt it. The consequence was that Eck appeared (September 21st, 1520) in Meissen, with the Pope's ban, to which Luther made response by burning the bull and decretals (December 12th, 1520) at Wittenberg. Charles V. did not feel free to execute the ban, and the professor was therefore summoned to the Diet at Worms. On April 17th, 1521, he was confronted there by the question whether he was willing to renounce his writings. To this he gave answer that he could not do it. He said: "I shall not be convinced, except by the testimony of the Scriptures or plain reason; for I believe neither the Pope nor councils alone, as it is manifest that they have often erred and contradicted themselves. . . . I am not able to recall, nor do I wish to recall anything; for it is neither safe nor honorable to do anything against conscience. Here I stand, I cannot do otherwise. God help me. Amen!"

On the 25th of May the ban was pronounced. The story, thenceforward—of his life in the Wartburg, and of his translation of the Bible and authorship of hymns and publication of commentaries and controversial tracts—is thoroughly known. The first Wittenberg hymn-book appeared in 1524, with four of Luther's hymns in it. The battle gradually turned in favor of the Reformers, and from the date of his marriage (June 13th, 1525) to his death in 1546, Luther became the quiet arbiter of religious affairs in his fatherland. He died in great peace, repeating Ps. 31 : 5 : "Into Thy hand I commit my spirit."

This hymn of ours is "Luther in Song." It has all of his ruggedness, his trust, and his majestic courage. A superb use of its music is that by Mendelssohn in the Reformation Symphony. The first part of that unique symphony is broken and confused, but intermixed with strains from the hymn. Then follows a pretty pastoral. Then the din begins again, louder and harsher than ever, but the listener feels that the notes of the great choral are gaining strength and unity. At length, in the climax of the composition, all the instruments sweep up together into the notes of the hymn, and the piece ends with one of the most majestic movements that Mendelssohn ever conceived.

Many incidents attest the hold which this hymn has taken upon the German heart. In 1532 it was sung at Schweinfurth, in Bavaria, in defiance of the Roman Catholic priest. When Wittenberg was captured in 1547, just after Luther's death, Melanchthon, Justus Jonas, and Creuziger fled to Weimar. There they heard a child singing the familiar words. "Sing, dear daughter, sing," quoth the good Melanchthon; "you know not what great people you are now comforting."

So, too, it was Gustavus Adolphus's hymn before the battle of Leipzig (1631), and also before that of Lützen, where he lost his life. And when the deposed ministers of Augsburg comforted John Frederick, the Elector of Saxony, in his prison at Augsburg, he asked them: "Has the Emperor banished you also from the Empire?" "Yes," they said. "But has he banished you from heaven?" "No!" said they. "Then," he replied, "fear nothing, 'God's kingdom shall not perish!'"

In 1720 a remarkable revival began in Moravia, in a town where David Nitschmann lived. The Jesuits opposed it, and the meetings were prohibited. Those who still assembled were seized and imprisoned in stables and cellars and foul outhouses. At Nitschmann's house a hundred and fifty persons were once gathered when the police broke in and seized all the books within reach. Nothing dismayed, the congregation struck up the stanza of Luther's hymn,

"And were the world with devils filled,
All waiting to devour us,
We fear not what the foe has willed,
He shall not overpower us!"

Twenty heads of families, including David Nitschmann, were apprehended for this and sent to jail, Nitschmann being treated with special severity. He finally escaped; fled to the Moravians at Herrnhut; became a bishop, and afterward joined the Wesleys in 1735 in their expedition to Savannah, Ga.

The first line of this hymn is inscribed on Luther's monument in Wittenberg. And across the bastion-like corner of the massive and beautiful Lutheran church at Broad and Arch streets, Philadelphia, stand the appropriate words, "A mighty fortress is our God." Even the Huguenots of France (between 1560 and 1572) borrowed this hymn as their help and stay in times of bloody persecution. Whether it be true that it was composed on the road to Worms (1521) or later (1529), it will always be associated with times of peril and of the testing and trial of faith.

But, after all other incidents, that of Luther's own use of his hymn is the best. When dangers thickened he would turn to Melanchthon and say: "Come, Philip, let us sing the 46th Psalm"—and they would sing it in this "characteristic version."

A MOTHER may forgetful be.—STEELE.

It has been said of Miss Steele: "Her hymns are a transcript of a deeply sensitive, humane, and pious mind, with little intellectual variety or strength; but they have a free and graceful lyrical flow, and no positive faults beyond a tendency to repetition and too many endearing epithets.'' Very few hymn-writers, however, have had her success in reaching the sympathies of the Church. Twenty of her hymns are in *Laudes Domini*, one of the most recent compilations, and sixty-five of them were in Evans's *Collection*, 1769. Her *nom de plume* being "Theodosia," they are there signed "T." Between these dates there has been scarcely a hymn-book published which has not contained more or less of her verses. She stands fourth or fifth in the list of contributors to English hymnody, being outnumbered, usually, by Watts, Doddridge, and Charles Wesley; and, occasionally, by Newton. In 1760, she published *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional* over the signature "Theodosia," to which we have just referred. This work was in two volumes. A version of the Psalms was added in 1780. Mr. D. Sedgwick, in 1863, reprinted her *Hymns, Psalms and Poems*, with a "memoir by John Sheppard." In 1808, her poems were reprinted in this country in two volumes, 12mo. This edition includes one hundred and forty-four hymns, thirty-four of the Psalms and fifty poems "on moral subjects."

A PARTING hymn we sing.—WOLFE.

"I can remember nothing definitely," writes Rev. A. R. Wolfe, "about 'A parting hymn we sing,' except that, in looking over the lists of topics in hymn-books with the idea of endeavoring to supply deficiencies, I thought something of this kind might be suitable in rising from the Lord's table." He adds that this came to mind and was composed "with scarcely any thought or labor of my own."

A PILGRIM through this lonely world.—DENNY.

We have this piece from the pen of Sir Edward Denny, an English baronet and landholder in Ireland, whose principal residence is London. He was born at Tralee Castle, County Kerry, Ireland, October 2d, 1796, and succeeded his father as fourth baronet in August, 1831. In 1839 he issued a volume of *Hymns and Poems*, with a second edition in 1848. In religious connection he is a member of the Plymouth Brethren, and he is the author of *A Prophetical Stream of Time* and other writings upon similar topics.

The present piece is from his *Millennial Hymns*, republished, with a long preface on prophecy, in 1870. The first edition was issued in 1839 and the second in 1848. The title of this hymn is "The Man of Sorrows," and there is prefixed to it a quotation from Bishop Gambold's poem, "John's Description of Jesus":

"Cheerful he was to us;
But let me tell you, sons, he was within
A pensive man, and always had a load
Upon his spirits."

The original has eight stanzas.

Abide in thee, in that deep love of thine.—J. D. Smith.

The author, Rev. Joseph Denham Smith, is a prominent evangelist, whose efforts to promote revivals have been greatly blessed. He was born at Romsey, Hants, England, about 1816; educated partially at Dublin Theological Institute, and entered the Congregational ministry in 1840. In 1849 he became pastor of the Congregational church at Kingstown, near Dublin, and has (especially since 1863) frequently labored in other places, and preached to large audiences at Merrion Hall, Dublin. His hymn, "Just as thou art—how wondrous fair!" has been received into Mr. Spurgeon's book.

Abide with me; fast falls the eventide.—Lyte.

From 1823 until his death in 1847, Rev. Henry Francis Lyte was perpetual curate of Brixham, Devonshire, England, among a hardy class of seafaring folk. He "made hymns for his little ones, and hymns for his hardy fishermen, and hymns for sufferers like himself." Most of his hymns, indeed, were written there. This one, universally admired and secure of a place in all collections, was composed under very pathetic circumstances. The author had been steadily declining in health, and the climate was pronounced injurious. Of this sentence he writes: "I hope not, for I know no divorce I should more deprecate than from the ocean. From childhood it has been my friend and playmate, and I have never been weary of gazing on its glorious face."

But he was forced to see the necessity for a trip to the south, and again he writes: "The swallows are preparing for flight, and inviting me to accompany them; and yet, alas! while I talk of flying, I am just able to crawl, and ask myself whether I shall be able to leave England at all."

It was in this weak condition that he endeavored once more to meet his people, administer the Lord's Supper, and speak some parting words. His language has been preserved. "Oh, brethren," he said, "I can speak feelingly, experimentally, on this point; and I stand before you seasonably to-day, as alive from the dead, if I may hope to impress it upon you, and induce you to prepare for that solemn hour which must come to all, by a timely acquaintance with, appreciation of, and dependence on the death of Christ." While these were unquestionably his sentiments, it is doubtful if the exact words are here reproduced. Mr. Lyte was a writer of singularly terse and beautiful English, as his preface to the poems of Henry Vaughan will testify. His expressions may therefore be regarded as paraphrased rather than quoted in this final address.

The scene of that communion was notably solemn. Its weary administrator dragged himself to his room and remained there a long while. That very evening he gave to a relative this hymn in its original eight stanzas. It was accompanied by music, adapted to it by Mr. Lyte, and which has no other merit than this association. Those who are curious in such matters will find this tune preserved in the *Evangelical Hymnal* of Rev. C. C. Hall and S. Lasar.

Mr. Lyte, not long afterward, and upon this very journey, passed away from earth. Shortly after he reached Nice, France, he died, pointing upward, and whispering, "Peace! Joy!" He was a man of high culture and genuine poetic gifts, and his version of the Psalms has given to us a number of admirable lyrics. He edited the poems of Vaughan in 1846, and thus made himself a record in English letters, to which his friends and successors have added another memorial of a different sort; for, in 1883, the church of Lower Brixham was rebuilt as a monument to his name and merits.

Mr. Christophers thus describes the scenery amid which this hymn was written. It was, by the way, the favorite hymn of Frederick Maurice:—

> "Then on the banks of the Dart, in South Devon. Those who have had the joy of gliding on the waters of that lovely river well remember its strange twists and turns—especially at one point, where it turns back on its course, and where, in following it, we seem now to be plunging into a depth of oaken woods, and now are suddenly amid an open amphi-

theatre of leafy heights, rising one above another, and opening here and there into bright green lawns and ferny slopes. Around a point, and there, under the shelter of hills crowned with billowy foliage, her line of rustic roofs just peeping above the many masses of copse and garden verdure, in dreamy stillness, and in simple and homely beauty, is the village of Dittisham. There the wandering curate nestled in a cottage, going out now and then to officiate at Lower Brixham. Brixham was at last his parish ; and there, for twenty years, he toiled in his pastorate under many a cloud—clouds of personal suffering, clouds of pastoral difficulty and discouragement. To his tender, sensitive nature the peculiar condition of his flock must frequently have been a source of trial. His charge was the busy, shrewd, somewhat rough, but warm-hearted population of a fishing-coast and seafaring district, which had been subjected to all the corrupting influences peculiar to the neighborhood of naval and military forces during the French war."

Rev. George D. Baker, D.D., of Philadelphia, tells this story about the hymn : When at Nice, he went to see the grave of Lyte. There was one there before him, a young man, shedding copious tears of gratitude. The words of that hymn had been directly instrumental in his conversion.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word.—MONTGOMERY.

This is from the *Original Hymns*, where it is numbered as 129. The title given to it is, "This do in Remembrance of Me.—Luke 22 : 19." It has six stanzas.

Among communion hymns we seldom find a sweeter strain than this. Montgomery was quite a Moravian ; and here is one of their brief sacramental songs :

"Bread of life ;
Christ, by whom alone we live ;
Bread, that came to us from heaven ;
My poor soul can never thrive,
Unless thou appease its craving ;
Oh, it hungers only after thee ;—
Feed thou me !"

ACQUAINT thyself quickly, O sinner, with God.—KNOX.

This is the Scottish poet whose poem, "Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?" was such a favorite with President Lincoln. He wrote what Mr. Frederick Saunders justly calls "splendid lyrics." William Knox was born in 1789, and died in Edinburgh, November 12th, 1825—the "son of a respectable yeoman," upon Sir Walter Scott's testimony. He succeeded to good farms under the Duke of Buccleugh, but became dissipated, and ultimately bankrupt. It was then that his fine vein of pensive poetry showed itself. His *Lonely Hearth*, *Songs of Israel*, and *Harp of Zion* displayed a talent which years afterward attracted the attention of Abraham Lincoln to what is now, through his commendation, a poem of classic excellence.

In 1864, during the month of March, the artist Carpenter and the sculptor Swayne were both in Washington. The sculptor was working upon a bust of Mr. Lincoln in a temporary studio in the Treasury Building. The President asked Mr. Carpenter to accompany him thither, and there, referring again to this poem by Knox, he was delighted to find that Mr. Swayne possessed a copy of the verses in print, which he had cut, several years before, from a Philadelphia paper. They had been originally given to Mr. Lincoln by a young man named Jason Duncan, and the President had recently written them from memory for the wife of Secretary Stanton, saying that he had often tried to discover the author, but in vain. Subsequently the re-publication of the stanzas in the New York *Evening Post* secured the identification of the poem with the name of William Knox. Lincoln's death was precisely such a sharp contrast as that of the final couplet :

> " From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud :—
> Oh, why should the spirit of mortal be proud ?"

This hymn is in Knox's *Harp of Zion*, where it is based on Job 22 : 21, 27, and 28, and has the title, " Heavenly Wisdom." The original form is much the best. It has apparently been strained through an evil sieve, and the volume, which bears the date 1825, is so rare that few have seen it. The lines are there stated to have been " written for Mr. Pettet."

> " Acquaint thee, O mortal !
> Acquaint thee with God—
> And joy, like the sunshine,
> Shall beam on thy road ;
> And peace, like the dewdrops,
> Shall fall on thy head ;
> And visions, like angels,
> Shall visit thy bed.

"Acquaint thee, O mortal!
Acquaint thee with God—
And the prayer of thy spirit
Shall reach his abode;
And the wish of thy bosom
Shall rise not in vain;
And his favor shall nourish
Thy heart, like the rain.

"Acquaint thee, O mortal!
Acquaint thee with God—
And he shall be with thee
When fears are abroad;
And in every danger
That threatens thy path,
And even in the valley
Of darkness and death."

"In composing the following poems," says Knox in his preface, "I felt a pure and elevated pleasure, and it is my sincere wish that the reader may experience somewhat of a similar feeling in the perusal of them."

AGAIN as evening's shadow falls.—S. LONGFELLOW.

Rev. Samuel Longfellow is a brother of the poet, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, and a Unitarian clergyman. He was born June 18th, 1819, at Portland, Me.; graduated at Harvard College, 1839, and at the Divinity School in Cambridge, 1846. He then became pastor at Fall River in 1848, and was afterward, in 1853, settled over the Second Unitarian Church in Brooklyn, N. Y. He next went abroad on an extended tour, from which he returned to assume the charge of the Unitarian Church in Germantown, Pa. From this pastorate he resigned in 1882 in order to prepare the materials for a full biography of his brother. On this work he is understood to be at present (1885) engaged.

Mr. Longfellow and his friend, Rev. Samuel Johnson, labored faithfully to advance the hymnody of their denomination. It is to him in particular that the "Vesper Service" owes its popularity. He was the first to maintain it in the shape which other churches have since employed. Perhaps as a consequence of their labors among hymns, both Mr. Longfellow and Mr. Johnson have been for years regarded as holding strongly to "theistic opinions," and opposing all chilling rationalism whatsoever. It is the highest testimony that could be paid to the devotion of these writers that their compositions have not been deemed incongruous or inconsistent in recent collections made for evangelical churches. The hymn itself was written for a little book of *Vespers*, prepared in 1859.

AGAIN our earthly cares we leave.—NEWTON.

This piece, written by Rev. John Newton, is usually changed from its original form as it appears in the *Olney Hymns*, where it is reckoned as No. 43 of Book III. The title given to it there is: "On opening a House of Worship." And the hymn begins with the line, "O Lord, our languid souls inspire," and has seven stanzas. In comparing it with the version in common use one would conjecture that the first and the third stanzas of our ordinary hymn were by Cotterill; the rest remain substantially as they were written by Newton.

AGAIN returns the day of holy rest.—W. MASON.

There were two persons bearing this name of Rev. William Mason; one of them wrote the hymn now before us, the other was the author of the not less widely-known, "Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer." The first of these is to be distinguished from his contemporary only by his recorded life and writings. He was an English Episcopalian, born at Kingston-on-Hull in 1725. In 1742 he entered St. John's College in Cambridge, and was graduated with honor, becoming finally a Fellow of Pembroke Hall. He took orders in 1754, received the living of Aston, and was one of the chaplains to George III. As a friend of Thomas Gray he edited that poet's works in 1775, and at the time of his death he had been for thirty-two years precentor and canon residentiary of York. Miss Mitford, Lord Jeffrey, and Dibdin have dealt kindly by his memory, and Dr. Johnson allowed him a place among the British poets. Perhaps Boswell borrowed his method of biography in which to immortalize Johnson, for Mr. Mason employed this same gossiping style in his memoirs of Gray.

In art and literary criticism our author stood high, and it is possible that his attainments were only dwarfed by comparison with the almost gigantic scholarship of his nearest friends. The death of this excellent man was occasioned by a hurt received in alighting from his carriage. This seemed of such a trivial character that it was neglected. The limb thereupon mortified, and, in spite of every attention, the worthy precentor died on the 5th of April, 1797. The present hymn—that by which he is best remembered—will be found at the end of Volume I. of the *Works of William Mason, M.A., Precentor of York and Rector of Aston,* which appeared in four volumes in 1811.

The other William Mason was born at Rotherhithe, in 1719, and was an associate of Whitefield and Romaine. He succeeded Toplady in the editorship of the *Gospel Magazine,* in 1777, and died of a paralytic stroke, September 29th, 1791.

ALAS! and did my Saviour bleed.—WATTS.

This hymn is found in Dr. Watts's works as Book II., No. 9, of *Hymns on Divine Subjects.* Originally it possessed six stanzas, with the title, "Godly Sorrow arising from the Sufferings of Christ."

At the Soldiers' Cemetery in Nashville, Tenn., a stranger, it is related, was once seen planting a flower upon a grave. He was asked: "Was your son buried there?" "No." "Your brother?" "No." "Any relative?" "No." Then the stranger laid down a small board which was in his hand and said: "I will tell you. When the war broke out I lived in Illinois. I wanted to enlist, but I was poor. I had a wife and seven children. I was drafted, and I had no money to hire a substitute. I made up my mind to go. After I was all ready to start a young man came to me and said: 'You have a large family which your wife cannot take care of. I will go for you.' He did go in my place, and at the battle of Chickamauga he was wounded and taken to Nashville. Here he died. Ever since I have wished to come and see his grave. So I have saved up all the spare money I could, and came on and found my dear friend's grave." He then took the head-board and fixed it into the ground at the head of the grave. It bore the soldier's name, and underneath were the words, "He died for me."

The evangelist E. P. Hammond ascribes his conversion to the hymn, "Alas! and did my Saviour bleed." It was in Southington, Conn., when he was seventeen, and not at any time of revival. So that he has always, under God, regarded this hymn as used by the Holy Spirit to regenerate his heart.

ALAS ! what hourly dangers rise.—STEELE.

In Miss Steele's *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, this is entitled, "Watchfulness and Prayer, Matt. 26 : 41." It has six stanzas.

ALL glory, laud, and honor.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is the *Gloria, laus et honor* of Theodulphus, Bishop of Orleans, who died in the year 821. The translation was made by Dr. John Mason Neale in 1856, and is to be found in his *Mediæval Hymns.*

Clichtoveus (1517), one of the earliest authorities on Latin hymnology, tells us that Theodulph wrote this hymn in prison, where Ludovicus Pius (Louis I., *le Debonnaire*) had cast him. The accusation, made by Theodulph's enemies and believed by the king, was that the bishop was in conspiracy with the royal family against its head. However true or false the charge, it is certain that Theodulph was imprisoned at Anjou, and that on Palm Sunday he "sweetly sang before all" this hymn from his grated window. Another account has it that the sequence was chanted by boys whom the bishop had trained. This variation does not vitiate the fact that the king released the singer, restored him to office, and appointed that hymn for the processional on Palm Sunday. The Roman Missal recognizes this use by its rubric :

> "At the return of the procession two or four singers enter into the church, and standing behind the closed door, with faces toward the procession, they begin, '*Gloria, laus,*' etc., and chant the first two verses. The priest, with the rest outside of the church, repeats them. Then those who are within chant the other following verses, either in whole or in part as seems best, and those without respond to each couple of verses, '*Gloria, laus,*' etc., as at the beginning. Afterward the subdeacon strikes upon the door with the shaft of the cross."

The ceremonial then proceeds according to the established forms.

In the Protestant churches during the sixteenth century this hymn by Theodulph was frequently sung. For further information on the sequences and upon the life of Theodulph, see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name.—PERRONET.

Edward Perronet was born at Shoreham, England, August 2d, 1721 ; died January 2d, 1792. He was the son of Rev. Vincent

Perronet, who was the vicar of Shoreham, in Kent, from 1726, and a fast friend of the Wesleys. Charles and Edward Perronet were probably born not far from the date just given. In 1746 they were preaching in the Methodist connection, and in 1750 Edward is mentioned in Charles Wesley's diary. In 1755, when the question of separation from the Church of England came up, the Perronets favored and the Wesleys opposed the measure. In 1756 Edward wrote *The Mitre, a Satyricall Poem*, in three cantos. This enraged the Wesleys, and angered the Countess of Huntingdon also. The poem was anonymous, but it was traced to Perronet and suppressed. However, John Wesley, by whose efforts it was cancelled, said in later times: "For forty years I have been in doubts concerning that question, 'What obedience is due to heathenish priests and wicked infidels?'"

Perronet's relation to Lady Huntingdon's society was thus broken off, and he ended his days at Canterbury, January 2d, 1792, as the minister of a Dissenting congregation. His last words were: "Glory to God in the height of His divinity! Glory to God in the depth of His humanity! Glory to God in His all-sufficiency! And into His hands I commend my spirit!"

The famous hymn was written in 1779, and published in 1780, in the *Gospel Magazine.*

Some fifty years ago a Methodist local preacher, named William Dawson, was preaching in London on the divine offices of Christ. He was a very extraordinary character, even in a denomination which has furnished strange examples of originality and eccentric power. He came from Yorkshire, and was only a plain farmer, yet his vivid and audacious imagination enabled him to sway the largest audiences, and to avoid by its own tremendous momentum the vulgarity and irreverence which would have otherwise crippled his influence. "Billy Dawson," as he was familiarly styled, was a man of genius, and in this sermon on the offices of Christ he showed it. He had portrayed the Saviour as teacher and priest, and he proceeded to set forth his glory as a king in his own right over saints and angels.

Kindling at the thought, he drew the picture of a coronation pageant. The great procession was arrayed. Prophets and patriarchs, apostles and martyrs, moved grandly on. The vast temple was filled, and at the climax of the thought the preacher suddenly broke from his ordinary tone, and sang, with startling effect :

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem
And crown him Lord of all !"

"The effect," says Christophers, "was overwhelming. The crowd sprang to their feet, and sang the hymn with a feeling and a power which seemed to swell higher and higher at every verse." Such was the grand result of Edward Perronet's verses.

In 1780 the hymn had appeared without signature in the *Gospel Magazine.* Five years later it was known to be of Perronet's composition. It was included in *Occasional Verses, Moral and Sacred,* published in 1785, which, though it also bore no name, was known to be by him. The first version of the hymn contains eight stanzas, of which five are substantially the same as our usual form. The concluding stanza, however, has not suffered by its amendment, as the original shape is manifestly inferior to the present one :

"Let every tribe and every tongue
That bound creation's call,
Now shout in universal song,
The crownèd Lord of all."

A part of Dr. Belcher's account of this hymn is worth quoting :

"We add here another anecdote ; and, though it does not directly bear on Perronet's hymn, it does on his character, as on that of the eminent preacher to whom it likewise relates.

"Mr. Wesley had long been desirous of hearing Edward Perronet preach ; and Mr. Perronet, aware of it, was as resolutely determined he should not, and therefore studied to avoid every occasion that would lead to it. Mr. Wesley was preaching in London one evening, and, seeing Mr. Perronet in the chapel, published, without asking his consent, that he would preach there the next morning at five o'clock. Mr. Perronet had too much respect for the congregation to disturb their peace by a public remonstrance, and too much regard for Mr. Wesley entirely to resist his bidding. The night passed over. Mr. Perronet ascended the pulpit under the impression that Mr. Wesley would be secreted in some corner of the chapel, if he did not show himself publicly, and, after singing and prayer, informed the congregation that he appeared before them contrary to his own wish ; that he had never been once asked, much less his consent gained, to preach ; that he had done violence to his feelings to show his respect for Mr. Wesley; and, now that he had been compelled to occupy the place in which he stood, weak and inadequate as he was for the work assigned him, he would pledge himself to furnish them with the best sermon that ever had been delivered. Opening the Bible, he proceeded to read our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, which he concluded without a single word of his own by way of note or comment. He closed the service with singing and prayer. No imitator has been able to produce equal effect.

"Another fact does bear on the hymn. In 1795 the late Rev. Dr. Bogue preached one of the first sermons before the London Missionary Society. One of Rowland Hill's biographers tells us: 'Mr. Bogue, in the course of his sermon, said: "We are called this evening to the funeral of Bigotry; and I hope it will be buried so deep as never to rise again." The whole vast body of people manifested their concurrence, and could scarcely refrain from one general shout of joy. Such a scene, perhaps, was never beheld in our world, and afforded a glorious earnest of that nobler assembly where we shall meet all the redeemed, and before the throne of the Lamb shall sing, as in the last hymn of the service:

'Crown him, crown him, crown him Lord of all!' "

"Mr. Jones adds: 'There is reason to fear that there has been a resurrection of this enemy of the Church; but till the close of life Mr. Hill often repeated the remark of a favorite author: "Mr. Bigotry fell down and broke his leg. Would that he had broken his neck!" ' "

Let us not forget that, owing to the personal antipathy of the Wesleys, this hymn was at first refused admission into the Methodist collection. It has now become the English *Te Deum*, sharing with Bishop Ken's doxology the spontaneous approval of all Christian hearts. Dr. H. M. MacGill has even translated it into Latin verse, commencing, "*Salve, Jesu! forte nomen!*"

The Rev. E. P. Scott was a missionary in India. One day, on the street of a village, he met a very strange-looking native, who proved to be from an interior tribe of murderous mountaineers who had not received the Gospel. Going to his lodgings the good man at once prepared for a visit to them, taking, among other things, a violin. His friends urged that he was exposing himself to needless peril, but his only answer was, that he "must carry Jesus to them." After two days of travel, he was suddenly confronted by members of the tribe which he sought, who pointed their spears at his heart. Expecting nothing but instant death, he drew out the violin, shut his eyes, and commenced to play and sing "All hail the power of Jesus' name." At the stanza, "Let every kindred, every tribe,'' he ventured to open them, and found an altogether different face to affairs. It was the commencement of a residence of two years and a half, and its results were great. The missionary told this story on his visit to America, whence he returned to die among the people to whom '' All hail the power of Jesus' name'' had given him access.

Oliver Holden, the author of the tune '' Coronation,'' to which this hymn is so inseparably united, was a carpenter, whose love of music carried him into the study and composition of religious melodies. He was a pioneer in American psalmody, and his tune has displaced the original setting of '' All hail the power of Jesus' name.'' William Shrubsole wrote the tune, '' Miles Lane,'' for the hymn, in the organ gallery of Canterbury Cathedral, in the latter part of the last century ; and to this setting it is usually sung in the Methodist churches in England. But '' Coronation'' is the accepted tune on this side of the water, and it is not likely to be changed. Of its composer we know that he established a store for the sale of music ; that he was a teacher of music also, and that he published some works which have been traced. These were the *American Harmony*, 1792 : and the *Worcester Collection*, 1797. He died at Charlestown, Mass.; born September 8th, 1765 ; died September 4th, 1844.

ALL holy, ever-living One.—HILL.

The author of this hymn is the distinguished educator and scholar, Rev. Thomas Hill, D. D., who is one of the lights of the Unitarian denomination in America. He was born at New Brunswick, N. J., January 7th, 1818, and was graduated at Harvard College in 1843. In 1845 he completed his course of theology in the Divinity School at Cambridge, and became pastor in Waltham, Mass., where he remained fourteen years.

His natural fitness as an instructor then caused him to be selected to follow the celebrated Horace Mann, in the Presidency of Antioch College, Ohio, where he began his labors in 1859. Such was the success of Dr. Hill in this new position that, on the breaking out of the Civil War, he was called to the Presidency of Harvard. Here he continued for six years—the most difficult period, perhaps, that could have demanded his attention. In 1870 he represented the town of Waltham in the State Legislature, and in 1873 he accepted a call to the pastorate in Portland, Maine, where he now is.

Dr. Hill's mind is scientific as well as theological. He has been the companion of Agassiz, and is the author of numerous articles in reviews and periodicals. To him is ascribed the suggestion, made in 1847–8, in the Philadelphia *City Item*, that predictions of the weather should be compiled from telegraphic reports, and published in the daily journals. He has also invented an instrument for the mechanical calculation of eclipses and occultations, for any latitude and longitude.

Of late years Dr. Hill has published many hymns, principally in the New York *Independent*, and during his lifetime he must have composed several hundred, both originals and translations. In these, so far as they have fallen under our eye, we find him eminently spiritual and evangelical, but somewhat lacking in fervor, and touching neither great heights nor great depths.

ALL is o'er, the pain, the sorrow.—J. MOULTRIE.

Rev. John Moultrie was the author of *My Brother's Grave, and Other Poems*, which appeared in 1843. In 1876 his scattered writings were collected by Prebendary Coleridge, and the poet's place in English literature has been assured to him by the emphatic commendation of D. M. Moir (*Δ*). Mr. Moultrie was born in London, England, December 31st, 1799, the descendant of a family who figure in our Revolutionary history as residents of Charleston, S. C. His education was received at Trinity College, Cambridge, and in 1828 he obtained the rectorship of Rugby, which he held during his life. In the latter part of the year 1874 he contracted a fatal disease at the bedside of a parishioner, and died at Rugby, December 26th, 1874.

The present piece dates from 1858, and the author's poem of the "Three Sons" recalls the fact that one of them, Gerard Moultrie (born in 1839), is quite distinguished as a translator of Latin hymns.

ALL my heart this night rejoices.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

A celebrated German hymn, the "*Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen?*" of Paul Gerhardt. Its date, according to Dr. Schaff, is 1653. Seiffert styles it a true "anti-melancholicum." It has twelve stanzas, and is rendered by Miss C. Winkworth, in *Lyra Germanica*, II., 261: "Wherefore should I grieve and pine?" etc.

Paul Gerhardt was born in a little town in Saxony, called Gräfinhainichen, March 12th, 1607. His father was burgomaster, and the boy passed the early years of his life in a time of war. He was a scholar at Wittenberg in 1628. At forty-five he was still only a candidate for orders—a fact which strongly hints at the disappointments he must have encountered. In 1651 he was a private tutor in the family of an advocate named Berthold, in Berlin. He was in love with Berthold's daughter ; he had no money, and his condition was disheartening in the extreme.

At this period he was an author, but he had no means with which to publish his productions, and the future was apparently closed to him. The great characteristic, both of his life and his verses, now appears. His unflinching faith sustains him against adversity, and he realizes at last that God has not deserted him. He obtains a pastorate at Mittenwalde (which may indicate its nature, since Mittenwalde is "Midwood"), and, in 1655, he marries his Anna Maria. In six quiet years of this pastorate he composed many hymns, which were at once adopted by his fellow-countrymen. They were placed in the different collections, and the obscure minister speedily took his station near, if not next, to Luther himself. The same trust, the same cheer, the same melody, are in Gerhardt's that are in the great Reformer's lyrics. And the present writer well remembers how, on more than one occasion, he has found Gerhardt's hymns esteemed by Germans even above those of the leader of German hymnody. They seem to be peculiarly sought after by the poor, the sick, and the afflicted, as though they had carried in their verses the spirit of Him who came to help our infirmities.

In this first charge, the labors required of Gerhardt were enormous. He had sermons, addresses, baptisms, marriages, funerals—all the ordinary duties of the ministry. Add to this that he was poor and exposed to the ugly speeches of the evil-minded, and that his first child was soon taken from him, and it is clear that his lot was a sad one. But we have more sorrows than these to record. He was beset by doubts, fears, and spiritual anguish. He must celebrate the Lord's Supper every Sabbath ; and must personally spend much time with the candidates for confirmation. His visiting, his two weekly services for the young, and the work thrust on him by his connection with the Government, all must be included in an estimate of his anxieties and labors. It was from these trying circumstances that he was removed to the Nicolas church, in Berlin.

In 1657, we find him the pastor of this great church, where his career was both honorable and useful. Here, however, he came into conflict with the Elector, who wished him to leave the Lutherans, and enter the Reformed Communion. He was at this time a man of middle height, of quiet, firm, and cheerful demeanor, and of sincere and spiritual piety. His sermons were full of charity and tenderness, and his conduct was consistent and above all reproach.

In 1667, Gerhardt was compelled to relinquish his post, under circumstances which call for an extended notice. We know him as a person familiar with much disappointment and many misgivings. It is not strange, therefore, to find him often a prey to scruples and to trifling questions, such as might be less troublesome to a more robust nature. He was an ardent Lutheran, and he soon had occasion to prove his loyalty. The "Great Elector" of Brandenburg—Friedrich Wilhelm I.—was then on the throne, and in 1662–3 he summoned the leaders of the Reformed and Lutheran churches to a Conference. The intention was to secure harmony of belief, but the doctors of divinity, after repeated efforts, only got farther apart. And Gerhardt, though not an extremist, was opposed to the harsher tone of his religious brethren of the opposite school of thought.

In 1664, the Elector had tired of these unending debates, and peremptorily stopped the further sessions of the Council.

To this he added the statement that the different ministers were not to call each other's views in question in their public religious services. In 1665 he went further still, and demanded that the ministers should sign this edict, in order that he might bind them to observe it strictly. As this was specially obnoxious to the Lutherans, it led to a great excitement, which was not diminished when the Berlin clergy, with Gerhardt at their head, declared their refusal. Gerhardt was sick at the time, but he requested his brethren to come to his sick-room, and there exhorted them to stand firm in their determination to refuse their submission.

One might suppose that this would draw attention to Gerhardt as a principal person among the offenders. It did, and he was deprived of his position as pastor. But the people of Berlin took the loss of their favorite preacher very much to heart, and numerous petitions were forwarded to the Elector, requesting his restoration. Those who interested themselves on his behalf were as earnest as they were influential. The burghers, the Town Council, the Estates of Brandenburg, and even the private influence of the Electress herself, were invoked to this end ; and presently the Elector conceded the point, and reinstated Gerhardt in his pulpit. He glossed this action by indicating that it was done as a recognition of the well-known conscientiousness of the preacher. But he accompanied it with the perplexing proposition that he relied on Gerhardt to do, without constraint, what he felt compelled to extort by pledges from the rest.

Poor Gerhardt was worse perplexed now than before. To him such trust in his honor was the most effectual sort of constraint, and he therefore tried to make the Elector understand that he neither could nor should consent to be deprived of his freedom of conscience. His letters at this time show his scrupulous desire after rectitude. "I fear," he writes, "that God in whose presence I walk on earth, and before whose judgment-seat I must one day appear, and as my conscience hath spoken from my youth up, and yet speaks, I can see it no otherwise than that if I should accept my office I should draw on myself God's wrath and punishment."

The Elector, therefore, ordered some one else to be appointed by the Town Council to the post that Gerhardt occupied. The preacher was transferred to the archdeaconship of Lübben, in Saxony. Thus ended the difficulty, but not the distresses, of our hymnist. For he was delayed by sickness, and did not reach his new field until 1669. Here the remainder of his life was spent in sadness and loneliness and affliction. He had always consoled himself with song ; he now found in this gift his most precious solace. His "small, Berlin sort of martyrdom," as he called it, had at least this added sorrow, that it was joined with the loss of three of his five children, and with his own dangerous illness. And at Lübben he was lamenting the death of his wife, who died just before he removed thither. Only one child remained to him, and this one was frequently and seriously sick. Besides these depressing facts he was in a land of strangers. It is plain, then, that his hymns are heart-songs indeed. He had a great deal of annoyance, too, from the Town Council, who were rude and uneducated folk, with coarse ways and narrow minds.

Of Gerhardt's hymns we may say with Mrs. Charles, that they reveal to us one clad in the true armor. That song of trust, "*Wach auf mein Herz und singe*" ("Awake, my heart, and sing"), sets the key for all the later hymns. It is one of his three oldest pieces, having been printed in 1649, and so was *not* written "on the altar stairs at Lübben, after a night of anguish."

The good man died in 1676, after threescore and ten years of Christian battle, in which he had borne himself as a faithful soldier, and had endured hardness for conscience' sake.

Many particulars respecting his life and character have been brought out by the bi-centennial of his death, observed in Germany in 1876. The writings of Thomas Crenius, his contemporary, have been explored for much interesting information, and the *Brandenburg Hymn Book* of 1658 has been found to be one of the very oldest depositories of his pieces.

At Lübben, the portrait of Gerhardt still exists. Under it are the words, "*Theologus in cribro Satanas versatus*"—"a theologian sifted in Satan's sieve"—[Luke 22 : 31]. It is a pity that the story about the hymn, "Commit thy way to God" (John Wesley's "Give to the winds thy fears") is shown to be apocryphal. It was not written "at a wayside inn," after his "banishment" from Berlin. He was not banished at all—only transferred, as we have seen. His hymn was in print in 1666, three years before he tendered his final resignation, and removed to Lübben. But it expresses his profound faith and trust as perfectly as if its surroundings were what hymnologists have agreed to state. Each stanza commences with a word from the German (Luther's) version of Ps. 37 : 5, so that the first word of each stanza, when taken consecutively, drops into its place, and forms a part of the text.

Whatever obscurity may hang over the incidents and origin of these glorious songs of praise and trust, it is certain that they will themselves remain. Whether we can identify them with their motives, or must leave them as "a wandering voice," they will never cease to be dear to Christian hearts. The next great achievement of hymnody should be their adequate translation into English verse; though there is already a version by John Kelly, London, 1867.

ALL people that on earth do dwell.—KETHE. (?)

This is the old favorite version of the one hundredth Psalm; and the first British composition to which the tune "Old Hundred" was united. Sternhold and Hopkins were assisted in their rendering of the Psalms of David by H. Wisdome and others. Their work was designed, says good old Fuller, to make the Psalms "portable in men's memories, verses being twice as light as the same bulk of prose." But this witty commentator could not help adding that the translators had "drank more of Jordan than of Helicon" during their labors! These verses were, however, regarded as very nearly inspired, and to question the metre or grammar was almost profanity.

The evidence for William Kethe's authorship of this hymn is mainly conjectural. He was an exile with Knox at Geneva, 1555; chaplain of the English forces at Havre, 1563; and afterward settled over the parish of Okeford in Dorsetshire. Twenty-five Psalms were originally added to the old Psalter attached to the Book of Common Prayer (1562), and all of these, except the one hundredth, had Kethe's initials, "W. K." The one hundredth had "T. S." for Thomas Sternhold. On the strength of the fact that the initials "T. S." did not reappear, this one hundredth Psalm also was claimed for Kethe. In the *Scottish Psalter* (1564), the initials "W. K." are placed with this version. A later edition (1606) of the Psalms gives the initials of the different writers, but there are two versions of this one hundredth Psalm, and both are without initials. Miller, therefore, expresses the opinion that this may be Kethe's. W. Fleming Stevenson also speaks uncertainly of the authorship, though he, too, assigns it to Kethe.

On the contrary, there is now before the writer of these notes a copy of the Psalms in the edition of 1666. This gives the authorship by initials, and both versions of the one hundredth Psalm are here accredited positively to "J. H."— that is, to Hopkins.

The initials "W. K." are appended to Ps. 104, 107, 112, 122, and 125. "W. W." is represented by Ps. 23, 37, 50, 51, 114, 119, 121, 124, 126, 127, 130, 133, 134, and 137.

"J. H." gives us Ps. 24, 27, 30, 31, 33, 36, 38, 39, 40, 42, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 55, 56, 57, 58, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 67, 69, 70, 71, 72, 75, 76, 77, 81, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100 (two versions), 108, 146, and 148.

"I. H." (evidently a different name from "J. H.") versified Ps. 45, 46, 59, 60, 74, 78, 79, 80, 82, 83, 84, and 90.

"T. S." affords Ps. 1–23 (inclusive), 25, 26, 28, 29, 32, 34, 35, 41, 43, 44, 53, 66, 68, 73, 103, 120, 123, and 128.

"M." is credited with Ps. 131 and 132.

"N." furnishes Ps. 101, 102, 105, 106, 109, 110, 111, 115, 116, 117, 118, 129, 135, 136, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 147, 149, and 150.

There is a "T. C." who contributed Ps. 136, and an "R. W." who claims Ps. 125.

Of these initials, we know that "J. H." stood for John Hopkins; "T. S." for Thomas Sternhold; and "W. K." for William Kethe. There is no "H. W." for H. Wisdome, but there may be an error by which "R. W." meets the case. "W. W." is William Whittingham (1524–1589). "N." is Thomas Norton, translator of "Calvin's Institutes," who died about 1600. "I. H." is possibly—though scarcely probably—the same as "J. H.;" indeed, the juxtaposition of the two sets of initials seems to forbid the identity. "T. C." is also unknown. "M." is John Marckant, or, as E. Farr asserts, John Mardley. Farr states that in the older edition of the "Psalms" the 118th, 131st, 132d, 135th, and 145th have the initial "M." Later editions, he says, assign all these to "N." Our own gives the 131st and 132d to "M.," the others to "N."

Of John Hopkins but little is known. He was graduated at Oxford, in 1544, and is said to have been a clergyman and schoolmaster in Suffolk. He resided at one time at Awre, Gloucestershire. Warton considered him—it was faint praise!—as "rather a better English poet than Sternhold."

All praise to thee, eternal Lord.—*Tr.* Luther.

This excellent translation was published in the *Sabbath Hymn Book*, 1859, but without any name attached to it. In 1523, Dr. Martin Luther wrote a hymn, commencing "*Gelobet seist Du, Jesus Christ*," which was a free rendering of the hymn of the celebrated Notker Balbulus, of St. Gall, "*Grates nunc omnes reddamus.*" The Latin hymn was composed in the ninth century, and is a sequence on the Nativity of our Lord. For the story of Notker and his development of the "sequences," we refer the reader to "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

ALL things are ours, how abundant the treasure.—HOLME.

Rev. James Holme was born in Orton, Westmoreland, England, March 12th, 1801; graduated at Cambridge in 1825, and entered the ministry of the Church of England. In 1861, in connection with his brother, Rev. Thomas Holme, he published a volume of *Hymns and Sacred Poetry.* The present piece is entitled "For Time of Sickness," and contains five stanzas.

ALMIGHTY God, thy word is cast.—CAWOOD.

The author, Rev. John Cawood, was born at Matlock, Derbyshire, England, March 18th, 1775. He was the son of a poor farmer, who could give him but a meagre education. However, he mastered the classics, and spent four years at Oxford, being graduated in 1801. He then entered the ministry of the Church of England, and became a "perpetual curate," in Bewdley, Worcestershire, in 1814; dying there, November 7th, 1852. He was converted when very young, and has written a number of hymns, twenty having appeared in various collections. The best known of his pieces are:

"Hark! what mean those holy voices,"
"Hark! what mean those lamentations,"

and the present hymn. This is entitled, "Hymn after Sermon," and is a most appropriate conclusion to the words of a preacher who was always earnest and evangelical. The text in *Lyra Britannica* differs somewhat from that in most of the collections in common use. But Cawood's original can scarcely be preferred on the score of fitness and good taste, for it is inferior to the amended verses. His son considers the date of the hymn to be about the year 1815, but the manuscript of Mr. Cawood gives nothing which settles the point.

ALMIGHTY Lord, the sun shall fail.—GRANT.

Sir Robert Grant was born in 1785, the second son of Charles Grant, a man eminent as a philanthropist and statesman. He was graduated at Magdalen College, Cambridge, in 1806; called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn, 1807, and was subsequently, in 1826, a representative in Parliament. He became a member of the Privy Council in 1831; was Governor of Bombay, 1834; and died at Dapoorie, Western India, July 9th, 1838, aged fifty-three.

Our author's hymns were published during his lifetime in an imperfect form. In 1839, his brother Charles, Lord Glenelg, reclaimed them, and issued the entire twelve lyrics in a corrected shape.

The historian Macaulay's first speech, after he entered Parliament, was in support of Sir Robert Grant's bill to remove the disabilities of the Jews, April 5th, 1830.

ALONG my earthly way.—EDMESTON.

James Edmeston was the author of nearly two thousand hymns, of which modern collections contain quite a fair proportion. Born at Wapping, London, September 10th, 1791, he spent his youth at Hackney, and was articled to an architect in his sixteenth year. This became his settled profession from 1816, at which time he printed a small volume of poems. In 1847 the best pieces were collected in one volume. In 1867 he was residing at Homerton, a suburb of London. His death occurred in his seventy-sixth year, January 7th, 1867.

ALWAYS with us, always with us.—NEVIN.

Rev. Edwin H. Nevin, D.D., who is now (1885) a resident of Philadelphia, furnishes the following important facts relative to his hymns and himself: He was born in Shippensburg, Pa., May 9th, 1814; graduated at Jefferson College, Pa., 1833; and in theology at Princeton Seminary, in 1837.

Dr. Nevin has been President of Franklin College, 1842; pastor at Mt. Vernon, O. (First Presbyterian church), 1845; at Cleveland (Plymouth Congregational church); and from 1854 to 1861 a preacher in Massachusetts. In 1870 he removed to Philadelphia, and became pastor of the First Reformed church. He has lived in that city ever since, having retired from active duty of late owing to advancing years.

"According to the best of my recollection," he writes, "the hymn 'Always with us' was written in 1857. The hymns you refer to, with many others, were written chiefly on Sabbath evenings, after I had been preaching through the day and was somewhat wearied with my labors. I always felt refreshed when I was permitted to enjoy the luxury of writing hymns. The exercise seemed to be a means of grace to my soul."

Dr. Nevin has composed a large amount of poetry, and is arranging it with a view to an early publication. He is also the author of *The Minister's Handbook*, *The Man of Faith*, *The City of God*, and *Thoughts About Christ*. Recently he has been elected a member of the Victoria Institute, of Great Britain, of which the Earl of Shaftesbury was President.

The present hymn is founded on Matt. 28 : 20, and is rivalled in popularity by its author's Sunday-school lyric, "I've read of a world of beauty."

AMAZING grace! how sweet the sound.—NEWTON.

The title of this piece in the *Olney Hymns*, where it is No. 41 of Book I., is "Faith's Review and Expectation." It has six stanzas, and its appended text is 1 Chron. 17 : 16, 17. The *Moravian Hymn Book*, 1789, also includes it.

Like many others of Mr. Newton's hymns, it is the transcript of his own experience—an experience which we have reserved to be told in full at another place in this volume.

AM I a soldier of the cross?—WATTS.

This was placed at the close of a sermon on 1 Cor. 16 : 13. As a sample of Dr. Watts's sermonizing this discourse will bear notice: 1. He describes Christian courage. 2. He represents the various occasions for it. These are: (*a*) Piety in the presence of sinners. (*b*) Courage before infidels and scoffers. (*c*) The practice of unfashionable virtues. (*d*) Pleading the cause of the oppressed. (*e*) Reproving sin. (*f*) Works of reformation. (*g*) Causes peculiar to the circumstances of persons; as, for instance, when a servant is forced to tell the truth. (*h*) Martyr faith—*i.e.*, Passive valor seen: 1. In bearing affliction, and, 2. In enduring persecution. The application and peroration run into the same thought, and almost the same phraseology, as the hymn.

The date is 1709, but in 1721 the text has been somewhat altered, when we find it at the close of this sermon on "Holy Fortitude, or Remedies against Fear."

It is surprising how very few "soldier-songs" there are in our hymn-books. Here is this, and then there are: "I'm not ashamed to own my Lord," and "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," and "Onward, Christian soldiers," and "My soul, be on thy guard," and "Brightly gleams our banner," and "Stand up, my soul, shake off thy fears," and "We march, we march to victory," and "Brethren, while we sojourn here," and that is nearly or quite the entire list. They are all together in Dr. Robinson's *Laudes Domini*, for the first time in hymnology. They come from every place and all denominations of Christians. And it is beyond a question that these are among the most popular, useful, and valued lyrics of the Church.

In the Latin hymnology there is only one such song, "*Pugnate Christi milites*" ("Fight on, ye Christian soldiers"), and it is the production of the seventeenth century, and of that classic revival which formed the Paris Breviary. Our times pre-eminently call for this style of composition. But in those days men seemed to prefer Notker's chant, "In the midst of life we are in death," and marched into actual battle with that on their lips.

AND are we yet alive?—C. WESLEY.

Rev. Alexander Clark relates that his former colleague, Rev. Thomas H. Stockton, of Philadelphia, quoted this hymn in most pathetic circumstances. He was near his end, and had lingered on far beyond what any of his friends thought to be possible. He had waked from a sleep that those about him feared was death itself, and his first words were:

"And are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give,
For his redeeming grace!"

It is the favorite Conference hymn of the Methodist Church. On both sides of the water the opening of Conference is rendered deeply impressive by the use of this sacred song. It is one of the *Hymns for Christian Friends*, and it was published in four stanzas in 1749. John Wesley made some changes in it for his edition of 1780.

AND canst thou, sinner, slight?—HYDE.

Mrs. Abigail Bradley Hyde was born at Stockbridge, Mass., September 28th, 1799, and changed her maiden name of Bradley for that of Hyde in 1818, when she became the wife of Rev. Lavius Hyde. "She lived," says Professor Bird, "in his various charges at Salisbury, Mass.; Bolton, Conn.; Ellington, Conn.; and at

Wayland and Beckett, Mass.; and again at Bolton." At Ellington she was acquainted with Mrs. Phœbe Brown. On the 7th of April, 1872, she died at Andover, Conn.

It was to Nettleton's *Village Hymns*, 1824, and to *Nason's Collection*, 1857, that the greater part of her hymns were contributed. Her earliest venture in verse is traced as far back as the summer of 1822, when she composed an "Address to Mr. Wolff." This gentleman (Rev. Joseph Wolff) was a converted Israelite whom Mr. and Mrs. Hyde met at the house of Rev. Elias Cornelius, in Salem. From this lengthy piece, which first appeared in the New Haven *Religious Intelligencer*, two hymns were formed. These were included in the Andover *Hymns for the Monthly Concert*, 1823; and one of them, "Israel, thy mournful night is past," was copied into the English compilation of Josiah Pratt, 1829. In the Andover collection these pieces attracted the attention of Dr. Nettleton, who read them in Mr. Hyde's presence, and when Mr. Hyde stated the author's name, Dr. Nettleton desired "more from the same source" for his new book. She therefore sent him seven other hymns, which have barely escaped oblivion. Mrs. Hyde was not an eminent hymn-writer, but she will not be forgotten while the present hymn retains its place.

AND dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt"?—NEWTON.

This hymn, long reckoned among the anonymous, is found in the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 32, where it is part of a piece in eight stanzas. The text of Scripture is 1 Kings 3 : 5, and is the same which is prefixed to "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare," which our present hymn immediately follows.

AND is there, Lord! a rest?—PALMER.

This hymn, based on Rev. 7 : 17, was written in 1843, at Bath, Me. Although one of the earlier pieces of Dr. Ray Palmer, it has held its place firmly in different collections. Like the other hymns, it has been included by its author in his *Poetical Works*, New York, 1876.

AND is the time approaching?—BORTHWICK.

An original hymn by Miss Jane Borthwick, from *Thoughts for Thoughtful Hours*, 1859. The author is the descendant of an old

Scottish family who, in company with her sister, Mrs. Eric Findlater, translated *Hymns from the Land of Luther*. The signature, "H. L. L.," in *The Family Treasury*, is derived from this fact, and it is uncertain to how many of those hymns her name belongs. They first appeared in 1854, and were continued in four series until 1862.

Miss Borthwick was born in Edinburgh, in 1813, and the confusion between her own work and that of her sister has been made by them with deliberate purpose.

AND will the Judge descend ?—DODDRIDGE.

Dr. Doddridge entitled this hymn, "The Final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked." He placed as its text Matt. 25 : 41 ; and it is in seven stanzas.

The author wrote three hundred and seventy-four hymns, including those for "particular occasions." They are to be found in the third volume of his "Works," classified according to the books of the Bible, from which their themes are taken.

AND wilt thou hear, O Lord ?—NEALE, *tr.*

From St. Joseph of the Studium (ninth century), somewhat altered from Dr. Neale's translation, of which the first stanza is :

"And wilt thou pardon, Lord,
  A sinner such as I ?
Although thy book his crimes record
  Of such a crimson dye ?"

"These stanzas," says Dr. Neale, "are a Cento from the Canon for the Monday of the First Tone in the Paracletice" — a remark which will commend itself to those who have some knowledge of the extreme intricacy of Ritualism.

Joseph was a Sicilian by birth ; a voluminous writer, and an exile to Thessalonica in 830, when the Mohammedans overran his native island. There he became a monk, and presently removed to Constantinople. On a persecution arising, he started for Rome ; was afterward captured by pirates, and for several years was a slave in the island of Crete ; did much missionary work in his place of bondage, and returned at length to Rome. There he attached himself to the fortunes of Ignatius and of Photius, following the latter into exile. Eventually he again returned and devoted himself to the writing of hymns. Dr. Neale frankly states that nothing further is known of Joseph beside the fact of his martyrdom; and that his productions are often marked by "insufferable tediousness," "verbiage" and "bombast." In short, the "translator" here and elsewhere, in his reproductions of the Greek and Latin poets, gives us rather his own work than theirs.

ANGELS from the realms of glory.—MONTGOMERY.

In Montgomery's *Original Hymns* this is No. 239, with the title, "Good Tidings of Great Joy to all People," and contains five stanzas. It is an excellent Advent hymn, of which it has been said that, "for comprehensiveness, appropriateness of expression, force and elevation of sentiment, it may challenge comparison with any hymn that was ever written, in any language or country."

ANGELS holy, high, and lowly.—BLACKIE.

Under the title of "Benedicite" this hymn appears in seven stanzas, among the writings of Professor John Stuart Blackie. He is the son of Alexander Blackie, an Aberdeen banker, and was born in Glasgow, July 28th, 1809. He pursued a thorough course of study at Mareschal College, Aberdeen, and at the University of Edinburgh. In 1834 he was called to the Scottish bar. He next, in 1841, became Professor of Humanity at his Alma Mater, in Aberdeen, and thence went, as Professor of Greek, to the University of Edinburgh, 1852. He has written upon the principles of beauty; has translated Æschylus with exceptional success; and in 1860 published a volume of *Lyrical Poems*. The present hymn is taken from *Lays and Legends of Ancient Greece, with Other Poems*, which was issued in 1857.

The list of Professor Blackie's works is a long one, and displays his versatility and brilliancy by its very titles. Nothing is more strange than to find such a towering Saul among the sedate hymn-prophets. The personality of our author is both suggestive and interesting. He is intensely Scotch in his feelings, and quite combative, as well as humorous, in his character.

The professor is enthusiastic over music, especially songs.

He says: "I sometimes wish myself back in the Middle Ages, when the minstrel was the only teacher, and when singing was almost the only sermon. And I will tell you why; reading is a stupid, dull kind of thing, but singing stirs up the whole soul. In the best days of the world there was no reading and no books at all. Homer never saw a book, never could have seen a book. I think we see a great deal too many books. A great number of people become mere reading machines, having no living functions at all. I would like some time to give you a lecture on the logic of education. It simply means that you must learn to use your legs, your arms, your ears, your tongues, and your throats—every part of your soul and your body—rather than be crammed up with all sorts of things, and then measured with red tape by a gentleman from London. Especially if you wish to be happy, cultivate song. I am rather a young old boy, and I am one of the happiest creatures under the sun at this moment; and my amusement is to sing songs. In railway coaches, and other places, I see a number smoking what they call tobacco. Well, whatever may be said about that, it is not an intellectual or a moral stimulant, and the flavor of it is not at all like the rose, or any poetic thing I know. It is essentially a vulgar sort of amusement. My amusement is to sing songs. At home I am always singing Scotch songs; and abroad, when those wretches are smoking, I hum to myself, 'Scots wha hae,' 'A man's a man for a' that,' and songs of that kind. I advise you to do the same. Your soul will become a singing bird, and then the devil won't get near it."

ANGELS roll the rock away.—T. SCOTT.

The Rev. Thomas Scott, who died about 1776, wrote "Hasten, sinner, to be wise," and it appeared in 1773 in his *Lyric Poems, etc.* The present piece saw the light in the *Gospel Magazine*, for September, 1775, headed, "The Resurrection and Ascension." It appeared anonymously, Miller says, and was altered by Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D.D., in 1784. It has been assigned to the year 1769.

This Thomas Scott was not the commentator, but was co-pastor with Mr. Baxter in the Presbyterian church at Ipswich, 1737. He was born at Norwich, near the commencement of the eighteenth century, and in 1733 was settled in the ministry at Lowestoft, Suffolk. He succeeded Mr. Baxter in 1740, and continued in that post until two years before his death, when he resigned, removed to Hupton, in Norfolk, and occasionally preached until he was called away to heaven. One of his productions (he wrote several) was a translation of the book of Job into English verse (1771—2d ed. 1774). Dr. Allibone, among a long list of contemporary Thomas Scotts, distinguishes this one as a "Dissenting Arian divine of Ipswich, England, died 1775." He was, in fact, a "Presbyterian with Arian views." The present hymn is much altered from the original, which was in seven stanzas, and commenced "Trembling earth gave awful signs." After each stanza was an "Hallelujah!"

ANGEL voices ever singing.—POTT.

The author of this piece is Rev. Francis Pott, who studied at Oxford, where he was graduated from Brasenose College in 1854, and took his master's degree in 1857. In 1856 he entered the ministry, and was ordained in the Church of England, 1857. He then was curate of Bishopsworth, Bristol; after which he performed the same duties at Ardingley, Sussex, in 1858, and was appointed to Ticehurst in 1861. He is at present the incumbent of Northill, Biggleswade, Bedfordshire. The meritorious hymn before us is from his collection, entitled, *Hymns Fitted to the Order of Common Prayer*, 1861.

ANOTHER day is past and gone.—I. WILLIAMS, *tr.*

Among the many translations of the later Latin hymns executed by Isaac Williams, B.D., this may claim an honorable place. It bears a passing resemblance to the pseudo-Ambrosian hymn, *Diei luce reddita*, but it is scarcely close enough to be accepted as a version. The *Hymni ad Vesperas*—the Latin evening hymns—are constructed on much the same general principles, so that it is difficult to say of which one this is a translation.

ANOTHER six days' work is done.—J. STENNETT.

For more than a century the succession of Stennetts enriched the ministry of the Baptist denomination in England. First, came Rev. Edward Stennett, whose son, Joseph, born 1663, was the author of this hymn. His son, Joseph, born 1692, had a son, Samuel, born 1727, with whose son, Joseph, this series of clergymen—and also the family name—ceased. Two of these Stennetts, Samuel and his grandfather, Joseph, were hymn-writers of no mean capacity. But, as it happened, they were Dissenters from the opinions of the State Church; and any one who examines English hymnology will soon find that such are at a discount, while most Methodists and all Church of England authors, and especially those who are Ritualists, have been carefully investigated and edited. In point of fact, Christophers, who is himself a

Methodist, and Prescott, who is an Episcopalian, utterly ignore the existence of the Stennetts.

Of Joseph Stennett, we know that in youth he pursued his studies in nearly every branch of knowledge, including philosophy, divinity, and Oriental languages. He came of a family renowned for intellect and piety. At the age of twenty-two he went to London, where for some five years he engaged in teaching. He was an excellent writer and a brilliant conversationalist, attracting much notice in literary and social life.

In 1688 he married Susanna, the daughter of George Gill, Esq., a French merchant, and about this time believed himself called to the Gospel ministry. He began to preach, was favorably received, and on March 4th, 1690, was ordained as pastor of the congregation in Devonshire Square, London. These people were Seventh-Day Baptists, and he continued to serve them until his death, preaching also to other congregations on the first day of the week. Mr. Miller, from whose pages we condense part of this information, adds that his family was large, his compensation small, but he refused all offers of more lucrative and ambitious positions. In his later years he received young men into his house to train them for the ministry. He died July 11th, 1713, in his forty-ninth year, and among his last words were: "I rejoice in the God of my salvation, who is my strength and God."

This Sabbath hymn, of fourteen stanzas, is perfectly fitted to the use of all Christians, and bears no apparent marks of its origin among those who observed the seventh day.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat.—NEWTON.

This piece appears among the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 12. It is entitled "The Effort—in another measure," and is in six stanzas. The previous hymn is also called "The Effort," and commences, "Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat." The division of the book in which both of these hymns appear is headed, "Seeking, Pleading and Hoping." Therefore, we see the author's idea of a struggle to secure salvation. To this section Cowper contributed "My former hopes are fled," in which we find the pathetic stanza,

"I see, or think I see
  A glimm'ring from afar;
A beam of day that shines for me
  To save me from despair."

There is a touching story of a young woman in a hospital, who heard the Gospel invitation given in the words of that beautiful offer, "Whosoever cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out." Her changed appearance attracted the chaplain's notice, and she gave as the reason for her happiness that she had "just climbed up on that ladder of 'Whosoever.'"

The influence of George Herbert—a favorite poet with Mr. Newton—can be traced in this hymn.

ARISE, my soul, arise.—C. WESLEY.

The date is 1742, and this piece is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* It is a notable hymn, and one attended with many rich experiences. Out of several incidents this one strikes us as very suggestive. William Hiskins, of Fexham, Wiltshire, was a man who especially valued the privilege of Christian fellowship. At ninety years of age he still attended divine service regularly. On the day of his death he looked forward to the evening preaching with great anticipation of a happy occasion. The sermon was upon the intercession of Christ, and this hymn—a favorite with him—was given out and sung. He sang the words, "Five bleeding wounds he bears," with emphasis, and it was remembered afterward that he seemed much affected by them. He asked the pastor to pray for his son-in-law, then dangerously ill; and when service was over he started to visit him. It was the last time the old man was seen alive. His road lay by the side of the canal, and in some manner he lost his footing and fell in. In about half an hour he was missed, and, on search being made, his body was found, but life had departed. This was on the 23d of March, 1830.

In singing this hymn, Rev. G. T. Turner, of Australia, was convinced of sin, and, while uttering the words, "My God is reconciled," he obtained pardon and peace, giving himself ultimately to the work of the ministry.

Mr. G. J. Stevenson gives the facts which we now quote, and which it is due to him for us to copy exactly:

> "Probably the most remarkable, not to say astonishing, result from the use of a hymn is the following record, which has come to hand from the Rev. Matthew Cranswick, a Wesleyan missionary, formerly laboring in the West Indies, and who has since his communication personally cer-

tified to the writer the truth of the statement hereafter made. Mr. Cranswick observes: 'I feel it due to the honor and glory of God to inform you of the utility of one hymn in particular, No. 202, commencing, "Arise, my soul, arise," etc. I have a record of upward of two hundred persons, young and old, who received the most direct evidence of the forgiveness of their sins while singing that hymn [at different services and at various periods]. The conversion of the greatest number of these persons took place while I was a missionary abroad.'"

But the finest account given us in connection with this hymn has to do with the establishment of missions in South America.

When Richard Williams and Captain Allen Gardiner attempted, in December, 1850, to carry the Gospel to Patagonia, they encountered a series of disasters which were simply heartrending, and which culminated in the death of the whole party. They had nets, but found no fish; they lost their anchor and both their small boats at Picton Island; of the larger boats, one was wrecked and one became unseaworthy; the natives were hostile, and were always crying, "Yammer schooner!"—"Give me!" The company consisted of Captain Allen Gardiner and Dr. Richard Williams; and of John Maidment and Joseph Irwin, a carpenter; together with three Cornish fishermen, Pearce, Badcock, and Bryant. All were devoted Christians, and in spite of the fact that their ammunition had been forgotten and left on board the ship that brought them, they hoped to establish their mission. But disease set in. Williams and Badcock were attacked by scurvy. Provisions grew scarce. They changed their camp several times without improving their prospects. They had great difficulty in forming friendly relations with the Fuegians. And at last they were reduced to the dire necessity of waiting for help from England or the Falkland Islands. As a matter of judgment, it would have been better for them to have attempted to make a voyage to the islands in their solitary boat than to wait on, hopelessly; but they preferred to remain where they were.

Both Captain Gardiner and Dr. Williams kept diaries, which were afterward found. From these we learn the short, sad story of their terrible privations and suffering, and that Maidment and Gardiner were probably the last survivors. The final entry is on September 6th, and is in Captain Gardiner's hand: "I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food! Marvellous loving-kindness to me a sinner!"

This hymn of Charles Wesley's was the parting song of John Badcock, the first who died. Lying by Richard Williams's side, in the narrow and leaky cabin of the "Speedwell," he asked his companion to sing this hymn with him, and in a few minutes he passed away.

H. M. S. "Dido," commanded by Captain Moreshead, reached Banner Cove, January 19th, 1852, and found the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment in the cabin which had served as their shelter.

The outcome of this self-sacrifice has been the establishment, in 1872, of a permanent mission station at Ushuwia, Tierra del Fuego, with mission operations in Patagonia and among the Araucanian Indians. Professor Christlieb, in his *Foreign Missions*, 1880, tells us that some Pesherehs of Fuegia had declared to the missionary, Mr. Whaits, that they now understood why Captain Gardiner had taken such trouble with them, and they deeply regretted their indifference to him. R. Young, in *Light in Lands of Darkness*, 1884, brings the story to the latest date by stating that the Fuegians are now kind to all shipwrecked crews. Admiral Sir B. J. Sulivan testified this to the naturalist Darwin in 1881, who replied that "he could not have believed that all the missionaries in the world could have made the Fuegians honest." Thus the text, Ps. 62 : 5–8, written by Gardiner's party on the rocks at Banner Cove, has had its fulfilment.

ARISE, my soul, my joyful powers.—WATTS.

John Gill, D.D., died at Camberwell, Surrey, in 1771, repeating the lines from Watts, beginning,

"He raised me from the deeps of sin,
The gates of gaping hell,
And fixed my standing more secure
Than 'twas before I fell."

They are from this eighty-second hymn of Book II., entitled "Redemption and Protection from Spiritual Enemies." There are six stanzas. This one—the second—has been scarcely more cherished than the third :

"The arms of everlasting love
Beneath my soul he plac'd,
And on the Rock of Ages set
My slippery footsteps fast."

Arise, O King of grace, arise !—Watts

The entire C. M. version of Dr. Watts, as he has chosen to render the 132d Psalm, has nine stanzas, with a " Pause." This hymn begins with the fourth, and is entitled, " God's Presence the Glory of His House."

Arise, ye saints, arise !—Kelly.

This is Thomas Kelly's hymn, No. 77 (ed. of 1809), with the text, Ps. 18 : 34. It has, in the original, seven stanzas.

Art thou weary, art thou languid ?—Neale, *tr.*

One of Dr. Neale's happiest transfusions. For some high-art reason of his own he has entitled it : " Idiomela, in the Week of the First Oblique Tone," explaining " idiomela" to mean " stanzas which are their own models." The original is the **Κόπον τε καὶ κάματον** of St. Stephen the Sabaite.

Stephen was a monk of the monastery of Sabas, where he was placed by his uncle, St. John Damascene. Here he found St. Cosmas, who contributed not a little to form his style—a thing not difficult, for Stephen entered the monastery as a boy of ten. He remained within these walls fifty-nine years, and during that time his uncle was successful in re-establishing image-worship.

Dr. Neale speaks of these stanzas as " very sweet "— which they certainly are ; but his own rendering is quite free. The original is of the eighth century. Stephen was born in 725, and died in 794, and this is the finest of his hymns.

Miss Sally Pratt McLean has used this hymn in her story of *Cape Cod Folks* (p. 300). It is the duet which George Olver and Benny Cradlebow sing together as they are mending the boat just before Cradlebow's heroic death. Captain Arkell tells of it thus :

> " By and by, him and George Olver struck up a song. I've heern 'em sing it before, them two. As nigh as I calc'late, it's about findin' rest in Jesus, and one a askin' questions, all f'ar and squar', to know the way and whether it's a goin' to lead thar straight or not, and the other answerin'. And *he*—he was a tinkerin', 'way up on the foremast. George Olver and the rest of us was astern, and I'll hear to my dyin' day how his voice came a floatin' down to us thar—chantin' like it was—cl'ar and fearless and slow. So he asks, for findin' Jesus, ef thar's any marks to foller by ; and George, he answers about them bleedin' nail-prints, and

the great one in his side. So then that voice comes down agin, askin' if thar's any crown, like other kings, to tell him by; and George, he answers straight about that crown o' thorns. Then says that other voice, floatin' so strong and cl'ar, and if he gin up all and follered, what should he have? What now? So George, he sings deep o' the trial and the sorrowin'. But that other voice never shook, a askin' and what if he helt to him to the end, what then should it be—what then? George Olver answers: 'Forevermore, the sorrowin' ended—Death gone over.' Then he sings out, like his mind was all made up, 'And if he undertook it, would he likely be turned away?' 'And it's likelier,' George answers him, 'that heaven and earth shall pass.' So I'll hear it to my dyin' day —his voice a floatin' down to me from up above thar, askin' them questions that nobody could ever answer like, so soon he answered 'em for himself."

Rev. James King, in *Anglican Hymnology*, 1885, says:

"We visited Mar Saba a short time ago, while making a journey through Palestine, and found that the monastery stands nobly on a lofty cliff overhanging the valley of the Kedron, which here forms a deep chasm. It was founded in the beginning of the sixth century, and this secluded convent has therefore stood in the midst of savage desolation for fourteen centuries. Several times in the course of ages it has been plundered, and the inmates put to death by Persians, Moslems, and the Bedouin Arabs; and, therefore, for the sake of safety, the monastery is surrounded by massive walls, and further guarded by two strong towers near the entrance, which tend to give the edifice the appearance of a fortress in a commanding position. On being admitted inside the gate we found chapels, chambers, and cells innumerable, for the most part cut out of the rock, perched one above the other, and connected by rocky steps and intricate passages. The huge building seems as if it were clinging to the face of a steep precipice, so that it is difficult to distinguish man's masonry from the natural rock. Many of the monks of this tranquil convent are well-known historical persons. St. Sabas, the founder, died and was buried here in 532. The three sacred poets above mentioned [St. Stephen, the Sabaite, St. John Damascene, and St. Cosmas, of Jerusalem] were monks of Mar Saba, in the eighth century.

"The Sabaites at present number about forty, and their rule is very severe, being under a vow never to eat animal food. They have seven religious services in twenty-four hours—five by day and two by night. Although they seem severe in their habits, they received us kindly, and we were carefully conducted by a monk through the whole monastery. We were shown their gayly-decorated chapel, the tomb of St. Sabas, the tomb of St. John of Damascus, and a cave chapel containing thousands of skulls of martyred monks. We were led to the belfry on the roof of their little sanctuary, and saw the bells which send forth their beautiful chimes, and gladden the hearts of pilgrims, who, 'weary and languid,' pursue their journey through the desolate wilderness. The bells of Mar Saba recalled to mind the soothing words :

> 'Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
> The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea.'

"We were then conducted to a terrace, from the dizzy height of which we looked down into the deep gorge of the Kedron, five hundred feet below. Every morning wolves and jackals assemble at the bottom of the rocks, and are fed by the monks, who cast down food to the ravenous animals. Viewed from this terrace, the scene around and below is one of stern desolation, and a sight so impressive as never to be forgotten. Mar Saba was much more endeared to us when we remembered that here Stephanos, eleven centuries ago, wrote the touching hymn :

> "Art thou weary, art thou languid,
> Art thou sore distressed?
> 'Come to me,' saith One, 'and, coming,
> 'Be at rest.' "

As pants the hart for cooling streams.—LYTE.

This is given by Miller as if from Rev. H. F. Lyte's *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. G. J. Stevenson credits it to "Tate and Brady's New Version," and says : "It is a rendering true to nature, and has a musical ring to it." To see the force of this encomium one only needs to quote Sternhold and Hopkins's paraphrase :

> "Like as the hart doth breathe and bray
> The well-springs to obtain,
> So doth my soul desire alway
> With thee, Lord, to remain.
> My soul doth thirst, and would draw near
> The living God of might :
> Oh, when shall I come and appear
> In presence of his sight !"
> [*From edition of* 1666, *London.*]

It was altered by Rev. H. F. Lyte, in 1834, from Tate and Brady's version (1696) of Ps. 42, and the fourth stanza was inserted by him.

Of his own version of the Psalms, Lyte wrote that he had "endeavored to give the *spirit* of each Psalm in such a compass as the public taste would tolerate, and to furnish sometimes, when the length of the original would admit of it, an almost literal translation ; sometimes a kind of spiritual paraphrase, at others even a brief commentary on the whole Psalm."

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs. —LOWTH.

This is Dr. Robert Lowth's version of Ps. 42. The alterations from the original, which are only a proof of the improvement of the hymn by the usual processes of time and taste, are collated by Dr. Hutchins, in his *Annotations to the* (Episcopal) *Hymnal.* The author was born at Buriton, in Hampshire, England, November 27th, 1710; educated at Winchester School and New College, Oxford; Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1741; Prebend of Durham, 1755; Bishop of St. David's, 1766; translated to Oxford the same year, and to London, 1777 He declined the Archbishopric of Canterbury, 1783, and died, November 3d, 1787. His writings are favorably known for their genius and learning, and his translation of Isaiah is called "the greatest of his productions." He was the second son of Dr. William Lowth, 1661–1732, a man distinguished for his scholarly and theological attainments, and specially for his *Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Scriptures*, 1692.

The Latin epitaph placed by Bishop Lowth upon his daughter's tomb has such pathetic beauty that we give it here:

"*Cara, vale! ingenio præstans, pietate, pudore,*
Et plusquam natæ nomine cara, vale!
Cara Maria, vale! At veniet felicius ævum,
Quando iterum tecum, sim modo dignus, ero.
Cara, redi; læta tum dicam voce, paternos
Eja! age in amplexus, cara Maria, redi."

Dear one, farewell! Thou wast known for talent and virtue and goodness:
Yea, and endeared beyond the name of daughter, farewell!
Mary, thou dear one, farewell! But yet there shall dawn a bright morning
When I shall meet thee again—should I be worthy to meet thee!
Dear one, return! And then, with a voice full of gladness,
Rush to thy father's embrace! O dear one, O Mary, return!

As shadows cast by cloud and sun.—BRYANT.

The life of William Cullen Bryant is an integral part of American literature. His long, honorable career as a journalist and citizen have also identified him with the best interests of his native land. In the later years of his life he wrote quite a number of hymns, of which this is one. His religious views also ripened and grew more spiritual as he neared the grave. It is only necessary that we should give the great facts of his history, and a list (not easily accessible) of his hymns.

William Cullen Bryant, son of Peter Bryant, M.D., was born November 3d, 1794, at Cummington, Mass. He died at his country home on Long Island, near New York City, June 12th, 1878, in his eighty-fourth year.

The immediate cause of Mr. Bryant's death was a fall received after the exposure and fatigue which followed the delivery of an oration in the open air at Central Park.

The hymns to which his name is rightly affixed are :

" Mighty One, before whose face."
" O thou whose love can ne'er forget."
" Our Father, to thy love we owe." 1824.
  [" Father, to thy kind love we owe."]
" Deem not that they are blest alone." 1824.
  [" O deem not," etc.]
" O God, whose dread and dazzling brow." 1824.
" Great God, the followers of thy Son." 1824.
" Thou whose unmeasured temple stands."
  [" O thou whose own vast temple stands."]
" All that in this wide world we see."
" When this song of praise shall cease."
" Lord, who ordainest for mankind."
" All praise to him of Nazareth."
  [A communion hymn.]
" O North, with all thy vales of green."
" Almighty ! hear thy children raise." 1824.
" When he who from the scourge of wrong." 1824.
" Ancient of days, except thou deign."
" Lord, from whose glorious presence came."
" Look from the sphere of endless day."
" As o'er the cradle of her Son."
" Whate'er he bids, observe and do."
" Go forth, O word of Christ ! go forth !"

And yet, the " poet " was not a " hymnist." This latter word, by the way, was coined by Rev. C. B. Pearson, who used it for the first time in the *Oxford Essays*, 1858.

As the hart with eager looks.—MONTGOMERY.

This is another of the renderings of the 42d Psalm. In James Montgomery's *Original Hymns* it is No. 96, and is entitled

"Longing for the Courts of the Lord's House." It is there found in four stanzas.

The word "panteth" in the Hebrew has reference to the peculiar cry of the thirsty animal, and is only used twice in the Bible—the second instance being Joel 1 : 20.

This Psalm was written before David had attained to his actual kingdom. He was fleeing before his enemies, and the very words of his plaintive song (Ps. 42 : 6) show us that he was far from altar and priests and sacrifice. He had been like a deer chased by the hounds, and the thought of the tabernacle, with its quiet and its refreshment, is like that of water to the hunted stag. It is in much the same spirit that he is mentioned as longing for a draught from the well "beside the gate."

As with gladness men of old.—W. C. Dix.

This appeared in the first edition of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern,* and is the composition of William Chatterton Dix, son of John Dix, surgeon, Bristol. Mr. Dix was born at Bristol, June 14th, 1837. He has contributed poetry to *S. Raphael's Hymnal,* 1861, *Lyra Eucharistica,* 1864, *Lyra Messianica,* 1864, and the *Illustrated Book of Poems,* 1867, etc. The text of this hymn, as requested by Mr. Dix, can be found in the *Free Church Hymn Book,* and in the 1875 edition of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern.* The only difference between that and the version in common use is "*lowly* bed" for "*manger* bed." This hymn was written in 1856. The author was trained to a mercantile life, and in 1872 held an appointment in a marine insurance office. The father of Mr. Dix wrote a life of Chatterton—who, it will be remembered, was a Bristol boy.

ASCEND thy throne, Almighty King.—BEDDOME.

The numerous hymns of Rev. Benjamin Beddome were written to be sung at the close of sermons, or of Scripture lessons, or for his own pleasure, and without any design of publication. They have secured the commendation of Rev. Robert Hall, D.D., and of the poet Montgomery, and are extensively employed in our modern collections. They first found their way into public notice through the compilation made by Dr. Rippon, in 1787, who chose nearly fifty of them for use.

Ask ye what great thing I know.—Kennedy.

Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., a canon of Ely Cathedral, and recently living in Cambridge, England, was born at Summer Hill, near Birmingham, England, November 6th, 1804; educated at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and afterward at Shrewsbury School; and was graduated at St. John's College, Cambridge. He took many university honors, became a Fellow and Classical Lecturer in 1828, and in 1830 went to Harrow to assume an assistant mastership. Thence he departed in 1836, to become head-master of Shrewsbury School, and in 1865 was appointed rector of West Felton, Shropshire. Dr. Kennedy is somewhat celebrated as the author of classical works for schools, and as the editor of *Hymnologia Christiana* and *The Psalter of English Verse.* This *Hymnologia Christiana* must not be confounded with *Hymnologia Christiana Latina*, a series of renderings of well-known English hymns into Latin verse, by Rev. Richard Bingham, 1871, a book of laborious inutility, produced in consequence of that gentleman's wakefulness during certain hours of every night. Dr. Kennedy's volume consists of fifteen hundred hymns, given without authors' names, and published in 1863. For this omission, and for other reasons, it is quite a disappointing book. The compiler, in his preface, speaks regretfully of the absence of names and dates, and says that in a future edition he should arrange his work better.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep.—Mackay.

This hymn was contributed in 1832 to *The Amethyst*, an Edinburgh annual, by Margaret Mackay, daughter of Captain Robert Mackay, of Hedgefield, near Inverness, and wife, in 1820, of Lieutenant-Colonel William Mackay, of the Sixty-eighth Light Infantry. She has written in prose and verse with considerable success, and her *Family at Heatherdale* passed to a third edition in 1854.

This hymn originated in a visit paid by the authoress to a burying-ground in the west of England. Dr. Belcher reprints the following account of its origin, from her own pen:

"'Sleeping in Jesus.'

"This simple inscription is carved on a tombstone in the retired rural burying-ground of Pennycross Chapel, in Devonshire. Distant only a few miles from a bustling and crowded seaport town, reached through a succession of those lovely green lanes for which Devonshire is so remarkable, the quiet aspect of Pennycross comes soothingly over the mind. 'Sleeping in Jesus' seems in keeping with all around.

"Here was no elaborate ornament, no unsightly decay. The trim gravel walk led to the house of prayer, itself boasting of no architectural embellishment to distinguish it; and a few trees were planted irregularly to mark some favored spots."

AT evening time let there be light.—ANON. 1838.

Professor Bird states that this is "from a small and ignoble selection, *The Evergreen*, no date"; but that his copy ["7th ed."] is not later than 1835 or thereabouts. It is there assigned to Montgomery by mistake, as it does not appear in that poet's hymns or poems. As it was copied by W. C. Wilson in his *Book of General Psalmody*, 1838, that year is chosen by Professor Bird as the earliest *certain* date.

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing.—R. CAMPBELL, *tr.*

The Latin hymn, *Ad regias Agni dapes*, from which this is taken, is a later (sixth century) form of *Ad cœnam Agni providi*, a hymn sometimes ascribed to Ambrose. The more recent text is that which appears in the Roman and Paris Breviaries. The other was known at Sarum, and among the early Anglo-Saxon churches generally; and is one of the hymns honored by the attention of the great scholar, Jacob Grimm. Mr. Campbell (who died in 1868) prepared this (in 1850), with other translations, to be used in a hymn-book for the diocese of St. Andrews, Scotland. Several of these were transferred anonymously to *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and the author has identified them at the request of Mr. Josiah Miller. He was an advocate in Edinburgh; was strongly inclined toward the Church of Rome, and entered its communion not long before his death, which took place in Edinburgh, December 29th, 1868.

Another version of this Latin hymn is Dr. Neale's "The Lamb's high banquet called to share." For further knowledge upon the Latin hymnology, see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

AT thy command, our dearest Lord.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts has this as his Hymn 19, Book III., with the title, "Glory in the Cross, or not ashamed of Christ crucified." It has four stanzas in the original form, and is evidently a communion hymn.

AUTHOR of good, to thee I turn.—MERRICK.

This hymn is found in James Merrick's *Sacred and Moral Poems*, 1789. It is entitled "The Ignorance of Man," and commences, "Behold, yon new-born infant griev'd." There are eight stanzas, of which the present first line is from the fifth. The concluding quatrain is the famous stanza:

> "Not to my wish, but to my want,
> Do thou thy gifts apply:
> Unask'd, what good thou knowest, grant;
> What ill, tho' ask'd, deny."

The rare little book which contains this piece is possessed, along with a fine and full list of English hymnologies, by the Ridgway branch of the Philadelphia Library.

AWAKE, and sing the song.—HAMMOND.

Rev. William Hammond, in 1745, published a collection of original poems, entitled *Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. From this the present hymn was taken. Some alterations appear in its later verses: one verse seems to have been added wholly by Madan, in 1760—the one next to the last. The author's title was, "Before Singing of Hymns, by way of Introduction." Scriptural allusion is made to Rev. 15 : 3.

AWAKE, awake, O Zion.—GOUGH.

This, and the stirring hymn, "Uplift the blood-red banner," are found in Benjamin Gough's *Lyra Sabbatica*, 1865. It is entitled "The Coming Millennium.—ISA. 52 : 1."

AWAKE, my heart, arise, my tongue.—WATTS.

We find this as Hymn 20, of Book I., and it is also printed after a sermon on Isa. 61 : 10. It bears the title, "Spiritual Apparel, namely, the Robe of Righteousness, and Garments of Salvation," and is in six stanzas.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun.—KEN.

There are thirty-two editions of Bishop Ken's *Manual* from 1674 to 1799. The earliest to contain the three hymns for which he is most noted is that of 1695. The present writer has also seen the "Morning" and "Evening" hymns, in ten-syllable verses, in the famous *Thumb Bible*. This is a small copy of the Word of God prepared by Jeremy Taylor for the son of Princess Anne, who died in 1700. Its date is October 6th, 1693, and it bears the *imprimatur* of "J. Lancaster." It has been reprinted in *facsimile* by Longmans, London, 1851. The prefixed motto speaks more for the editor's piety than for his grammar :

> "With care and pains, out of the Sacred Book,
> This little abstract I for thee have took."

In this Child's Bible, the "Morning Hymn" is given thus :

> "Glory to thee, my God ; who safe hast kept,
> And me refresh'd, while I securely slept.
> Lord, this day guard me, lest I may transgress ;
> And all my undertakings guide and bless.
> And since to thee my Vows I now renew,
> Scatter my by-past sins as Morning Dew ;
> That so thy Glory may shine clear this day,
> In all I either think, or do, or say. Amen."

Rev. Thomas Ken, D.D., the well-known bishop of Bath and Wells, was born in Hertfordshire, in 1637, and went to Winchester School in his boyhood. It was for this institution that in after years he prepared his *Manual of Prayers*, to which, in 1695, he appended the "Morning," "Midnight," and "Evening" hymns. The midnight hymn commenced with the line, "My God, now I from sleep awake," and it has been considered fully equal to the others.

Bishop Ken used to sing the morning hymn to his own accompaniment on the lute. This excellent man was raised to the episcopal office in 1684, and ministered to Charles the Second in the king's last moments. Under James the Second he was imprisoned in the Tower of London for his refusal to sign the Declaration of Indulgence. He died in 1711, and his friends buried him at Frome, in the early morning. This had been his expressed desire, and he had wished to be laid in his last resting-place "under the east window of the chancel, just at sunrising." There, in the midst of that solemn scene, and as the daylight brightened, they sang his own anthem of praise, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun."

So picturesque a subject could hardly escape the notice of the poets, and certainly no pen could have touched it more gracefully than that of Monckton Milnes (Lord Houghton):

"Let other thoughts, where'er I roam,
Ne'er from my memory cancel
The coffin-fashioned tomb at Frome
That lies behind the chancel;
A basket-work where bars are bent,
Iron in place of osier,
And shapes above that represent
A mitre and a crosier.

"These signs of him that slumbers there
The dignity betoken;
These iron bars a heart declare
Hard bent, but never broken;
This form portrays how souls like his,
Their pride and passion quelling,
Preferred to earth's high palaces
This calm and narrow dwelling.

"There with the churchyard's common dust
He loved his own to mingle;
The faith in which he placed his trust
Was nothing rare or single;
Yet laid he to the sacred wall
As close as he was able,—
The blessed crumbs might almost fall
Upon him from God's table.

"Who was this father of the Church,
So secret in his glory?
In vain might antiquarians search
For record of his story;
But preciously tradition keeps
The fame of holy men;
So there the Christian smiles or weeps
For love of Bishop Ken.

"A name his country once forsook,
But now with joy inherits,
Confessor in the Church's book,
And martyr in the Spirit's!
That dared with royal power to cope,
In peaceful faith persisting,
A braver Becket—who could hope
To conquer unresisting."

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 296—"Pressing on in the Christian Race." Phil. 3 : 12–14 is the text affixed to it.

AWAKE, my soul, to joyful lays.—MEDLEY.

The materials for the life of Mr. Medley are found in the *Baptist Magazine* for August, 1799, and in a memoir published by his son, in 1807. From these we learn that Samuel Medley, born at Cheshunt, Hertfordshire, June 23d, 1738, was first apprenticed to an oilman in London, but disliked the business, and claimed the privilege, as he had the right to do, of finishing his apprenticeship in the navy.

In 1755 he was a midshipman on board of the "Buckingham," and was transferred to the "Intrepid," under Admiral Boscawen, with whom he served in the sea fight off Cape Lagos, August 18th, 1759. In this engagement Medley received a severe wound in the leg. On the return of the fleet he was taken to the house of his grandfather, Mr. Tonge, who was a pious man, and did all that was in his power to induce his grandson to lead a different and better life. One Sunday evening he remained with him at home, and read to him, in the hope of reaching his heart, a sermon by Dr. Watts, on Isa. 42 : 6, 7. To the wounded sailor it was a precise description of his case, and it resulted in opening his blinded eyes, and bringing him into liberty, like a prisoner from his dungeon. In a word, he was deeply convicted of his sin; and not long afterward he was hopefully converted. When he was restored to health he frequently heard Whitefield, and in December, 1760, he joined Dr. Gifford's church in Eagle Street, London.

Though he was assured of promotion in the navy, he resigned from the service, and opened a school near Seven Dials. In 1762, he married, and removed his school to King Street, Soho. His pastor now encouraged him to preach; and, with this support from Dr. Gifford, he made his first attempt in 1766. His education was good, and his ability justified the trial. In 1767 he became pastor of the Baptist Church, at Watford, Hertfordshire, and there remained until 1772, when he removed to Liverpool. Here he was very successful, especially with the sailors. His congregation became so large that a new edifice was erected in the year

1790, and in this Mr. Medley continued, with active usefulness, until 1798. At that time he was overtaken by illness while on a missionary tour, and jaundice, in connection with the effects of his old wound, soon caused his death. His latest words expressed his confident trust in the goodness of God, and the phrases which he employed had singular fitness when we remember that they fell from the lips of a man who was heartily in love with his old profession, and who never forgot that he had been a sailor.

When near his death, he said : " I am thinking on the laws of gravitation : the nearer a body approaches to his centre, with the more force it is impelled ; and the nearer I approach my dissolution, with greater velocity I move toward it." A friend who stood by said : " Sir, Christ is your centre." " Yes, yes," he said, " he is, he is." Later, he added : " I am now a poor, shattered bark, just about to gain the blissful harbor, and, oh, how sweet will be the port after the storm !" On another occasion he exclaimed : " Dying is sweet work, sweet work ! My heavenly Father ! I am looking up to my dear Jesus, my God, my portion, my all in all !" And then he continued : " Glory ! glory ! Home ! home !" And so he departed in peace, July 17th, 1799.

These hymns of Mr. Medley are not remarkable for their poetry so much as for their piety. By this they have been preserved in the books and in the services of the Christian Church. The pieces were originally printed on " broadsides," and from these loose pages they have been put into more permanent shape. Thirty-six were issued between 1786 and 1790. In 1789, a small volume was published. In 1794 another appeared. He must have composed a very large number of hymns when all are reckoned up.

Dr. Nicholas Murray, when pastor at Elizabethtown, began a book of records, designed for the benefit of himself and subsequent pastors. Among the incidents and accounts of persons and scenes is one relating to a man who never appeared to be moved by any hymn except, " Awake, my soul, to joyful lays." This person was a man of the purest zeal, though of the most moderate knowledge, and occasionally of an injudicious turn. Yet he earned this praise from " a profane scoffer " : " If there is a Christian upon earth it is Uncle Nehemiah."

When the poet Carpani asked his friend Handel how he came to write his church music in so cheerful a strain, Handel replied, "I cannot make it otherwise; I write according to the thoughts I feel. When I think upon God, my heart is so full of joy that the notes leap and dance, as it were, from my pen; and since God has given me a cheerful heart, it will be pardoned me that I serve him with a cheerful spirit."

AWAKE, my soul, to meet the day.—DODDRIDGE.

Dr. Doddridge made this as a "morning hymn." He rose habitually at five o'clock, and used these seven stanzas as his morning devotion. As he reached the sixth stanza he left his bed. The date is 1755, and the present Methodist collection still exhorts its constituency to the practice of an almost forgotten virtue, by retaining this hymn in its pages.

AWAKE our souls! away our fears.—WATTS.

This is No. 48 of Book I. in Dr. Watts's hymns, with the text, Isa. 40 : 28–31, and the title, "The Christian Race." It has five stanzas.

AWAKE, ye saints, awake.—COTTERILL.

The authorship of this hymn is ascribed to Rev. Thomas Cotterill, on the ground that he wrote the most of what is its present form. In Caleb Evans's *Collection*, fifth edition, 1786, it appears in five stanzas, commencing, "Awake, our drowsy souls."

Rippon has it with the same text and the same title: "A Hymn for the Lord's Day Morning." Evans credits it to "D," that is, Dr. Doddridge, but Dobell, who reprints it in six stanzas, has assigned it to "Scott." It was altered about the year 1810 by Cotterill, for his Sheffield collection. The original has been discovered in manuscript, in the library of Yale College, where it now is. Professor F. M. Bird has given much care to the biography and hymns of Miss Elizabeth Scott, and has elaborately annotated this manuscript volume in the columns of the New York *Independent*. In the version before us (that in *Laudes Domini*) the two opening stanzas are the work of Thomas Cotterill, and the third is the unchanged composition of Miss Scott.

Rev. Thomas Cotterill was a clergyman of the Church of England, who was born at Cannock, Staffordshire, December 1st, 1779. He was graduated from St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1801, and became a Fellow there. In 1803 (some say 1806) he entered on his parochial duties at Tutbury, whence he removed in about two years' time to the Staffordshire potteries, where he labored among a very low class of people for nine years. Then, in 1817, he became perpetual curate of St. Paul's, Sheffield. There he taught a small school, and spent the rest of his life.

This residence in Sheffield brought him into association with the poet Montgomery, who has left us a very odd hint of the manner in which he and his friend amended some of the hymns of the Church. "Good Mr. Cotterill and I," says the bard, "bestowed a great deal of labor and care upon the compilation of that book, clipping and interlining and remodelling hymns of all sorts, as we thought we could correct the sentiment or improve the expression." The work to which reference is here made is Mr. Cotterill's collection of hymns which, in 1819, had reached its ninth edition. It contained one hundred and fifty Psalms and three hundred and sixty-seven hymns; and when it first appeared, it created no small stir in the diocese. The case was actually made a legal question, and taken regularly into court; but it was settled by the mediation of the archbishop, who revised Cotterill's selections, and added several of his own. Under this emendation the number of hymns was reduced to one hundred and forty-six. In its former shape we know that Montgomery was represented by fifty pieces, and Cotterill by thirty-two. How many of these disappeared it is impossible now to say with certainty, as Cotterill gave no names of authors, and was absolutely independent in the alteration of text and sentiment.

After a short illness, Mr. Cotterill died, December 29th, 1823. Montgomery was seven years his senior, and his grief found expression in the well-known hymn, "Friend after friend departs." Mrs. Cotterill and her five children were left to sorrow likewise; but the author of the "Family Prayers," though he ceased from his earthly labors, was not, nor is likely to be, forgotten by others beside his immediate friends.

AWAKED by Sinai's awful sound.—OCCOM.

There is a small collection of hymns, originally published at Wilkesbarre, Pa., and whose sixth edition is dated Albany, 1804. It is the work of "Joshua Smith, Samson Ockum, and others." In it is the first form of this hymn, beginning "Waked by the

Gospel's joyful sound." There are eight stanzas, and their modern shape is due either to the supervising care of Rev. Asahel Nettleton, the evangelist, in 1824, or to that of Daniel Dodge, in his *Selection*, 1808.

There are several reasons why an American work on hymnology should contain a full notice of this hymn—the most imperative being that the author was a converted Indian. The name is variously spelled, being "Ockum" on the page of the collection before us; "Occum" in the account by Belcher, and "Occom" in the book of Professor Briggs.

He was born about the year 1723, at Mohegan, near Norwich, Conn., and was awakened and converted under the preaching of George Whitefield, Gilbert Tennent, and their associates in 1739–40. He then was instructed in that school of Mr. Wheelock, at Lebanon, which was afterward incorporated with Dartmouth College. By the help of the "Society for Propagating the Gospel in New England," he next continued his studies with Rev. Benjamin Pomeroy, of Hebron, and acquired altogether a good knowledge of English, considerable Latin and Greek, and a modicum of Hebrew.

Like so many others abruptly taken from the apathy of ignorance, and plunged into the energy of knowledge, his health failed, and a college career became impracticable. He then taught a school in New Haven, and in 1748 removed to the far limits of Long Island, where he preached and labored among the Montauks, a hardy and gallant remnant of his people, whose last surviving representative passed away in 1885. Here he accomplished much good, and in view of the success of his preaching he was licensed by the Windham County Association, and finally ordained, August 30th, 1759, by the Suffolk Presbytery of Long Island. The recent elaborate volume of Professor C. A. Briggs on *American Presbyterianism* helps us to the further knowledge that in November, 1761, Eleazar Wheelock, of Lebanon, and David Bostwick, of New York, applied to the society in Scotland for the "Propagation of Christian Knowledge," asking aid to prosecute the work among the Oneida Indians in New York, and naming Occom as a suitable missionary. Many of these converted Indians were in the Continental army, and suffered death or imprisonment. Others were victims of disease and hardship at home. That decimating process was already beginning which has ended so disastrously with a *Century of Dishonor*.

Occom was supported by the society through an appropriation of £20, and in 1766 he went abroad with Mr. Nathaniel Whitaker to raise funds for Mr. Wheelock's Indian school. Great interest was excited in England by the advent of the first Indian preacher, and £10,000 were secured, which formed the financial foundation of Dartmouth College.

Nor was Occom the only convert among the Indians whose acts are recorded. For, in 1766, Rev. Charles Beatty and Rev. George Duffield (afterward chaplain with Bishop White to the Continental Congress, and whose *imprimatur* is on the first American Bible) proceeded on a missionary tour to the West. They were attended by one Joseph Peepy, a Christian Indian, and, being at Fort Pitt over Sabbath, Mr. Beatty preached in the fort, and Mr. Duffield held service in a " collection of houses," thus conducting religious worship for the first time in what was destined to be Pittsburgh.

When Occom returned from England, he was noted as a fluent *extempore* speaker ; as a fairly strong and cultivated sermonizer, and especially as a person of genuine evangelistic gifts. He was attracted, with other Mohegans, to Oneida County, N. Y., by the prospect of an excellent location on the Brotherton tract, and there labored as a minister until his death, in July, 1792. In James Fenimore Cooper's *Leather-Stocking Tales*, the fading glories of the tribe of Mohegans (or *Mohicans*) have been caught and preserved.

De Forest's *History of the Indians of Connecticut*, and similar monographs, contain a little additional information. We are told that he had great influence with his people ; that he was not entirely free from the baneful touch of strong drink, and that he wrote the present hymn, dated 1760, and (possibly, but not probably) another, beginning, " Now the shades of night are gone" (1770).

At the funeral of this singular man (of whom De Forest gives a portrait) the Rev. Mr. Kirkland, missionary to the Six Nations, preached a sermon, and three hundred Indians attended his body to the grave. His hymn was in common use in England in 1809, and in 1814 it was translated into Welsh, by the Rev. Thomas Thomas, of Peckham, London. In consequence it has had frequent employment among the people of Wales during revivals of religion.

AWAY from earth my spirit turns.—PALMER.

Rev. Dr. Ray Palmer wrote this hymn in 1833, in New Haven, Conn., and based it on John 6 : 51. It is one of a number of pieces contributed about this date by Dr. Palmer to Lowell Mason's *Union Hymns.* It has been the author's invariable rule to receive nothing by way of compensation for his hymns, but he has made it a condition that the phraseology shall not be altered by the editor. The facts just stated were given by Dr. Palmer during a personal interview, but there seems some doubt whether in this, as in other instances, the venerable poet's memory has not erred respecting the earliest location of hymns from his pen. At all events, there are conflicting statements about several of them, which we find it impossible to reconcile.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne.—WATTS.

As Toplady altered the hymns of Wesley, so, in this instance, John Wesley has altered the hymn of Isaac Watts. This piece was published in 1719, and originally began, "Sing to the Lord with joyful voice." The hymns of Dr. Watts note it as Book I., No. 43 ; it is more usually found, however, as the second part, L.M., of Psalm 100. The alteration by Wesley consisted mainly in beginning the hymn with the second stanza,

"Nations attend before his throne,
With solemn fear, with sacred joy."

For this, in 1741, he substituted the words as we now have them. It is to him, also, that the grand concluding stanza is due.

A notable incident in connection with the history of the hymn was its use at the time when Commodore Perry's fleet was anchored off Japan in 1853–4. Divine service was held on the flagship, and the chaplain, in plain sight of thousands upon the shore, gave out this hymn to be sung. The marine band struck up the notes of "Old Hundred," and the natives of the empire where Christian civilization was to have such power beheld the religious worship of the nation which was knocking at their gates.

Another incident occurred in the life of the late Dr. Dempster, of Garrett Biblical Institute, Ill. He and his friends were on their way to South America, where his wife and his two companions were to be missionaries with himself. On their voyage they were chased for three days by a piratical craft which refused to exchange signals with them. As the ships drew nearer together, the crew and passengers of Dr. Dempster's vessel went on deck and joined in the singing of this hymn. They then knelt down in prayer and awaited what appeared to be their doom. But, to their surprise and joy, the other ship changed her course and left them. And this they attributed to the unexpected style of passive resistance which was offered.

Before the heavens were spread abroad.—Watts.

We find this as Hymn 2, Book I., of Dr. Watts's hymns, with the title, "The Deity and Humanity of Christ," and the texts of Scripture, John 1 : 13, 14 ; Col. 1 : 16, and Eph. 3 : 9, 10. It has six stanzas.

Before the throne of God.—Bancroft.

Mrs. Charitie Lees (Smith) Bancroft is the daughter of Rev. Sidney Smith, D.D., rector of Drumragh, County Tyrone, Ireland. She was born at Bloomfield, Merrion, County Dublin, June 21st, 1841, and married Arthur E. Bancroft in 1869. Her hymns have found favor in various quarters. They are in *Lyra Sacra Hibernica*, *Lyra Britannica*, *Ryle's Spiritual Songs*, *Times of Refreshing*, and elsewhere. Her hymn, "Heavenly Anticipations," is a favorite in England. It begins,

"Oh for the robes of whiteness,
Oh for the tearless eyes!
Oh for the glorious brightness
Of the unclouded skies!"

This hymn, as well as "Thy way is best, my Father," and "O Man of Sorrows! hast thou given to me," are found in *Lyra Hibernica* (second edition, 1879).

Be still, my heart, these anxious cares.—Newton.

With the title, "Why art thou cast down?" and in seven stanzas, this hymn is found in the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 40.

The Rev. Andrew Duncan, minister of Craill, in Fifeshire, was imprisoned in Blackness Castle by order of James VI., and afterward banished from the kingdom. He was a man of great piety, and proceeded to Berwick, where he settled with his wife and several children. Though he was reduced to absolute want he was not dismayed. One night the children cried for bread, and Mrs. Duncan was much depressed because there was none to give them, and they were weeping. Mr. Duncan, however, both prayed and encouraged them until at last he got them all to bed. Comforting his wife as best he could, the poor man exhorted her to trust God, saying that God would even rain down bread for his own people. That very night, though they were strangers in the town, a man brought a sackful of provisions, and went away without explanation or telling his name. In the bag were flour, loaves of bread, and other articles, with a £20 note. Bringing the whole to his wife, the poor man said: "See what a good Master I serve!" Nor was this the only instance in Mr. Duncan's career.

BEGIN, my tongue, some heavenly theme.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts placed this as the sixty-ninth hymn of his second book. It is entitled "The Faithfulness of God in the Promises," and has nine stanzas. One of these is the object of a rather captious criticism which has been lately revived. It is one of the grandest stanzas that Dr. Watts ever wrote:

> "His very word of grace is strong
> As that which built the skies;
> The voice that rolls the stars along
> Speaks all the promises."

Fault has been found with the use of *very* instead of *every*. The objection dates as far back as to Dr. David Nelson, the opponent of infidelity, with whom this hymn was an especial favorite. He was exceedingly severe on what he regarded as tampering with Dr. Watts's original lines, in putting *very* for *every;* and he characterized such emendations as the "scalping and tomahawking" of hymns.

But Dr. Nelson was not well informed, for his favorite author really wrote in that favorite hymn, "His *very* word of grace is strong." We so find it in the earliest editions of Watts; in Rippon's Watts, 1805; in Winchell's Watts, 1832, and, indeed, in whatever republications assume to follow the exact text. Dr. David Guy, who, in 1774, published *A Compleat Index to Watts*, gives the first lines of all stanzas, and in this one he gives *very* and not *every*.

Indeed, it is possible to find *every* only when we come to William Gadsby's collection, who, in November, 1838, dates his preface from Manchester. In this he says: "There are others, especially among Dr. Watts's and Rippon's, which give as legal a sound as if they had been forged at a certain foundry"— which is a quite unnecessary fling. He proposes, therefore, "a selection of hymns in one book, free from Arminianism and sound in the faith." So he inserts "one hundred and fifty-seven hymns of his own composition," in order to this laudable end, and adds: "It will be seen that I have sometimes taken a line from another author; but for this, not professing perfection, I shall offer no apology." (!) Thus Mr. Gadsby, by his own showing, was not above "scalping and tomahawking" Watts; though Dr. Nelson erred as to the original word, and the sin belongs at Watts's own door.

BEHOLD a stranger at the door.—GRIGG.

From Joseph Grigg's pamphlet, containing nineteen hymns, came this and the equally popular, "Jesus, and shall it ever be." The date is 1765, and the present hymn is one of those "on divine subjects."

BEHOLD, the Bridegroom cometh.—G. MOULTRIE.

Rev. Gerard Moultrie is the son of the Rev. John Moultrie. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, where he became B.A., 1852, and M.A., 1856. He was ordained as deacon in 1853, and as priest in 1858. He acted as third master of Shrewsbury School from 1852 to 1855, and was head-master of the Royal Kepler Grammar School from 1855 to 1864, during which time he was also chaplain to the Dowager Marchioness of Londonderry. From 1864 to 1869 he was incumbent of Barrow-Gurney, Bristol. He was appointed vicar of Southleigh in 1869, and warden of St. James's College, Southleigh, 1873. He is at present at Southleigh Vicarage, Witney (1885).

In 1864 he began to translate and compose hymns, and has written many separate hymns, processionals and sermons. He is the author of *Hymns and Lyrics*, 1864. In 1867 he was associated with Dr. Littledale in the editorship of *The People's Hymnal*, which contains thirty-five of his pieces, most of them being original, but a few are translations. Some are given with a reference to his

Hymns and Lyrics ; others with the signature " M." ; others with the initials of his *nom de plume,* " D. P." (for " *Desiderius Pastor*"), and one is signed " The Primer."

BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb.—WATTS.

Dr. Isaac Watts was the grandson of a naval commander, Mr. Thomas Watts, who blew up his ship during the Dutch War in 1656, and perished on board of her. His father, Isaac Watts, Senior, maintained the traditions of his family in reference to this courage and vigor of conduct. He was a deacon in the Congregational church at Southampton, and lived through the stormy days of nonconformity. His pastor had been ejected in 1662 ; had been allowed to preach again in 1672 by the Declaration of Indulgence, and on its recall, in 1674, was exposed to more persecution than ever.

Just at this time—July 17th, 1674—was born Isaac Watts, the hymn-writer. The pastor and his deacon were both shut into prison, and Watts's mother, with her infant, often sat on the stone near the gate. In 1683 his father was again imprisoned for six months, and on his release was forced by prudential considerations to remain away from his home, and " live privately in London for two years."

Meanwhile he had gone on with his studies, and when William of Orange came over, in 1688, a brighter era was begun. He soon had the opportunity of a free education if he would give up nonconformity ; but he was a stanch little Dissenter, and declined Dr. John Speed's offer. He left that benevolent physician behind him, and took his way to London. There he carried on his studies in the school of Mr. Thomas Rowe, and continued until 1694 under his instruction.

It has escaped general notice that the wife of this gentleman was Mrs. Elizabeth Rowe—the Elizabeth Singer (born September 11th, 1674) who jilted our poet. She died at Frome, February 20th, 1737, and Dr. Watts published her *Devout Exercises of the Heart* in 1739.

In 1700—when she was twenty-six—Miss Singer had married Mr. Rowe. He was born in 1657, and died in 1705. Watts has addressed him in an ode on " Free Philosophy," in the *Horæ Lyricæ,* in which he says :

"I love thy gentle influence, Rowe,
Thy gentle influence, like the sun,
Only dissolves the frozen snow,
Then bids our thoughts like rivers flow,
And chuse the channels where they run.
Thoughts should be free as fire or wind;
The pinions of a single mind
Will through all nature fly;
But who can drag up to the poles
Long fetter'd ranks of leaden souls?"

As a result of this education we have Dr. Watts's own works on mental philosophy.

It is interesting to note how, as Dr. Beman aptly puts it, "Watts struck out a path for himself." His earliest hymns were occasioned by his dislike of the verses sung in the meeting-house at Southampton. John Mason, his prototype — as Cædmon was John Milton's—belongs in 1683; Tate and Brady were authorized in 1696, and Dr. John Patrick is Watts's contemporary in 1694. Dr. Thomas Gibbons—himself a hymn-writer of some repute—published Dr. Watts's *Memoirs* in 1780, and considers this present hymn the first which was prepared.

In 1696, the young student became a tutor to Sir John Hartopp's children, at Newington. Had it not been for this episode in his career we should not have known of the "little busy bee;" of the dogs that "delight to bark and bite;" of the "voice of the sluggard;" and of that exquisite cradle-song, "Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber." His love for these children gave us the *Divine and Moral Songs.*

The place and date of Watts's first sermon were Mark Lane, London, July 17th, 1698. After this period he preached with frequency, and in February, 1699, he was selected to be Dr. Chauncey's assistant in Mark Lane. But he had no more than commenced his work as a clergyman before physical infirmity began to lay him aside at intervals, and in 1703 he was disabled for four years together. He had long been urged to make his poetry public, and consequently, in 1705, he sent *Horæ Lyricæ* to the press. It was successful, and he followed it with the *Hymns,* July, 1707, in three books. Dr. Hatfield has been at the pains to pursue this line of inquiry more fully than any hymnologist in England or America, and his bibliographical notes on Watts's publications are valuable, and much more extensive than our own space permits us to emulate.

With various distressing alternations of health and sickness, we find Dr. Watts still continuing his pastorate. In 1713, after one of these attacks of fever and neuralgia, Sir Thomas Abney took the forlorn bachelor to his own home. He said, years afterward, to Lady Huntingdon : "This day thirty years I came hither to the house of my good friend, Sir Thomas Abney, intending to spend but one single week under his friendly roof, and I have extended my visit to the length of exactly thirty years." It was a home in the suburbs and was much frequented by the best society of the day.

The *Psalms* followed the *Hymns*, in 1719. In the original preface he admits an indebtedness for ideas, and even expressions, to Denham, Milbourne, and Tate and Brady. From Dr. John Patrick he takes most, and there are occasional but unacknowledged traces of John Mason. In spite of genuine opposition of the real unflinching kind, this venture also was a success, so much so that no person can make a successful hymn-book to-day—at least for American Christians—which does not show a very large proportion of Watts in its composition. Neither ridicule nor resistance has any avail against the time-honored affection of the Church for the "little doctor."

In the Lenox Library, New York City, and under the fostering care of Dr. S. Austin Allibone, can be found a collection—nearly or quite complete—of the republications of Watts's Psalms in America. Franklin's edition of the *Hymns*, 1741 ; Joel Barlow's amendments to the *Psalms*, 1785 ; and Dr. Dwight's improvements to both, 1800, are features of American psalmody—not to name other less known or less influential collections, like Winchell's, Worcester's, or Beman's.

Let us also credit Dr. Watts with having done away—so says Dr. Caleb Evans, of Bristol—with the barbarous practice of "lining out" the hymn. An equally mighty innovation — that of the modern shape of the pulpit—was effected by Dr. John M. Mason, of New York, a century later.

During these years Dr. Watts still kept up a connection with his London charge, though Mr. Price had long been his associate. He took deep interest in the work of Whitefield, and in that of

Lady Huntingdon and her friends. Dr. Doddridge was always within the range of his sympathy. And having now reached Luther's position in his old age, and being the conceded patriarch and leader of his brethren, he died peacefully, November 25th, 1748, aged seventy-five.

In person he was a thin, spare man, scarcely more than five feet in height. "His forehead was low, his cheek-bones rather prominent, his eyes small and gray, and his face, in repose, of a heavy aspect." His voice was excellent, and his rhetoric polished and graceful.

The present hymn is the first number in his first book. It has eight stanzas, and is based on Rev. 5 : 6, 8, 9–12 ; with the title, "A New Song of Praise to the Lamb that was Slain."

BEHOLD, the mountain of the Lord.—BRUCE.

This is one of the pieces which were written by Michael Bruce, and appropriated by that "heartless literary robber," Rev. John Logan. It is an almost literal paraphrase of Isa. 2 : 1–5. The controversy as to the authorship of Bruce's poems is given at length elsewhere. This hymn was included in the *Scotch Paraphrases*, in 1781.

BEHOLD, the Saviour of mankind.—SAMUEL WESLEY, SR.

This hymn, written by the father of John and Charles Wesley, was one of the few things rescued when the author's parsonage was burned, for the second time, August 24th, 1709. Four leaves of music have been kept as a precious memento of that occasion. They bear fire-marks on their edges, and Charles Wesley, Jr., has written on one of them : "The words by my grandfather, the Rev. Samuel Wesley. Probably the music was adapted by Henry Purcell or Dr. Blow." The hymn has six stanzas, and bears the title, "A Hymn on the Passion : the words by the Rev. Mr. Samuel Wesley, rector of Epworth, in the diocese of Lincoln." The author was born in November, 1662, and was graduated, 1688, at Exeter College, Oxford, where he had supported himself by his own exertions for five years. He married Miss Annesley in 1689, and their family consisted ultimately of nineteen children, of whom Samuel, John and Charles attained to wide reputation. Mr. Wesley was appointed rector of Epworth, in 1726, and there continued, preaching, praying and writing, until his death, April 25th, 1735.

One can get no better picture of that life than Christophers has given, in his *Epworth Singers*. The rector, with his wife and child, was "passing rich on [fifty] pounds a year." He was quite too energetic for his own good; very much in haste; not allowing his ideas time to simmer slowly, but always keeping them at boiling-point. It was very characteristic of a man of this sort to lay his hand on Charles's head, and say: "Be steady! The Christian faith will surely revive in this kingdom; you shall see it, though I shall not."

BEHOLD, the throne of grace.—NEWTON.

We find this in the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 33, where it follows the well-known hymn, "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare." It is entitled, "Another," that is, another on the same theme, 1 Kings 3 : 5, which inspired the previous hymn. The keynote is that "Ask what I shall give thee," of which Matthew Henry furnishes a true exposition when he says that whatever God sends down to us in a promise we ought to send back to him in a prayer. The original of this piece extends to eight stanzas.

Mr. Newton was a firm believer in the power and efficacy of prayer. It delighted him to have an opportunity to impress the truth that we should live by faith and that all our affairs should be regarded in the light of God's will. He once commented in his pulpit in London upon a small placard put up at St. Mary Woolnoth's (his own church), which read as follows: "A young man, having come to the possession of a considerable fortune, desires the prayers of the congregation, that he may be preserved from the snares to which it exposes him." "If this man had lost a fortune," said Newton, "the world would not have wondered to see him put up such a bill, but *this* man has been better taught."

BEHOLD, the western evening light!—PEABODY.

The Rev. William Bourne Oliver Peabody was born in Exeter, N. H., July 9th, 1799, and pursued his studies, at first, in his native town. He entered Harvard College when only fourteen years of age, and was graduated there in 1817. He then took a theological course in the Cambridge Divinity School, and began to preach in 1819. In 1820 we find him in his first and only settlement, at Springfield, Mass., where he remained until his death, May 28th, 1847. His horticultural taste was highly cultivated, and it is to him, more than to almost any other person, that Springfield owes her fine cemetery. He is to be distinguished from his twin brother, Rev. O. W. B. Peabody, whose life he wrote, and whose writings he edited. The *Springfield Collection* of psalms and hymns was Dr. Peabody's work, in 1835. He had already (1823) printed a couple of dozen hymns in a little collection for the Sunday-school.

The *Record of Unitarian Worthies* says of Dr. Peabody that he fulfilled the maxim of Lord Bacon: "Certainly it is heaven upon earth to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth."

BEHOLD what wondrous grace.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts has this hymn, in six stanzas, at the close of a sermon upon 1 John 3 : 1, with Gal. 6 : 6. It is the sixty-fifth hymn of his first book, with the title, "Adoption."

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head.—HEBER.

The second stanza of the four-line form of this hymn is omitted by *Laudes Domini* and other recent books. It runs thus:

"Their names are graven on the stone,
Their bones are in the clay;
And ere another day is done,
Ourselves may be as they."

It appeared in *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Weekly Service of the Church*, 1827, with the title, "At a Funeral." Perhaps no lines have been more often quoted than

"The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead!"

There is such an aroma of Watts about them that they are frequently credited to him.

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form.—ENFIELD.

The life of William Enfield furnishes few matters of interest. He was born at Sudbury, Suffolk, England, March 29th, 1741. His parents were poor. His efforts to secure an education cost him a hard struggle, and introduced him to the favorable notice of Mr. Hexall, a Dissenting clergyman, who encouraged him to study for the ministry. He therefore pursued a regular course of instruction at Daventry, from 1758 to 1763, and almost immediately took charge of the congregation at Benn's Garden, Liverpool. In 1767 he married Miss Mary Holland, of Liverpool, and shortly afterward became Professor of *Belles-Lettres* in the Unitarian College, at Warrington. His next remove was to the "Octagon Congregation," at Norwich, where he died, November 3d, 1797.

He deserves to be remembered for his *Speaker*, once a popular school-book on elocution. Dr. Aitkin, his friend, prepared a notice of him for the *Biographical Dictionary*. Mr. Enfield also edited a collection of hymns (the *Warrington Collection*, 1772) which contained some of T. Scott's verses, and in the edition of 1802 some of his own are included.

The present hymn was originally written, "Behold, where in the Friend of man," and was altered to its present form by an unknown hand.

BEYOND the starry skies.—FANCH, *altered.*

The original is probably the hymn, "Beyond the glittering, starry skies," which was the joint production of the brothers Berridge, early Wesleyans—the elder one a preacher of great ability and eccentricity, and the other a humble porter. The clergyman, Christophers tells us, called on his brother to take a letter for him. The porter replied that he could not go, as he was making a hymn. "That's my business," said the elder, "you take the letter, and I'll finish the hymn." On his return, the hymn was not quite ready, the preacher being staggered at the last stanza. "Oh, I have that," cried the porter, and added the four lines:

"They brought his chariot from above
To bear him to his throne,
Clapp'd their triumphant wings and cried,
The glorious work is done."

This hymn is also claimed for the Rev. James Fanch, of Romsey, England, and the Rev. Daniel Turner, of Abingdon, England. It appears in Dr. Turner's *Sacred and Moral Poems*, 18mo, 1794; and, in that work, has over twenty stanzas. Thus it would seem to be the enlargement of the first draft by the brothers Berridge. We have it also quite at length in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise.* Dr. Turner communicated it to Dr. Rippon, in 1791 (see Rippon's *Baptist Annual Register*, vol. 3, p. 471). He informed Dr. Rippon that the greater part of the twenty-eight stanzas were of his own composition. But the piece has been very much altered in nearly every collection that has printed it.

BEYOND the smiling and the weeping.—BONAR.

Dr. Bonar gave to this hymn the title, "A Little While." It is in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope* (first series, 1857), and has six stanzas. Nothing can be lovelier than this little lyric. Already to some of us it has tender and dear associations; but it is scarcely old enough to have an extended history. Dr. Bonar wrote to Rev. W. F. Stevenson that some of his hymns had been written at Edinburgh, and some in the railway carriages when he was travelling, and that he had never recorded place or time.

BLESS, O my soul! the living God.—WATTS.

This is Ps. 103, 1st part, L. M., vs. 1–7, "Blessing God for his Goodness to Soul and Body," and is in eight stanzas.

BLESSED are the sons of God.—HUMPHREYS.

Joseph Humphreys, son of Rev. Asher Humphreys, rector of Barton, Hertfordshire, and finally of Burford, was born at Burford, Oxfordshire, October 28th, 1720. At the age of ten he was sent to grammar school at Fairford, Gloucestershire, and on the death of his father, in 1732, he was placed (being only twelve!) in a "theological school" in London. In 1738 he was converted to the views of the Wesleys, and began to preach at the Foundry, London; and at Bristol, and elsewhere. This was too much for the patience of the divinity school, which proceeded to expel him for irregular conduct, the sentence being dated (somewhat ironically) on December 25th, 1739. This was their comment on "glad tidings," and on "peace on earth, good-will to men."

Humphreys agreed with Cennick, after a time, more than with the Wesleys, and so separated from them in April, 1741. Subsequently he published his testimony against their doctrine of perfection, and was instrumental (January, 1743) in organizing the first society of Calvinistic Methodists in Wales, near Cardiff. His hymns were printed at the end of Cennick's volume, in 1743.

Wesley's diary (April 3d, 1746) bears witness that he "spent an agreeable hour with our old fellow-laborer, Mr. Humphreys. I found him" (he adds) "open and friendly, but rigorously tenacious of the unconditional decrees."

Mr. Humphreys preached many years at Bristol, and has been commemorated in the *Centenary Memorial* of the Bristol Tabernacle, a copy of which is in our possession. These centennial services were held November 25th, 1853. He is there called "a prudent and zealous man." We get but a glimpse of him in John Wesley's journal (September 9th, 1790), where he is mentioned as a friend of Mr. Whitefield's who renounced that gentleman, and became a Presbyterian, and at last "received Episcopal ordination." "He then," continues Wesley, with some acerbity, "scoffed at inward religion, and, when reminded of his own 'Experience' [published at Bristol, in 1742], replied, 'That was one of the foolish things which I wrote in the times of my madness.'" It has been suggested that Wesley was taking these facts upon hearsay, and that they need to be received with some allowance. Gadsby—a tolerably accurate hymnologist—says that Humphreys "died in London, and was buried in the Moravian Cemetery at Chelsea." In this statement he is supported by Dr. Belcher.

This hymn is one of six appended to Cennick's *Sacred Hymns, Part II.* (1743), all of which have the remark: "These were done by Mr. Joseph Humphreys." Rippon (1787) follows Martin Madan (1760) in the arrangement of the refrain to the stanzas. This is taken "from the latter half of the first stanza of the original," and this text has ever since been adopted.

BLESSED city, heavenly Salem.—BENSON, *tr.*

This rendering, by Rev. Edward W. Benson, D.D., the present Archbishop of Canterbury, is the close translation of that beautiful Latin hymn, "*Urbs beata Hirusalem*," for which see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

The present Archbishop of Canterbury and Primate of all England, who in the order of precedence comes next to the Royal Family, is Edward White Benson. He was born near Birmingham, in 1829. His education was received at King Edward's School, Birmingham, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he was graduated in 1852, and was afterward Scholar and Fellow. In his University career he showed distinguished ability, and appears to have always been a man with a marvellous power of standing well all around. At first he was an assistant master at Rugby; then head-master at Wellington College, from its origin in 1858 down to the year 1872. At this latter date he was appointed Canon Residentiary, and Chancellor of Lincoln Cathedral. For some years previous he had been a prebendary of the same establishment. His peculiar qualities as an irenic can be inferred from the fact that he was a special preacher at Cambridge, 1864–71; and at Oxford, 1875–6. For several years he was examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lincoln. He was nominated by the Crown (December, 1876,) at the instance of Lord Beaconsfield, to the (new) episcopate of Truro, with the church of St. Mary, Truro, for a cathedral. The diocese consists of the County of Cornwall, and of the Scilly Isles, with five parishes in Devonshire. The bishop at once began the erection of a cathedral at Truro, to cost, without the furnishing, fully £90,000, most of which amount he had himself secured. In December, 1882, on the recommendation of Mr. Gladstone, he was appointed to the Archbishopric of Canterbury, made vacant, December 3d, 1882, by the death of Dr. Tait. Dr. Benson is a contributor to the *Speaker's Commentary*. He has written some volumes of sermons, but the singular feature of his career appears to be the manner in which he has been chosen, by opposite parties, to places of high distinction. This argues the possession of either the very noblest and most exalted character, to which each alike bow down, or else it proves that he possesses the keenest possible sense of intrigue and political management. There is no middle ground to be taken. And we must either believe that men of the shrewdness of D'Israeli and Gladstone were overreached on their own ground, or else that Dr. Benson's talents, piety, and skill, in the administration of affairs, commended him in a marked degree to these two great political opponents. We prefer to rank him thus honorably, and to believe that this comparatively unknown hymnist is a fit and true translator for the "*Urbs beata Hirusalem*" of the old Latin poet.

BLESSED fountain, full of grace.—KELLY.

In Kelly's hymns (edition of 1809) this is No. 278, and is in six stanzas, being founded upon the text, Zech. 13 : 1.

BLESSED Saviour, thee I love.—G. DUFFIELD.

This hymn was composed after a Thanksgiving service in the First Presbyterian Church, Bloomfield, Essex County, N. J., of which Dr. Duffield was then the pastor. The date is about 1851.

It was not intended as a sacramental hymn, but its success for this use was predicted by the late Asa D. Smith, D.D., who, however, criticised the refrain. This was, "Ever let my *idol* be," etc. The author at once changed it to its present form, and the hymn, in a pure text, has been generally employed ever since its publication. The tune in 7s, 6l, called "Duffield," was written by L. W. Bacon, D.D., in 1866, to accompany the words.

The hymn first appeared in Darius E. Jones's *Temple Melodies*, 1851, and is there entitled "For Preparatory Lecture." To this collection Dr. Asa D. Smith and Dr. Duffield contributed several original hymns. Dr. Duffield wrote, "Parted for some anxious days." This is "a family hymn," in five six-line stanzas. Another piece, "Slowly in sadness and in tears," is a funeral hymn in six stanzas. This contains some excellent lines:

"Fair rose his sun of life—few such
Indeed! to set at noon.
His Master must have loved him much,
To call him home so soon."

"Blessed Saviour, thee I love" has an additional stanza to those in common use:

"Since the day I called thee mine,
Since the answer, 'I am thine,'
Sweetly have I walked between
Waters still and pastures green.
Soft thine hand upon my brow,
I the sheep,—the shepherd, thou."

BLESSING, and honor, and glory, and power.—BONAR.

This hymn has been adopted by the *Hymnal* of the Canada Presbyterian Church, and thus has come into use in America.

BLEST are the sons of peace.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives this as Ps. 133, S. M., "Communion of Saints; or, Love and Worship in a Family." It has four stanzas.

BLEST are the souls that hear and know.—WATTS.

We have this hymn as Ps. 89, 3d part, C. M., vv. 15, etc., "A Blessed Gospel." It possesses three stanzas.

BLEST be the dear uniting love.—C. WESLEY.

The original title of this hymn was "At Parting," and it first appeared in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. There were some slight changes made in the text, as we find from comparison with the collection published in 1780, by John Wesley.

Mr. John B. Gough, the temperance lecturer, has made use of this hymn in his autobiography. He says:

"I was twelve years of age, and my father being unable to furnish the premium necessary to my learning a trade, and having no prospect for me other than to be a gentleman's servant, made an agreement with a family of our village, who were about emigrating to America, that they, in the consideration of the sum of ten guineas paid by him, should take me with them, teach me a trade, and provide for me until I was twenty-one years of age. After much hesitation, my mother, from a sense of duty, yielded to this arrangement. I, boy-like, felt in high glee at the prospect before me. My little arrangements having been completed, on the 4th of June, 1839, I took, as I then supposed, a last view of my native village. The evening I was about to depart, a neighbor invited me to take tea at her house, which I accepted. My mother remarked to me afterward, 'I wish you had taken tea with your mother, John;' and this little circumstance was a source of much pain to me in after years. The parting from my beloved parents was bitter. My poor mother folded me to her bosom, then she would hold me off at arm's length, and gaze fondly on my face, through her tearful eyes, reading, as only a mother could, the book of futurity to me. She hung up, on the accustomed peg, my old cap and jacket, and my school-bag, and there they remained until years after she quitted the house. At length the parting words were spoken, and I left the home of my childhood, perhaps forever. A touching scene it was, as I went through the village toward the coach-office that evening. As I passed through the streets many a kind hand waved a farewell, and not a few familiar voices sounded out a hearty 'God bless you.' On the 10th of June, everything being arranged, we sailed from the Thames, in the ship 'Helen.' Passing Dover, we arrived off Sandgate, when it fell a dead calm, and the ship's anchors were dropped. I afforded some amusement to those around me by the eagerness with which I seized a telescope, and the positiveness with which I averred that I saw my old home. During that day, boat after boat came off to us from the shore, and friends of the family I was with paid them visits, but I was unnoticed; my relatives did not come. After long and weary watching, I saw a man standing up in a boat, with a white band round his hat. 'That's he! That's my father!' I shouted. He soon got on deck and almost smothered me with his kisses—from which I somewhat shrank, as his beard made very decided impressions on my smooth skin. I heard that my mother and sister had gone to a place of worship, at some distance from Sandgate, which I regretted much. When evening came on, our visitors from the shore repaired to their boats, which, when a few yards from the ship, formed in a half circle. Our friends stood up in them, and o'er the calm waters floated our blended voices, as we sang,

"'Blest be the dear uniting love,
Which will not let us part;
Our bodies may far hence remove,
We still are one in heart.'

Boat after boat then vanished in the gloomy distance, and I went to bed. About midnight I heard my name called, and going on deck I there found my beloved mother and sister, who, hearing on their return that I was in the offing, had paid half a guinea (money hardly earned and with difficulty procured, yet cheerfully expended) to a boatman to row them to the ship. They spent an hour with me (and oh, how short it seemed!), then departed with many tears."

Blest be the tie that binds.—Fawcett.

This hymn was written by Rev. John Fawcett, D.D., an English Baptist, who was born at Lidget Green, in Yorkshire, January 6th (O. S., *i.e.* 17th, as we reckon), 1739, and who died July 25th, 1817, aged seventy-seven, having spent nearly sixty years in the ministry. In 1782 he published a small volume of hymns. It was in 1772, after a few years spent in pastoral work, that he was called to London to succeed the Rev. Dr. Gill. His farewell sermon had been preached near Wainsgate, in Yorkshire; six or seven wagons stood loaded with his furniture and books, and all was ready for departure; but his loving people were not ready. They gathered about him, and "men, women, and children clung around him and his family in perfect agony of soul." Finally, overwhelmed with the sorrow of those they were leaving, Dr. Fawcett and his wife sat down on one of the packing-cases, and wept bitterly. Looking up, Mrs. Fawcett said: "Oh, John, John, I cannot bear this! I know not how to go!" "Nor I either," said the good man; "nor will we go. Unload the wagons, and put everything in the place where it was before." This determination was hailed with tears of joy by those around, and a letter was at once sent to London, explaining the case. Dr. Fawcett then resolutely returned to his work on a salary of something less than two hundred dollars a year, and this hymn is said to have been written to commemorate the event.

Few hymns have had sweeter associations than this. When Mr. Coffing, a missionary at Aintab, in Armenia, set out in 1860 to explore the Taurus Mountains, he was to penetrate an entirely new and dangerous field, fully a hundred miles northwest of Marash. This fact was so keenly felt by the inhabitants of Aintab that they gathered to the number of fifteen hundred, on the sides of the road, and bade farewell to the missionary and his family in the Armenian words of this hymn.

Mr. Moody relates that, in his early experience as a Sunday-school superintendent, he had a class of girls whom he gave into the charge of a teacher, a gentleman, who, as he thought, would interest and keep them quiet. In those days he himself thought a great deal about "sowing," and not much about "reaping," and this teacher evidently shared the ideas of his superintendent. But one day he came into Mr. Moody's store quite disheartened and sad. He had suffered from hemorrhage of the lungs, and was ordered away from the bleak winds of Lake Michigan. It was probably only to reach home and die, and he felt that he had not made any true effort to save the souls of his class. His despair over this result induced Mr. Moody to propose that they should go together and visit each of the young ladies. They took a carriage, and began their work, the teacher, in his feebleness, saying what he could to each one. As far as his strength would allow the visiting was continued, until after about ten days of this direct and faithful effort, every one had yielded her heart to Christ. And when at length this was accomplished, they were all gathered for a farewell meeting at the teacher's house—the most affecting meeting Mr. Moody declares that he ever attended. It was then that they endeavored to sing this hymn, but their hearts were full, and their voices failed.

The next day the teacher was to depart for his home, and to the speedy prospect of certain death. As if by common consent, every member of the class and the superintendent assembled for a final good-by at the railroad station. Many gathered about them as the last words were said, and the faithful teacher, happy in the thought of what he had been permitted to see, but pale and feeble from his illness, stood on the platform of the car, pointing upward as the train moved away.

Dr. Belcher's description of the last public service conducted by Dr. Fawcett may well be copied in full, to close this account. He says:

> "Let us take our last look at this excellent minister of Jesus Christ. He has ascended the pulpit at an Association in Yorkshire. A thousand eyes are fixed on him in love and admiration, and all present express

their conviction, by nods and smiles, that a spiritual feast has been provided for them. As a good soldier of Christ, he has endured hardness for far more than half a century. His praise has been in all the churches; his ministry has been greatly prized through the whole of that populous district, and his usefulness has been honored at home and abroad, in the cottage and in the palace itself. He has now come to bear his dying testimony to the doctrines of the cross, and to bid farewell to the ministers and friends with whom he has been so long associated. Many of them have a strong presentiment that they shall see his face no more, and are prepared to receive his message as from the lips of a man who has finished his course and now stands at the entrance of heaven. As he rises in the pulpit, a death-like silence overspreads the crowded congregation, and all ears are opened to catch the words of inspiration. With a tremulous voice, and with deep emotion, he reads the text, 'I am this day going the way of all the earth,' Josh. 23 : 14; and, long before he finishes his discourse, the place becomes a *Bochim*—the house of God—the gate of heaven. The sermon, which was committed to the press by the agency of its hearers, yet exists as a monument to his love of truth, his holy affection, and his zeal for the extension of the doctrines of sovereign mercy."

BLEST Comforter divine.—SIGOURNEY.

Mrs. Lydia Huntley Sigourney's biography belongs more particularly to American literature than to these pages. She was born in Norwich, Conn., September 1st, 1791, and in her nineteenth year opened, with her friend, Miss Ann Maria Hyde, a school for young ladies at Norwich, afterward, in 1814, removing to Hartford, Conn., and continuing her work as a teacher. A year later she issued her first volumes of poems. In 1819, she married Mr. Charles Sigourney, of Hartford, who died December 30th, 1854. Mrs. Sigourney's life was full of love and good works, and she survived him until June 10th, 1865, when she, too, passed away.

In hymnology we trace her work first in Nettleton's *Village Hymns*, 1824, where this and other hymns appear without designation, except the initial "H." She also contributed to Leonard Bacon's *Supplement* to *Dwight's Collection*, 1833, and to the *Connecticut Collection*, 1845.

BLEST feast of love divine.—DENNY.

Sir Edward Denny's *Miscellaneous Hymns* (1839) contains this hymn, commencing, "Sweet feast of love divine." It is based on the Scripture truth found in Luke 22 : 19, and Solomon's Song

5 : 1. In view of the very apparent change that has been made in this first line, Sir Edward's language in the preface to his collected *Hymns and Poems* (3d edition, 1870) merits our notice. It is his request that

> "Should any of these poems or hymns be deemed worthy of a place in any future collections, they may be left as they are, *without alteration or abridgment* [his italics]. And also (inasmuch as here and there I have revised them myself, I trust for the better), I should wish that they may be copied from *this, rather than from any previous collection wherein they are found.*"

The present piece has six stanzas.

BLEST is the man whose softening heart.—BARBAULD.

This hymn is by Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld. It is founded upon the forty-first Psalm, and suggests a delicacy and consideration in even the administering of help to the weak and the poor. An interesting comment is found among the writings of the Talmudists, upon the verse Isa. 59 : 17. This they rendered, "He put on charity as a coat of mail," that is, coin was joined to coin in the long account as scale to scale in a soldier's armor. It was Rabbi Jochanan who used to devise methods of giving alms by which he was enabled to spare the feelings of any one who was in need. Thus he would say to one whom he desired to help : "I hear that you have quite a fortune coming to you ; so take this money, and repay it when you inherit your property."

BLEST Jesus, when my soaring thoughts.—HEGINBOTHAM.

Ottiwell Heginbotham, the author of this hymn, was in all probability the son of a man of the same name, a person of considerable wealth, who was one of the early followers of the Wesleys. The hymnist himself was born in 1744, and became a student at Daventry, where he showed ability and scholarship of no ordinary kind. He was placed under the instruction of Dr. Caleb Ashworth, and in his nineteenth year we find him ordained as pastor at Sudbury, November 20th, 1765. The church was divided in sentiment, and Mr. Heginbotham took this so much to heart that his health failed, and he died of consumption in 1768, being scarcely twenty-four years of age. His twenty-five hymns were privately printed in 1799, and are characterized by gentleness and sweetness, without much strength.

BLEST Trinity, from mortal sight.—BAKER, *tr.*

Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart., was born in London, May 27th, 1821. His father was Sir Henry Loraine Baker, second baronet, and a vice-admiral of the Royal Navy. The son was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was graduated in 1844. In 1851, he was appointed to the vicarage of Monkland, Herefordshire. He is one of the "forty clergymen" who prepared *Hymns, Ancient and Modern* (1861), and had the honor to be their chairman. His own hymns are excellent. He died February 11th, 1877, at Monkland.

This is a translation from the "*O luce quæ tua lates*," of the Paris Breviary.

BLOW ye the trumpet, blow.—C. WESLEY.

This is No. 3 of Charles Wesley's *Hymns for the New Year*, 1750. It is based on Lev. 25 : 25. Its title is "The Year of Jubilee." Toplady has sometimes been credited with the authorship, but, as he was only born in 1740, this is manifestly incorrect. The date of the publication of the seven hymns, of which this is one, has been much disputed ; and, by way of example, we will give the dates favored by some of the authorities. Rev. James King's date is 1743 ; Professor Bird's, 1756 ; Mr. Nutter's, 1750 ; Dr. Hatfield's, 1750 ; Mr. Creamer's, 1755 ; Rev. W. F. Stevenson's, 1750. This will also be a sufficient demonstration of the method which we have ourselves employed. We take the opportunity to add that Mr. W. T. Brooke, 157 Richmond Road, Hackney, London E., has discovered John Wesley's earliest hymn-book. It was printed at Charles-Town [S. C.] in 1737, by Lewis Timothy, and contains seventy hymns. This volume antedates all others by a year.

BREAD of heaven, on thee we feed.—CONDER.

This hymn appeared in 1824, in the collection of Josiah Conder's pieces, which he entitled, *The Star of the East, and other Poems.* It is founded on John 6 : 32, "My Father giveth you the true bread from heaven."

BREAD of the world in mercy broken.—HEBER.

This hymn is from *Hymns Written and Adapted to the Church Service of the Year* (1827.) This collection was published by Mrs.

Heber, after her husband's death. There are but two stanzas to the hymn.

BREAK thou the bread of life.—LATHBURY.

A "Study Song" for the *Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle*, written in the summer of 1880.

This is a very lovely little lyric, especially when taken in connection with Mr. Sherwin's music. The encomium of Professor W. C. Wilkinson upon Miss Lathbury's verse (in *The Independent*, September, 1885) is well deserved. She has truly become the "lyrist of Chautauqua"—Dr. John H. Vincent's great "Summer University," whose "Chautauqua" ideas are a power in the land.

BRETHREN, while we sojourn here.—SWAIN.

This piece, frequently entered among the "anonymous," has been identified as the production of Joseph Swain, an English Baptist. It is taken from the author's *Walworth Hymns*, 1792.

BRIDE of the Lamb, awake.—DENNY.

We find this piece in Sir E. Denny's *Millennial Hymns*, with the title, "The Church Cheered with the Hope of her Lord's Return," and the text, Solomon's Song 2 : 14. It has seven stanzas. The author adds to this hymn the following note :

> "Sent of Jesus, even as He was sent of the Father, and while seeking to be worthy of the name put upon her, may she remember that it is not of herself the Bride is to speak, but her object, her subject, her delight, her hope, her only resting-place is her Beloved—the Bridegroom of her heart.—*Lady Powerscourt's Letters.*"

BRIEF life is here our portion.—NEALE, *tr.*

This portion of "Jerusalem the Golden" is the "*Hic breve vivitur,*" etc., of Bernard of Cluny. Dr. Neale's hymn is, in effect, an original composition. Bernard's famous poem is treated at large in "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning.—HEBER.

Bishop Heber's hymns were, for the most part, composed shortly after his marriage, in 1809, and were first published in the *Christian Observer*, in 1811–12. The prefatory note to the series states that the author intended them for "the Sundays and principal holy days of the year, connected in some degree with their particular Collects and Gospels, and designed to be sung between the Nicene Creed and the sermon." The idea is derived from the Roman liturgy, and Mr. Heber (then rector of Hodnet) further adds, that in these lyrics "no fulsome or indecorous language has been knowingly adopted; no erotic addresses to Him whom no unclean lips can approach; no allegory, ill-understood and worse applied." This design was never completely executed, but the present hymn is intended for Epiphany. The date is 1811.

When the author became bishop of Calcutta he spent Christmas, 1824, at Meerut, where, on December 19th, he dedicated a church. At this service he records that he had the satisfaction of hearing this hymn, and that for St. Stephen's day, "sung better than he ever heard them before."

BRIGHTLY gleams our banner.—POTTER.

This gentleman's name is given by Mr. Miller as "Thomas J. Potter," and by Thring as "T. J. Potter." The authority for calling him "Thomas *Joseph* Potter" does not appear. He was born in 1827, and died in 1873, and there seems to be little doubt that he is the "Thomas *Johnson* Potter" who was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, B.A., 1850, and M.A., 1853. We only know further that he is a Roman Catholic priest, and has written several books between 1860 and 1866. The hymn is in the *People's Hymnal*, 1867.

BY Christ redeemed, in Christ restored.—RAWSON.

Mr. George Rawson, the "Leeds Layman," contributed twenty-seven hymns to the *Psalms and Hymns for the Baptist Denomination*, 1858, of which this is one. It is dated 1857.

BY cool Siloam's shady rill.—HEBER.

The date of this hymn is 1812. The title is "Christ a Pattern for Children," Luke 2 : 40.

BY faith in Christ I walk with God.—NEWTON.

In the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, this is Book I., No. 4. It is based on Gen. 5 : 24.

CALL Jehovah thy salvation.—MONTGOMERY.

This is from the *Original Hymns*, Hymn 145, "God's Merciful Guardianship of His People." It is based on Ps. 91, and contains five stanzas. The date is 1822.

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm.—BONAR.

The title of this quiet and beautiful song is "The Inner Calm." It is found in *Hymns of Faith and Hope* (first series, 1857), and has eight stanzas.

CALM on the listening ear of night.—SEARS.

This, which is called by its author "A Christmas Song," is often assigned to the date 1851. In reality, it was first published in the Boston *Observer*, in 1834; then recast and republished in the *Christian Register*, in 1835, and eventually appeared in the *Monthly Magazine*, Vol. XXXV. It has five double stanzas, and is given in full in Dr. Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith.* By this, and by the hymn, "It came upon the midnight clear," Rev. E. H. Sears has established his claim to be one of the great hymn-writers of the United States, for these two pieces are universally accepted. Dr. O. W. Holmes considers it one of the finest and most beautiful poems ever written. It is known as "Sears's first Christmas hymn."

CAST thy bread upon the waters.—HANAFORD.

Mrs. Phœbe A. Hanaford was born on Nantucket Island, May 6th, 1829. Her father, Captain George W. Coffin, was a descendant of Tristram Coffin, earliest of the name in this country. On the mother's side, Mrs. Hanaford boasts of her descent from Peter Folger, grandfather of Benjamin Franklin.

Our authoress studied in the public and private schools of Nantucket, and was trained, in Latin and the higher mathematics, by an Episcopalian clergyman. She began teaching when only sixteen, was married at twenty, and has a son and a daughter. In her short autobiography she does not give her husband's name. After a year's previous preaching in the place, she was ordained as pastor of the Universalist Church, at Hingham, Mass. This was in 1868, and in 1869 she also had the charge of the neighboring parish of Waltham. In 1870 she resigned, and was installed as pastor in New Haven, Conn., to which place she has lately (1883) returned.

In 1874 she removed to Jersey City, taking charge of the "Church of the Good Shepherd," on the Heights. She claims to be the first woman who ever offered an ordaining prayer, and who has exchanged pulpits with her own son—both being settled pastors. Additionally, she is proud of being the first woman to officiate at the marriage of her own daughter, and the first woman regularly ordained in Massachusetts, or New England. Also, she was the first woman to serve as chaplain of the Connecticut Legislature, which she did in 1870 and 1872. The remarkable list of this iconoclastic lady's actions is increased by the fact that she, "a woman-minister," gave the charge at the ordination of "a man-minister," he being Rev. W. G. Haskell, ot Marblehead, Mass. Nor do we care to diminish aught of her satisfaction in having been the first woman to attend a Masonic Festival, and to respond, by invitation, to a toast. This trenchant "woman-minister" (her own term, by the way) has been as active with her pen as with her tongue. Anti-Slavery pamphlets have been her recreation, and prose and verse of all kinds have been her delight. Her *Life of Abraham Lincoln* reached a sale of twenty thousand. The list of her works is long, and we must honestly add that the books which she has prepared have been good. Her poetry is found in *From Shore to Shore*, and in the same year with that publication (1871) she published a *Life of Charles Dickens*. Other poems remain ungathered, in various periodicals — among which is the present hymn. It does not appear in her book of poems.

CAST thy burden on the Lord.—HAMMOND. (?)

William Hammond's hymns were published at London, 1745, under the title, *Psalms, Hymns and Spiritual Songs*. It is to his pen that Professor Bird assigns this hymn. We take the liberty of showing how little positiveness there can be in such a statement.

Dr. Hatfield (who was aided by D. Sedgwick) gives it to "John Cennick, 1745, altered by Rowland Hill"—who, by the way, was greatly addicted to the alteration of other persons' verses. Drs. Hitchcock, Eddy, and Schaff—assisted by Professor Bird—attribute it, in a confusion of punctuation, as follows: "Rev. Rowland Hill. (1744–1833.) 1783, v. 1. George Rawson. (1807–) 1857. ab. and much alt." The present ascription to Hammond is the designation in *Laudes Domini*, and we offer it as the latest, but the query, which is our own addition, appears to be necessary to complete the sense. The hymn is not the same, in many books, after one has passed the first few lines.

Whatever may be the authorship, the thought of the hymn is undoubtedly that of Ps. 55 : 22, which teaches us (in the Hebrew) that we are to cast on the Lord "that which he hath given us." Our "burden" is our "gift;" and, if we so consider it, it becomes a blessing.

CHIEF of sinners though I be.—McCOMB.

William McComb was born at Coleraine, County Londonderry, Ireland, in 1793. His business, for many years, was that of a bookseller in Belfast. In 1867 he had retired from trade. After some other previous publications, Mr. McComb's poetry was collected into one handsome volume in 1864.

CHILDREN of light, arise and shine.—DENNY.

This hymn is from the *Miscellaneous Hymns* of Sir Edward Denny, 1839, and bears the title, "Looking unto Jesus;" John 14 : 1. It has four stanzas.

CHILDREN of the heavenly King.—JOHN CENNICK.

Whatever may have been Cennick's peculiarities of religious doctrine, there can be no doubt of his genuine piety. This hymn, dear to all Christians, and preserved without the omission of a stanza, in every collection which is able to afford the space, is testimony sufficient. He began with Wesley, changed to Whitefield, and ended in the ranks of the Moravians. But, as Christophers happily says: "he has again joined those with whom he began his Methodist itinerancy. . . . Those early poets of Methodism sing together now." The date of this composition is 1742.

CHOSEN not for good in me.—McCHEYNE.

The Rev. Robert Murray McCheyne was one of the loftiest and most spiritually-minded Christians of his generation. He was born in Edinburgh, May 21st, 1813; studied at the High School and University of his native city, and was licensed to preach July, 1835. After some years' service in Stirlingshire, he was, on November 24th, 1836, set over the congregation of St. Peter's Church, Dundee, and in 1839 accompanied a deputation from the General Assembly (Presbyterian) to Palestine on a "Mission of Inquiry to the Jews." He died, after a brief illness, March 25th, 1843.

The story of McCheyne's conversion is an apt commentary upon his hymn. The death of his brother, some eight or nine years older than himself, awakened him to a sense of his condition in the sight of God. This brother, a man of unusual abilities, fell into a deep melancholy, which was partly the cause and partly the consequence of his disease. Each influence apparently aggravated the other, though doubtless the mind was earliest affected by the body. He continued in this state of awful gloom, wasting away gradually under the mental and physical strain, until a few days before his death. He then, for the first time, obtained peace and hope, and died, July 8th, 1831, with the blessing of a perfect trust in Christ. Robert McCheyne was consequently impressed in the most solemn manner, and when his brother David was taken, it appeared as though the divine voice never ceased its appeal to his soul.

The condition of affairs in those days was such as to sound strangely now in the ears of any fervent Christian. The students of the Divinity Hall, under Drs. Chalmers and Welsh (1831–1836), it is to be feared, were sometimes very far from spiritual-mindedness. It is reported by McCheyne's biographer that they often "broke the Sabbath, danced, and played cards." But McCheyne himself, reading Henry Martyn's memoir and Legh Richmond's life, and recording in his journal his profound desire after holiness, came at length into the freedom of the truth. There were students in the Divinity Hall who devoted themselves to the poor of Edinburgh; and with such as these McCheyne went out to work and pray.

It is interesting also for us to learn that McCheyne was anxious to speak as directly to his hearers as possible, and therefore wrote his discourses carefully, conned them over before entering the pulpit, and then delivered their *substance*, without notes, and without the slavish effort of *verbatim* recitation. Once, however, when he was upon his road to Dunipace, he lost his sermons, and, being compelled to preach, he did so with a fluency that never afterward forsook him. But he did not rely upon this discovery in order to slight his preparation for the pulpit.

When McCheyne returned from the Holy Land he reached Dundee on a Thursday afternoon. This being the evening of the weekly meeting at St. Peter's, he hurried at once to the church, and was met by a great assemblage of his devoted people, and of his brother ministers. It was a night to be long remembered. He gave out the sixty-sixth Psalm to be sung, and then, refusing to utter one word about himself or his journey, he took 1 Cor. 2 : 1, 4 as his text, and so broke the bread of life after Paul's manner. Again and again on the way home, he had to pause and shake hands, and even pray, with those who would not leave until he told them more about "this way." At length, completely exhausted, he reached his house, and there, to those about him, he expressed himself in the most devout gratitude for God's goodness. "To thy name, O Lord," he said, "to thy name, O Lord, be all the glory."

His disease was simply the burning out of his physical system by his zealous labor. It baffled all the physicians ; but he was ready to go, and before he died he exclaimed : "My soul is escaped as a bird out of the snare of the fowler ; the snare is broken, and I am escaped."

The hymn before us is a portion of the longer piece, "When this passing world is done," which contains nine six-line stanzas, and the date is, conjecturally, 1837.

CHRIST above all glory seated.—WOODFORD, *tr.* (?)

This hymn has been attributed to James Russell Woodford, as a translation. It certainly resembles, faintly, the Ambrosian hymn, "*Christe, rex cœli domine,*" and it has a trifling likeness to the Paris Breviary hymn, "*Christe, qui sedes Olympo.*" But in neither case is it a translation—or even a close paraphrase. The date "1863 (?)" is assigned, by H. P. Main, to a slightly different form of this piece.

CHRIST for the world we sing.—WOLCOTT.

The author of this hymn is a Congregational clergyman, Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D.D. He was born at South Windsor, Conn., July 2d, 1813. He is a graduate of Yale College, in 1833, and of Andover Theological Seminary, in 1837. In 1840–42, he was a missionary in Syria. Since then he has been a pastor, and has had charge of churches in Longmeadow, Mass. (where he resides at the present writing) ; in Belchertown, Mass. ; Providence, R. I. ; Chicago, Ill. ; and Cleveland, O. He has now retired from active work. Among other useful labors, he compiled the elaborate *Wolcott Memorial*—a record of that family in America.

Dr. Wolcott's account of his earliest attempt to compose hymns merits a full recital. He began his work in this direction, it appears, as late in life as Prudentius or Chaucer, and with as little training for it as "Piers Ploughman."

"In the year 1868, Rev. Darius E. Jones requested me to mark for him the published hymns which I would use in a new collection. After a partial performance of this service, near the close of the year, the query arose in my mind, 'Can I not write a hymn?' I was then in my fifty-sixth year, had never put two rhymes together, and had taken it for granted that I was as incompetent to write a hymn, or even a stanza, as to work a miracle. However, I resolved that I would try to write a hymn of five stanzas, and proceeded to plan it precisely as I would plan a sermon. I said, the first stanza shall be a recognition of God the Father; the second, a recognition of Christ the Redeemer; the third, a prayer to God the Father; the fourth, a prayer to Christ the Redeemer, and the fifth shall blend the two in one address. All this, you understand, without any train of thought in my mind; and a more perfect recipe for wooden stanzas it would be difficult to frame. I went to work to fill out my plan, and the result was the hymn as it now stands, 'Father! I own thy voice.'

"I cannot express to you my surprise when I found that I had written what could actually be *sung*. I sent the hymn to Mr. Jones, who was so much pleased with it that he composed a tune for it, and inserted both in his *Songs for the New Life* (Chicago, 1869). I have not seen the hymn in any other collection, but I retain a natural predilection for it.

"I soon tried my hand again. The Young Men's Christian Associations of Ohio met in one of our churches, with their motto, in evergreen letters, over the pulpit: 'Christ for the World, and the World for Christ.' This suggested the hymn, 'Christ for the world we sing.'"

Dr. Wolcott writes that it was on his way home from this service, in 1869, walking alone through the streets, that he "put together the four stanzas of the hymn." Each stanza began,

"Christ for the world we sing,
The world to Christ we bring."

Altogether, he has composed more than two hundred hymns, many of which are still unpublished.

CHRIST is born, tell forth his fame.—NEALE, *tr*.

This is Dr. Neale's translation of the *Χριστὸς γεννᾶται, δοξάσατε* of St. Cosmas, A.D. 760. It appeared first in the *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, where it is given in full as the rendering of Ode I., in the *Canon for Christmas Day*, and is in four stanzas. St. Cosmas of Jerusalem is placed by Dr. Neale in the second rank of Greek ecclesiastical poets. He was early left an orphan, adopted by the father of St. John Damascenus, and grew up with that poet in a life-long friendship. St. Cosmas was a Sabaite monk, and was consecrated as bishop of Maiuma, near Gaza, in Palestine, under the patriarchate of John of Jerusalem. His poetical compositions resemble those of Adam of St. Victor in their fondness for types and imagery. He wrote in a contracted and difficult style, and his hymns are hard to be understood. Dr. Neale has adopted, with these and other sacred verses, the principle of Bishop Heber, who held that it was better—he referred, however, to the Latin hymns—" to pillage than to translate."

CHRIST is made the sure foundation.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is the *Angulare fundamentum*, a portion of the hymn, " *Urbs beata Hirusalem.*" Dr. Neale has rendered it as,

Blessed city, heavenly Salem,
Vision dear of peace and love,"

and of that translation this is the second part.

There are several other versions. One, by Archbishop Benson, commences,

" Blessed city, heavenly Salem,
Peaceful vision dim descried."

There is still a third, with the same initial line, in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1871,

" Blessed city, heavenly Salem,
Land of glory, land of rest."

The authorship of the Latin original is unknown, but it is referred, conjecturally, to the eighth century. See " The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns" for further information on the subject.

CHRIST is coming ! let creation.—MACDUFF.

Rev. John Ross Macduff, D.D., the author of this hymn, was born in the year 1818, at Bonhard, Perthshire, Scotland. His education was obtained at the High School, Edinburgh, and at the University of the same ancient town. For three years he studied under the celebrated Dr. Thomas Chalmers, whose influence determined him to devote his life to the Gospel ministry. It did not, however, carry him into disestablishment, for he was licensed in the Established Church of Scotland, in 1842, and received the parish of Kettins, Forfarshire. Thence he was transferred to the church of St. Madoes, in Perthshire, from which he was again, in 1856, removed to Glasgow, where he was given the pastorate of a handsome new edifice and a large congregation at Sandyford. Here he continued for fifteen years, declining meanwhile the offer of an appointment by the Crown to the cathedral church in Glasgow, made vacant by the death of Principal MacFarlan. In 1871, Dr. Macduff gave up his pastoral duties altogether, and surrendered his parish in order to spend the remainder of his life in literary labor.

He has been remarkably successful as an author of religious works, and his *Faithful Promiser*, *Morning and Night Watches*, and *The Mind and Words of Jesus*, have had a very great circulation. Some of his hymns were published as early as 1853. They have been gathered up in his *Gates of Praise*, issued in 1875.

The title of the present piece is "Second Advent," and the text of Scripture affixed to it by the author is Rev. 22 : 20. The date is 1853.

CHRIST is our corner-stone.—CHANDLER, *tr.*

This, like "Christ is made our sure foundation," is the *Angulare fundamentum*, from the famous heaven-hymn, "*Urbs beata Hirusalem.*" It is from John Chandler's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837. For the Latin hymn itself, see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

CHRIST is risen! Christ is risen!—A. T. GURNEY.

This hymn appeared in Mr. Gurney's *Book of Praise*, 1862, which contained 147 of his own hymns. The author, Archer Thompson Gurney, was born in 1820, and is an English gentleman who has had a varied and peculiar history. He received a good education, but is not recorded as having been graduated from any of the great universities. Following his inclination for the study of law, he became (and still is) a barrister of the Middle Temple. But he changed from the court-bar to the pulpit, and was made deacon in 1849, priest in 1850, and assumed the curacy of Holy Trinity, Exeter, 1849–51. His subsequent history is briefly comprehended in the following exact statement, which shows on its very face that Mr. Gurney is an unusual character. He has been curate of St. Mary, Crown Street, Soho, 1851–53; senior curate of Buckingham, 1854–8; chaplain to the Court

Church (*Cour des Coches*), Paris, 1858–71 ; evangelical lecturer of Holy Trinity, Westminster, 1872–4 ; curate of Holy Trinity Chapel, Brighton, 1874–5 ; curate-in-charge of St. Andrew's (iron church), Hastings, 1877–8 ; assisted at St. Katherine's Hospital, Regent's Park, 1879–80 ; curate-in-charge of Rhyader, Radnor, 1880–81 ; curate-in-charge of Llangunider, Breconshire, Wales, 1882, where (but for the natural uncertainty induced by this record) we should suppose him to be still residing at the rectory.

Mr. Gurney has written much—frequently in poetry, sometimes in drama, and occasionally in controversy from the Ritualistic standpoint. One of his works was, *Reasons for Living and Dying in the Communion of the Church of England.* Orby Shipley included ten of his pieces in the *Lyra Messianica*, a very High Church collection. This is not one of them.

An American work on authors, written and published over twenty-five years ago, gives us this racy description of the man as he then was :

"Mr. Archer Gurney is another specimen of that small tribe of versemongers which have the same proportion to poets that monkeys have to men ; like that chattering tribe, their gibbering and antics are sometimes diverting, but there is something painful and revolting to our feelings in the absurd resemblance they bear to the superior race. Mr. Gurney has published two volumes, the first, an apish resemblance to 'Lalla Rookh,' entitled 'Love's Legends,' and the other a curious drama, called *Charles I.;* the latter is, perhaps, the funniest specimen of a tragedy on record. While Talfourd's tragedies are pretty, Gurney's are funny ; it was suggested by the author of 'Orion' [*sic*] that there was a striking resemblance between the hero and the poet, in the fact of both having no head ; be this as it may, Mr. Archer Gurney might just as well have been without his head, seeing the little use he has made of it in this curious drama. Two out of three of the scenes end thus, in the very middle : 'The scene closes in great confusion—*exeunt* confusedly.' An act is generally brought to its termination in this ingenious manner : 'A great uproar, the curtain falls amid wild confusion.' This terrific confusion and disorder are the only evidences we have of Mr. Archer Gurney's head. We ought to add, as another proof of this young bardling's genius, that at the dissolution of Parliament he rushes about, as a sort of clown, contesting impossible elections ; now he suddenly appears as the antagonist of Lord Morpeth, for the West Riding of Yorkshire, but on the day before election he forgets all about it, and rides home on the outside of the mail ; he then throws a somerset, and comes plump down at Lambeth, where he threatens to annihilate Mr. Hawes, but he don't altogether do that, for on the close of the poll, the numbers are somewhat in this fashion—Hawes, 6097; Gurney, 1. This solitary voter turns out to be Mr. Hawes himself, it being customary for each candidate to vote for his antagonist. Mr. Gurney's last political feat was to accompany his friend, Mr. Ernest Jones, to a Chartist meeting, where he disturbed the harmony of that rational class of beings by undertaking to prove them all wrong, and consequently engaging to convert them all into loyal and contented citizens. The argument was closed by their ejecting the eloquent Tory head over heels through a window into the street, *minus* his hat and coat; it is rumored that Mr. Fergus O'Connor was seen the next day in a far superior cover to where [*sic*] his brains ought to be, and also in a better surtout. It is shrewdly suspected that he, like the Romans of old, wore his vanquished enemy's armor as *optima spolia*."

The writer's Latin, as well as his English, will safely bear filing and polishing, but his graphic method is very much to our purpose.

CHRIST, of all my hopes the ground.—WARDLAW.

Rev. Ralph Wardlaw was born at Dalkeith, Mid-Lothian, December 22d, 1779, and entered the University of Glasgow at twelve years of age. He then united with the Seceders' Church, and joined the Congregationalists, under the brothers Haldane. In 1803, he was ordained to the pastorate of a chapel in Albion Street, Glasgow. In 1811, he was chosen Professor of Divinity, in the (Congregational) Glasgow Theological Academy, and died in that city, December 17th, 1853. Dr. Wardlaw edited a volume of hymns for the use of the Scottish Congregationalists, in which several of his original pieces were included. While he receives no mention from Anglican hymnologists, this hymn, and "Lift up to God the voice of praise," will show that he merits it. The present hymn has two parts and thirteen stanzas, and its date is 1817.

CHRIST the Lord is risen again.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

We have here Miss Winkworth's rendering of the "*Christus ist erstanden*" of Michael Weisse. It is an Easter hymn, from the first hymn-book of the Bohemian Brethren, 1531. This religious sect, called by their enemies *Piccards*, *i.e.*, *Beghards*, allied themselves in Reformation times with Luther. Their four great doctrines were: 1. Taking the eucharist "in both kinds," that is, bread and cup; 2. Prohibition of temporal authority to the clergy; 3. Preaching of God's word free to every man; 4. Public crimes to be surely punished. These points were debated with the Council of Constance for fifty days. In modern times they are the Moravians, Count Zinzendorf having revived their tenets and customs. Weisse, like Luther, translated much from the Latin, and enriched German hymnology from the mediæval breviaries. He also wrote some fifteen or seventeen original hymns ; and possibly more, which have not been identified. He was born at Neisse, in Silesia, and was pastor of the Bohemian Brethren, at Landskron and Fulneck, in Bohemia. He died in 1540.

It is Kübler's opinion that both Weisse and Luther (in his Easter hymn, *Christ lag*, etc.) availed themselves of some older piece beginning with this first line. The present hymn may have arisen from a Latin sequence : "*Mors et vita duello conflixere mirando : dux vitæ mortuus regnat vivus*," which has afforded much comfort to the dying.

The date of Miss Winkworth's translation is 1858.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day.—ANON, 1708.

There are three hymns with this first line. One is by Charles Wesley, 1739 :

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Sons of men and angels say."

Another is by Miss Jane E. Leeson :

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day ;
Christians, haste your vows to pay,"

which is a translation of the "*Victimæ paschali laudes*," a well-known sequence, sometimes attributed to Notker of St. Gall, but probably of the eleventh or twelfth century. The third is the present hymn :

"Christ the Lord is risen to-day,
Our triumphant holy day."

It may easily have been the suggestion from which Wesley's lyric came. It was appended to the *New Version of the Psalms*, in 1796, but had previously appeared in C. Evans's *Collection* (5th edition, 1786), and in the *Compleat Psalmodist* of John Arnold, 1749. In the earliest form to which it has been traced, it begins, "Jesus Christ is risen to-day." In Evans's collection it is called "The Resurrection Hymn," and has but three stanzas ; and the "Gloria," which makes the fourth, is undoubtedly the work of

Charles Wesley, for it is found in his *Hymns and Sacred Poems.* The oldest book in which it has been discovered is the *Lyra Davidica*, 1708.

CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day.—C. WESLEY.

From the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739, this piece is taken. The tune "Georgia," adapted to this in the Church of England psalmody, is itself an adaptation of Handel's "See the Conquering Hero Comes."

This hymn afforded great comfort to Thomas Lacy, an earnest English Methodist. On Easter morning he repeated the first stanza to his sister, though with a faltering voice. He was told that he was near death. "Then," said he, "I have a pleasant prospect before me." And so he passed away in peace.

CHRIST, whose glory fills the skies.—C. WESLEY.

This hymn has received the praise of Montgomery, as being one of the loveliest which Charles Wesley composed. It bears a close resemblance to that of Ennodius, Bishop of Pavia, "*Christe lumen perpetuum*," which will be found, in an American translation, as, "O Christ, the eternal light."

There can be no doubt that this composition is properly accredited to Wesley, although it has been printed in some editions of Toplady's works, as if belonging to him; and something similar to it can be found in the writings of Sir Robert Grant. In a sermon on the "Christian Inheritance," Rev. Morley Punshon, D.D., quotes the lines as if written by Grant. But the claim put forward in behalf of Toplady is effectually disposed of, when we find that the same year, 1740, witnessed his birth as well as the publication of the hymn. For it appears in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* of Wesley, 1740, where it is entitled "A Morning Hymn," and is in three stanzas. Charles Wesley wrote two pieces with this same first line. The one now before us had formerly a stanza prefixed to it commencing, "Oh, disclose thy lovely face," but that was no part of it, and has disappeared.

Very beautiful are the comments upon the promise, "I will make thy windows of agates," which we find in the volume, *Bible Teachings in Nature*, by Hugh Macmillan.

> "'I will make thy windows of agates;' not bright and transparent, for our weak eyes, dimmed with pain and weeping, cannot bear the strong

sunshine ; not dark and opaque, for the soul climbing up and straining to look out and see the light behind the cloud—the beauty beyond the shadow—and baffled in its efforts, would fall back upon itself, morbid and despairing. They are windows of agates—neither transparent nor opaque—but mercifully tempered by Him who best knows the requirements of each individual case, and who in all our afflictions is afflicted. How soft and subdued is the light they admit, inexpressibly soothing to the soul which affliction has made tender ! Through the smoked glass the most delicate eye can look long without shrinking upon the Sun of Righteousness. There is no garishness jarring with the sorrow, no dazzling lustre scorching and bewildering the soul, but a mild, moonlight radiance, exquisitely harmonizing with the loneliness and darkness within."

CHRISTIAN, dost thou see them.—NEALE, *tr.*

This translation (1862) is from the hymn *Οὐ γὰρ βλέπεις τοὺς ταράττοντας* of St. Andrew of Crete. Dr. Neale calls it the "Stichera for the Second Week of the Grand Fast." St. Andrew was born at Damascus about 660 ; became a monk in Jerusalem ; and, going on church business to Constantinople, was there made a deacon. He was Archbishop of Crete, in the reign of Philip Bardanes, just about the time (711–714) when Africa had been subdued by the Saracens. He died in the island of Hierissus, near Mitylene, A.D. 732. His hymns are still sung in the Greek Church.

CHRISTIAN, seek not yet repose.—C. ELLIOTT.

There are six stanzas to this hymn, which was first published by Miss Charlotte Elliott, in 1839. It is the Wednesday morning hymn, in *Hymns for a Week, by the late Charlotte Elliott*, London, forty-first thousand, no date. The first edition of these hymns was issued, however, in 1839. This one is founded on the words, "Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation."

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the morn.—BYROM.

The personal appearance of John Byrom was remarkable. He was extremely tall, carried a stick with a crook-top, and wore "a curious low-polled, slouched hat, from under the long-peaked front brim of which his benignant face bent forward a cautiously inquisitive kind of look, as if he were in the habit of prying into everything, without caring to let everything enter deeply into him." In his journal for February 7th, 1739, this tall person has recorded that he had "walked with John Wesley and another young fellow, from Mr. Bray's to Islington." He was then about forty-eight years of age, the son of a linen-draper, and born at Manchester in 1691. He was a lover of the mystics—which is no blame to him now, though it was then. Jacob Böhme and Madame Guyon and Fénelon are different names to us than to the people of his time. He was also a Cambridge man, while the Wesleys and the most of their friends were Oxonians. So it came about that this incipient close association did not last long, though the friendship continued firm to the end. Byrom was too much of a *dilettante*, too little inclined to the awful seriousness of early Methodism, and while he was always kindly, and even affectionate, toward John Wesley, the connection between them was never really intimate. The Cambridge scholar preferred to write his pastorals on "Colin and Phœbe," for the *Spectator*; to glide into verse in praise of "Careless Content," and to invent a system of stenography. He occasionally wrote hymns for recreation. Otherwise, his rule was, as he himself says, to be quiet and happy, and let the world go:

"I am content, I do not care,
Wag as it will the world for me!"

But there was one thing in which he is of more than casual importance to hymnology. Although he composed verses of his own, neat and smooth in character, and his translations of hymns from some of the French mystics are notably fine, yet it is as the stenographer that he is to be remembered. For he taught his system of short-hand to the Wesleys, and they used it for their journals. The greater part of Charles Wesley's hymns were dashed down, in this brief fashion, as they arose in his mind. Byrom's taste aided his friends, too, in the publication of their first volume of religious poetry.

Nothing can better illustrate Byrom's characteristics than his famous epigram, written in 1745, when the Pretender made his advent in England. The Wesleys kept to their work, preaching and praying, and putting no hand to the secular business of king-making. But Byrom, for a wonder, came out boldly on the side of the Stuarts, and it took all his skill to avoid an awkward dilemma. This he achieved by tossing this stanza like a tub to the whale, or like the sacrifice which Alcibiades made of his dog's tail to divert the wrath of his fellow-citizens. Thus wrote Byrom:

"God bless the King—I mean the Faith's defender;
God bless—no harm in blessing—the Pretender;
But who the Pretender is, or who is King—
God bless us all—that's quite another thing!"

He was always, though, a good Christian, and lived on in happy quiet—as he wished—until his death, September 28th, 1763, and in his seventy-second year. He might appropriately have composed a hymn on the prayer of Jabez.

Not as the hymn-writer, then, do we recall him, but as the one who said of Handel and Bononcini,

"Strange all this difference should be
'Twixt tweedledum and tweedledee,"

and as the one who professed

"To take what passes in good part,
And keep the hiccoughs from the heart."

He was, and is, a light of English letters; but as for piety or earnestness—well, let us think kindly of him and say no more.

Come, all ye chosen saints of God.—Hart.

We are able to fix the exact date of this hymn by its connection with a most interesting religious experience on the part of its author, Rev. Joseph Hart. He says:

> "The week before Easter, 1757, I had such an amazing view of the agony of Christ in the Garden as I know not how well to describe. I was lost in wonder and adoration, and the impression was too deep, I believe, ever to be obliterated. . . . It was then I made the first part of my hymn on the Passion: 'Come, all ye chosen saints of God.'"

This hymn is placed as the first of the pieces composing Hart's second edition, 1762. It has two parts, respectively of fourteen and of ten stanzas. A couplet from it has been more than once effectively quoted:

"*Gethsemane, the Olive-Press!*
(And why so call'd let Christians guess)."

The italics are his own

Speaking critically, this production has never attained, by any cento, to general acceptance as a hymn. It could not possibly do so, as it is the unlyrical meditation of a devout soul over the agony of the Lord in the Garden. Portions of it are not removed from prosaic baldness and impropriety, as, for example:

"Dispatch'd from Heav'n an Angel stood,
Amaz'd to find him bath'd in Blood;
As if all Heav'n had rais'd a Doubt,
'Perhaps the Lord may scarce hold out.'"

Other portions are strong, original, and almost grand; as when he speaks

"Of sinners base,
A harden'd Herd; a Rebel-race
That mock'd and trampled in thy Blood,
And wanton'd with the Wounds of God."

And, again, the last two stanzas:

"A Love of unexampled kind
That leaves all Thought so far behind;
Where Length, and Breadth, and Depth, and Height
Are lost to my astonish'd Sight.

"For Love of Me the Son of God
Drain'd ev'ry Drop of vital Blood;
Long time I after Idols ran,
But now my God's a martyr'd Man."

A study of such a "hymn" will help those who desire to understand the vivid earnestness of the great race of English hymn-writers in the eighteenth century. It cannot be commended for taste and beauty, but it is wonderfully *actual.*

COME, behold a great expedient.—KELLY.

One sometimes wonders why certain hymns secure an approval which others—decidedly superior to them—fail to obtain. This hymn, for example, has been abundantly acceptable, but it scarcely seems to deserve its distinction. It appears as early as 1809, in Kelly's pages, and is part of the hymn beginning, "Death is sin's tremendous wages." There are five stanzas altogether, and this piece commences with the third.

COME, gracious Lord, descend and dwell.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's Hymns, Book I., No. 135, this commences, "Come, *dearest* Lord," etc., and is based on Eph. 3 : 16, with the title, "The Love of Christ shed abroad in the Heart." It has three stanzas.

COME, blessed Spirit! source of light.—BEDDOME.

This is given as the original text, by Dr. Rogers, in *Lyra Britannica.* He there alludes to the other form of the hymn commencing, "Come, Spirit, source of light," which can be found as No. 531 of *Laudes Domini.* The present hymn is in the *Songs of the Spirit* (p. 414).

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove.—BROWNE.

Rev. Simon Browne, the author of this hymn, was born about 1680, in Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, England, and began to preach when but twenty years of age. In 1716, having left a large congregation in Plymouth, he was settled over the Independent Church in Old Jewry, London. Dr. Watts was his near neighbor, being at that time pastor in Berry Street. Seven years later Mr. Browne was afflicted with a hypochondriacal malady which took the form of a delusion that he could not *think.* In this year (1723), he had, it is true, lost his wife and son, and was greatly distressed. But the compelling cause was thought to be an attack made on him by a highway robber. Mr. Browne and a friend were upon a journey, when they were stopped by the highwayman, who presented his pistols and demanded their money. Mr. Browne, being a large and strong man, seized the robber, flung him down and disarmed him, while his friend ran for assistance. But the clerical wrath, and the clerical grip upon the man's throat, choked the poor wretch to death, and when assistance came the thief was literally defunct. This had a most serious effect on Mr. Browne's mind. Frequently after this he was tormented with a desire to destroy himself, and he always maintained that his mental powers were gone. Yet, though he would not patiently suffer any contradiction of this idea, he wrote a defence of Christianity, a work on the Trinity, made a dictionary, and continued Matthew Henry's Commentary by the Exposition of the First Epistle of St. Paul to the Corinthians. The dedication of his *Defence of Christianity* is copied under Browne's name as a curiosity in the (old) *Encyclopædia Britannica.* Indeed, some twenty-three separate publications attest the energy and scholarship of this man who "could not think;" and they justify Toplady's remark that "instead of having no soul, he wrote and reasoned and prayed as if he had two." Dr. Watts also endorses the intellectual vigor and clearness of this singularly deluded person. "If he was crazy," says Dr. Allibone, "he was at least more than equal to two infidels" —Woolston and Tindal. He was, however, strangely persistent in his opinion, and on being pressed by a friendly opponent as to his mental soundness, because he was " making a dictionary," he retorted, " I am doing nothing that requires a reasonable soul." His impression, to quote his own words, was that God had " annihilated in him the thinking substance, and utterly divested him of consciousness ; that, though he retained the human shape, and the faculty of speaking in a manner that appeared to others rational, he had all the while no more notion of what he said than a parrot."

But we may profitably place his " First Epistle to the Corinthians," in Matthew Henry's Commentary, in contrast to this absurd opinion. It is lucid, and even epigrammatic in its style, and is one of the very best of commentaries for practical use.

He lived beloved and respected, but cherishing his delusion to the last, dying at length near the close of the year 1732. He contrived during his life to win the approbation of good people, and he left two hundred and sixty-six hymns as his legacy to Christian praise.

In his hymn-writing, Mr. Browne was a great admirer and imitator of Dr. Watts, whose influence on the English hymnology is like that of Ambrose upon the Latin. Browne and others follow Watts, as Ennodius, Gregory the Great, and the late Latinists, like Coffin and Santeul, follow Ambrose. Sometimes he conveys lines bodily from Watts, as these do from Ambrose, confessing (which may be due to his mental malady, for such confession is now rare enough), " I have borrowed my stamina from others." " Yet, 'tis no vanity to say," quoth Mr. Browne, " I aim at being more poetical." Perhaps this, at last, shows his impaired intellect !

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come.—TATE, *tr.*

We have here Nahum Tate's rendering of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* of Rabanus Maurus, for whom see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns." It is from the *Supplement* to his *New Version of the Psalms* (1703) and is in four double stanzas.

COME, Holy Ghost ! in love.—PALMER, *tr.*

This is the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* of Hermannus Contractus for which see " The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns." Dr. Palmer made this translation in New York City in 1858. He was then in the habit of using certain opportunities of leisure in this manner.

Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire.—Nettleton.

This hymn is in the collection of Asahel Nettleton, where it has three stanzas, the text being precisely the same as in *Laudes Domini.* These *Village Hymns* of Nettleton are copyrighted in Connecticut, in the "forty-eighth year of the Independence of the United States of America" (1824). Their history is given by the compiler in a preface. He designed his work as a supplement to that of Dr. Watts, and states that it grew out of a resolution of the General Association of Connecticut, in 1820, appointing a committee to "devise measures for the prosperity of religion within their limits." Of this committee the compiler was a member, and in it the matter of a "New Selection of Hymns" came up, but nothing was done. "Four years," says Mr. Nettleton, "have nearly elapsed, and nothing has been done pursuant to their appointment."

When Nettleton went as an evangelist through the region of Eastern and Central New York, the idea of this book grew upon him. He states that there was a demand for it "in the West and South"—these in his time being terms very much restricted in meaning. Buffalo, for example, was in "the West." So was Pittsburgh.

The preface contains a number of valuable comments—valuable, because they show the condition of American hymnology at that day as compared with our own generation. "I had hoped," he writes, "to find, in the style of genuine poetry, a greater number of hymns adapted to the various exigencies of a revival. Laborious research has, however, led me to conclude that not many such compositions are in existence." And for the sufficient reason that revivals were looked upon with great disfavor.

This exceedingly important compilation occupied about two years' time. Mr. Nettleton adds that it "contains a number of original hymns," and mentions that he has taken some of these "originals" from the *Hartford Selection*, and that they are the composition of "Strong" and "Steward"—*i e.*, Nathan Strong, D.D., and James Steward, D.D. In addition, we are to remember that this collection contains also several of the hymns of Phœbe H. Brown, for which Mr. Nettleton personally consulted her. In some cases, the compiler reconstructed the hymns. "With this view" [to fit them for use in "meetings for religious purposes"] "some of them have been divided, and others reduced to a stricter unity of thought." The tunes are printed above the different pieces, and are found in *Zion's Harp*, a collection designed to accompany *Village Hymns.*

The hymn before us was first printed without any name. It can safely be considered an original production, and it does honor to its author.

The Rev. Asahel Nettleton was born at North Killingworth, Conn., April 21st, 1783. His early life was that of a farmer's boy, who soon (1801) had charge of the entire farm. In 1809 he was graduated from Yale College, and having studied theology with the Rev. Mr. Pinneo, of Milford, he was licensed to preach in 1811. Almost immediately afterward he entered upon the life of an evangelist, and from 1812 to 1822 he labored in Connecticut, New York, and Massachusetts. He seems to have met with approval from the pastors as well as from their people, and we hear of him twice in New Haven by the invitation of his brethren. An attack of typhus fever, in 1822, left him in an enfeebled condition, from which he never fully recovered, and in 1827 he went to Virginia for his health. Returning thence he was not long afterward (1830–31) engaged in revival work in New York City. He visited Great Britain in the latter year, and in 1833 was appointed Professor of Pastoral Theology in the institution at East Windsor (now Hartford Seminary), but declined.

Mr. Nettleton never married. His theology was distinctly Calvinistic, and his preaching was powerful, and exceedingly effective in bringing his hearers to repentance and faith. Large accessions to the churches followed his labors. Great good sense characterized his methods, and he was in some degree an opponent of the measures advocated by Dr. Finney, with whom he held two or three conferences and personal arguments. Finney encouraged women to pray in public, adopted the practice of praying for persons by name, and in other ways endeavored to make sharp distinctions between the saved and the lost. Nettleton, on the other hand, emphasized the power of the Gospel upon the conscience, rejected the "anxious seat," and everything which implied a doubt of the efficacy of the divine Spirit in the conversion of the soul. He rested entirely on the finished work of Christ, and discredited—sometimes publicly—any arrangements which looked toward the influence of excitement, sympathy, or unworthy motives. The hymns in his collection are such as prove the calmness and judgment of the man who gathered them.

He died at East Windsor, Conn., May 16th, 1844, and his life has been fully written by Bennet Tyler.

COME, Holy Spirit! calm my mind.—STEWART.

The name of this author is John Stewart, and the date affixed to his composition is 1803. D. Sedgwick is the authority for these facts, which are all we are able to gather.

COME, Holy Spirit, come, With, etc.—BEDDOME.

It emphasizes such a hymn as this to know that its author was so earnest a man that he was often carried to church in his later years, and frequently preached sitting in a chair. His great desire was to die in the active work of the ministry. This was accomplished in his sudden decease, at the age of seventy-nine. He had composed a hymn only an hour previous to his death.

COME, Holy Spirit, come; Let, etc.—HART.

The story of Joseph Hart's life is to be found in his "experience," prefixed to his book of hymns. He was born in London in the year 1712. His parents were pious people, from whom he received an excellent education and a good start in life. He was, at first, a classical teacher, and continued in this calling for many years. Though he had many serious thoughts at the time of his early manhood, he stifled them all, and even wrote a work entitled *The Unreasonableness of Religion.* This bears the date 1741. He still felt qualms of conscience, and in 1757 received impressions, not to be shaken off, from the contemplation of Christ's suffering in the Garden. His hymn, "Come, all ye chosen saints of God," was written at this period, and afterward enlarged. At length he was hopefully converted while listening to a sermon preached at the Moravian Chapel, Fetter Lane, from Rev. 3 : 10.

There is now before the present writer the second edition of Mr. Hart's hymn-book. It is "Printed for the Author, and Sold at his house, Hart's Warehouse (the Lamb), near Durham Yard, in the Strand, and at the Meeting in Jewin Street. 1762. Price, bound, 1*s.* 9*d.*" It contains one hundred and nineteen hymns, with a supplement of eighty-two hymns and seven doxologies

The twenty-seventh hymn is an autobiography. In it he confesses, "With swine a beastly life I led." And if we are to take him at all literally, he was not a fit instructor for youth, being a very heinous sinner indeed. The three closing stanzas are worth quotation :

"Thus I, who lately had been cast,
And feared a just but heavy Doom,
Received a Pardon for the Past,
A promise for the Time to come.

"This Promise oft I call to Mind,
As through some painful Paths I go,
And secret Consolation find,
And Strength to fight with every Foe.

"And ofttimes, when the Tempter sly
Affirms it fancied, forged or vain,
Jesus appears, disproves the Lie,
And kindly makes it o'er again."

In 1759 he began, in good earnest, both to preach and to write hymns. Soon afterward we find him the minister of the Independent Chapel in Jewin Street, at the age of forty-eight. His path was not without its thorns, and his brother-in-law, the Rev. Mr. Hughes, in his funeral sermon, compared the dead pastor to "the laborious ox that dies with the yoke on his neck." He continued : "So died he with the yoke of Christ on his neck, neither would he suffer it to be taken off ; for ye are his witnesses that he preached Christ to you with the arrows of death sticking in him." It is not an improper inference, then, that all his life he felt the effects of his early dissipation.

The hymn before us is a proof that Joseph Hart believed in the truths of the Gospel with a deep personal sincerity. In his preface he speaks of his conversion in terms which show how profoundly he had been brought under a sense of sin. He says :

> "The Lord, by His Spirit of love, came, not in a visionary manner into my brain, but with such divine power and energy into my soul, that I was lost in blissful amazement. I cried out, 'What! me, Lord?' His Spirit answered in me, 'Yes, thee!' The answer was, 'I pardon thee freely and fully!' The alteration I then felt in my soul was as sudden and palpable as that which is experienced by a person staggering and almost sinking under a burden, when it is immediately taken from his shoulders. Jesus Christ and him crucified is now the only thing I desire to know."

He died May 24th, 1768, aged fifty-six, and his funeral was attended by some twenty thousand persons. He was buried in Bunhill Fields, where his tomb can still be seen.

This hymn is No. 4 of his hymns, in nine stanzas, and does not at all justify the assertion that it is based on the *Veni Sancte.* It is strictly an original production.

COME, Holy Spirit, from above.—STANLEY, *tr.*

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., dean of Westminster, is better known by his *Eastern Church*, and *Jewish Church*, and *Sinai and Palestine*, and *Christian Institutions* than by his poetry. He was born December 13th, 1815, at Alderley, in Cheshire, England, where his father, Rev. Edward Stanley, was then rector. He died in London, July 18th, 1881. His scholarly and literary tastes were as marked as his devotion to a broad and generous religious faith. Upon his public and ecclesiastical services all cyclopædias—notably the *Schaff-Herzog*—are well informed. His health, always feeble, failed in 1881. He fell ill after lecturing on a portion of the Beatitudes, and died on the 18th of July. His life has been written by G. G. Bradley, London and New York, 1883.

The present hymn is a translation of the *Veni Sancte* of Hermannus Contractus, for whom see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly dove.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's hymns this is Book II., No. 34, in five stanzas. Its title is, "Breathing After the Holy Spirit; or, Fervency of Devotion Desired." It was with this first line that Simon Browne's hymn originally began, which we now have as "Come, gracious Spirit, heavenly dove."

COME, kingdom of our God.—JOHNS.

There is an additional stanza of four lines, with which this hymn concludes, in *Dawson's Collection* (1853):

"Come, kingdom of our God!
  And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
  Where God shall bless his own."

It adds nothing to the completeness of the hymn. The author, Rev John Johns (1801–47), was an English Unitarian, whose thirty-six hymns were contributed to *Beard's Collection*, 1837. This work was entirely composed of pieces by Unitarian writers.

COME, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me.—PALMER.

The hymn was written in 1867, in New York City, and is based on John 14 : 18. It is a pleasant fact to note that this and "Away from earth" are the two favorite hymns of the poet's wife—aside, of course, from "My faith looks up to thee."

COME, let us join our cheerful songs.—WATTS.

This hymn was prepared to be sung at the close of a sermon (1709) on Rev. 5 : 11–13, and is entitled, "Jesus Christ, the Lamb of God worshipped by all the Creation." It has five stanzas, and is the 62d hymn of Dr. Watts's Book I.

A sailor at the approach of death was alarmed by the prospect before him. He had no Bible ; no power to read one if he had it ; and could only remember this hymn. Even this was an imperfect recollection, but, as he repeated the line,

"Worthy the Lamb that died they cry,"

the next flashed upon his memory,

"For he was slain for us."

This phrase "slain for us" gave him a glimpse of salvation, revived old lessons received in the Sunday-school, and brought him at last to pardon and peace.

Susanna Harrison, a poor girl at Ipswich, went out to domestic service at the age of sixteen. In the midst of her duties she was seized with a painful disease which baffled medical skill. It was then that she learned to believe in Christ, and it was then that she, too, sang songs of her own in the night. Many of her hymns (republished, New York, 1847) are worthy of a place among the best productions of our best-known hymnists. In her last hours she said : "I have not sung for some time. Sing with me ; it will not hurt me. Sing Dr. Watts's hymn,

'How sweet and awful is the place
With Christ within the doors !'"

And after this was sung she added : "Let us sing again,

'Come, let us join our cheerful songs
With angels round the throne.'"

Says Mr. Christophers :

"Nobody seemed able to sing with her. Her voice was like something more than human, and she waved her arm exultingly as she sang. 'You do not sing with me,' she said; 'well, I cannot forbear.' Then she continued nearly the whole night, warbling softly, though at times apparently dying. Her last night was full of song; and, just before she took her upward flight, she pointed heavenward, and said: 'I cannot talk, but I shall soon sing *there*.'"

Mr. Christophers aptly calls these strains of music about the dying saint, "songs of deliverance."

COME, let us join our friends above.—WESLEY.

Dr. Nicholas Murray (the celebrated "Kirwan" of controversial fame) visited Rev. Dr. Childs, of Hartford, in January, 1861. His host invited him to officiate in the pulpit of the Presbyterian Church, which he did on the 13th of January, taking as his text, Eph. 3:15, and repeating, with deep pathos, during the service the stanzas: "One family we dwell in him," and "One army of the living God." "Who of us," says Dr. Childs, "supposed that his feet were even then touching the dark waters—that our next message from him would be that he had 'crossed the flood.'"

The hymn before us is taken from C. Wesley's *Funeral Hymns*, 2d series, 1759. Those lines, "One family we dwell in him," and "Part of the host have crossed the flood" are classic in Christian hymnody. Rev. Thomas K. Beecher, of Elmira, N. Y., has written a very brilliant and suggestive article, which was printed and reprinted in the New York *Independent*, by way of describing his experience with a certain colored preacher in his neighborhood. As the conclusion of a stirring address, which made Mr. B. quite ashamed of his own colder and less emotional remarks, he gave out this hymn with telling effect.

So, too, this was a hymn to which Mr. Nettleton, the evangelist, often recurred during his last illness, and of which he always spoke with the deepest affection.

COME, let us join our songs of praise.—PIRIE.

Alexander Pirie's hymn is found in the *Glasgow Baptist Collection*, as early as 1786. Its use in American collections dates from Dr. N. S. S. Beman's two books, *Sacred Lyrics*, 1841, and their revision, the *Christian Psalmist*, 1843. In this, as in some other matters, Dr. Beman was a true pioneer in American hymnody.

Nettleton, Hastings, Leavitt, Beman and Robinson have done more for current collections in the way of introducing new hymns than any other compilers. Honorable mention, too, must be made of S. Longfellow and S. Johnson, whose *Hymns of the Spirit* have given some excellent things to later works. On glancing at this hymn the thought of the present writer is instantly carried back to a quiet Presbyterian church in Philadelphia. He sees himself sitting where the afternoon service is in progress. The Quaker simplicity of the colors of wall and carpet and cushion harmonize with the stillness and peace of God's house. And now he hears the opening hymn, and reads its words—these very words. Henceforth, through all his worship in pew or in pulpit. appears that glorious figure, our High Priest, bearing our names as the tribes and families of his Israel, "engraven on his breast." It was a vision of glory to the boy that was never forgotten.

The history of the writer of the verses is no less remarkable than the story of the acceptance of his hymn. He was a Scotchman, educated for the ministry in connection with the Antiburgher Synod of the Presbyterian Church of Scotland, and was appointed, in 1760, to succeed Rev. John Mason as Teacher of the Philosophical Class in the Theological Seminary, New York City. Mr. Mason was then pastor of the (Associate Reformed) Scotch Church in Cedar Street. In 1762 Mr. Pirie came out to Mr. Mason's assistance—this John Mason being the father of Dr. John M. Mason (whose great sermon, *Messiah's Throne*, is classic in American homiletics) and grandfather of Dr. Erskine Mason.

Mr. Pirie arrived at New York about the year 1762, and shortly afterward incurred the displeasure of his denomination. He was charged (in August, 1763) with "laxity of doctrine;" his license as a probationer was revoked; and, after being rebuked at the bar of Synod, he was formally excommunicated from the Church. So dreadful a punishment would augur a decided divergence in point of belief, but when we remember the rigidity of the "Secession Church" we naturally incline to a charitable judgment. History shows that, in 1732, some forty ministers presented an address to the General Assembly of the Scotch Presbyterian Church, specifying grievances and departures from the constitution. The Assembly refused this and also a similar petition, signed by elders and church members. They then enacted that the election of ministers to vacant charges—a subject under complaint—should be competent only "to a conjunct meeting of elders and heritors, being Protestants." Now a "heritor" was a landowner, and, as it appeared that not more than one in thirty of the church members in every parish had landed property, the objection was again raised that many persons had no voice in the selection of a pastor. Against this deliverance of the Assembly of 1732 Mr. Ebenezer Erskine, of Stirling, was one of the first to protest. As Moderator of the Synod of Perth-and-Stirling, he opened the session with a sermon from Ps. 118 : 22, which excited so warm a debate in the Synod that that body, by a majority of six, found him censurable. He took an appeal to the Assembly of 1733 which sustained the Synod, and ordered him to be publicly rebuked from the chair of the Assembly. Hereupon, Mr. Erskine "protested" that, as he had been openly censured and rebuked for doing what he held to be "agreeable to the Word of God," he should consider himself at liberty to preach the same truths on any suitable occasion. Three other ministers, namely, William Wilson, of Perth, Alexander Moncrief, of Abernethy, and James Fisher, of Kinclaven, joined with him in this protest. The Assembly, of which they were members, cited them to answer for their views the very next day. A committee was appointed, and retired with them to persuade them to withdraw their protest. This failing, they were ordered to appear the following August before this Commission, and retract their views. Should they still adhere to their position, they were to be suspended from the ministry.

They did adhere ; they were suspended ; and in November the Commission again had their cases in hand. Certain synods and presbyteries sent letters to the Commission, advising tenderness ; but that body authoritatively cut them off and dissolved their pastorates. On this the exscinded brethren declared a "secession." The names of Ralph Erskine, James Wardlaw, and others, appear in a protest against the committee's action, but this remonstrance was unavailing. In 1734 the Assembly modified their action a little, and allowed the Synod of Perth-and-Stirling to "fellowship" these ministers.

The seceders now formed an "Associated Presbytery," and published their *Act, Declaration and Testimony* as its basis. These ministers consequently—being eight in number—were cited for libel in 1739; and, appearing as a Presbytery before the Assembly, they declined its authority and withdrew in a body.

The seceders themselves became divided at a later period on the Burghers', or Burgesses', oath, which was in force in certain royal boroughs of Scotland. It reads: "I profess and allow with my heart the true religion presently professed within this realm, and authorized by the laws thereof. I will abide at and defend the same to my life's end, renouncing the Romish religion, called *Papistry.*" To Ebenezer and Ralph Erskine, and to James Fisher, with some others, this was not objectionable. To Alexander Moncrief, Thomas Mair, James Gib, and others, it was decidedly obnoxious. Thus the Erskines headed the *Burgher Seceders*, and the others were called *Antiburghers*. Each claimed to be the true succession to the "Associate Synod."

This is as far into the history as it is needful for us to go. Pirie, being ejected by the *Antiburghers*, went to the *Burghers*, having received a call from the church at Abernethy. But here also he was in trouble with his Presbytery, and was again suspended from the ministry. He now seceded altogether from the Secession Church. In 1769 he gave his reasons in a pamphlet, and connected himself with the Independents. He became the laborious and useful pastor of a congregation at Newburgh, Fifeshire, and died in 1804.

Perhaps some clue can be found to his opinions in the fact that he published a *Dissertation on Baptism* (1790), and that in other writings he showed himself an "acute millenarian." He was an excellent student of the prophecies, and of the Hebrew language.

The hymn before us is a proof of his close adherence to the truths and traditions of the Hebrew Scriptures. It is Josephus who affords us the quotation, and those who would look further may profitably compare *The Bible Educator* (II. 349).

The language of Josephus is as follows:

> "There were also two sardonyxes upon the ephod, at the shoulders, to fasten it, in the nature of buttons, having each end running to the sardonyxes of gold, that they might be buttoned by them. On these were engraven the names of the sons of Jacob, in our own country letters, and in our own tongue, six on each of the stones, on either side; and the elder sons' names were on the right shoulder. Twelve stones also were there upon the breastplate, extraordinary in largeness and beauty; and they were an ornament not to be purchased by men, because of their im-

mense value. . . . The names of all those sons of Jacob were engraven in these stones, whom we esteem the heads of our tribes, each stone having the honor of a name in the order according to which they were born." (*Ant.* III. 7, § 5.)

COME, let us lift our joyful eyes.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts's hymns contain this piece as Book II., No. 108, "Access to the Throne of Grace by a Mediator." It has six stanzas.

COME, let us sing the song of songs.—MONTGOMERY.

This hymn is in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, No. 89, where it has the title, "The Song of Songs." There are seven stanzas, and the date is 1853.

COME, my soul, thou must be waking.—BUCKOLL, *tr.*

This and other translations were made from the German lyrics in Bunsen's *Gesang und Gebetbuch*, by Henry James Buckoll. He was graduated at Queen's College, Oxford, 1826. He died in 1871, an assistant master at Rugby School. The translation was published in the *British Magazine* for July, 1838, and is from the hymn of Baron von Canitz: "*Seele du Muszt munter werden.*" Of the original hymns of Buckoll almost nothing is known to the American public. Some of his compositions are to be found in the collections used at Eton and Harrow Schools, and in the Marylebone collection of Rev. J. H. Gurney. As Dr. Thomas Arnold was at one time the editor of the *British Magazine*, this hymn has often, but inaccurately, been referred to his pen.

The author of the German hymn, Friedrich Rudolph Ludwig, Freiherr von Canitz, was born in Berlin, November 27th, 1654, and he died as Staatsrath (State Councillor), August 11th, 1699. His poetry is principally lyrical, and was not published—at least, his hymns were not—until 1727. This translation, as lately as 1873, was marked "*Anon.* 1838."

Some other particulars relating to Von Canitz are worthy of preservation in connection with his hymn. He married, 1681, the half-sister of that Baron von Canstein who, with Franke, established the Bible Society at Halle. He was highly valued as a diplomat, and regarded as an "ornament of the aristocracy." In 1695, when his estate of Blumberg was ravaged by fire, he merely said: "I shall build the poor people's cottages again." His wife died, April 9th, 1695, in hope and peace, and named to him, as her successor, a lady to whom he was united December 29th, 1697. He was a friend of the pious Spener, and when, in 1699, his health failed, he retired into calmness and meditation, severing his relations with the busy world.

On the 11th day of August, 1699, in the early morning, being then very low with dropsy, he asked to be supported to the window. The air was balmy and sweet, and the sun was just rising. Gazing upon it, he exclaimed: "Oh, if the sight of this created sun is so charming and beautiful, what will be the sight of the unspeakable glory of the Creator himself!" The thought overpowered him; he suddenly fell back, and breathed his last.

COME, Lord, and tarry not.—BONAR.

There are fourteen stanzas to this hymn, which is taken from *Hymns of Faith and Hope* (1st series). It also bears the motto, "'Senuit mundus.'—*Augustine.*"

This conviction that the affairs of earth are maturing is as deep with the hymn-writers as with the theologians. "All things ripen, and righteousness also."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare.—NEWTON.

This is another of Rev. John Newton's contributions to the *Olney Hymns.* It is No. 31 of Book I. There it has seven stanzas, and is founded upon 1 Kings 3 : 5. It owes something of the modern revival of its popularity to the use Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has been making of it in divine service. It is said he was long accustomed to have one or more stanzas of it softly chanted just before the principal prayer. In this way many additional thousands of people became familiar with its words, and so learned to love it.

COME, O Creator Spirit, blest.—CASWALL, *tr.*

In this piece we get a version from the *Veni Creator* of Rabanus Maurus. For the original hymn and its history see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

COME, O my soul! in sacred lays.—BLACKLOCK.

The author of the present hymn (whose date is 1754) is Rev. Thomas Blacklock, a man whose history is at once pathetic and stimulating. His father was an English bricklayer, and his mother was of the same nationality; but he himself was born at Annan, in Scotland, November 10th, 1721. His afflictions began with his loss of sight through small-pox at the early age of six months. The remainder of his life was spent in total blindness. This fact furnishes a touching commentary on the second stanza of the hymn before us.

In spite of the combined disadvantages of poverty, and the loss of vision, the child showed an energy in the pursuit of knowledge which ultimately made him an excellent scholar, and gave him merited distinction in literature. Dr. Stevenson, of Edinburgh, furnished him with the means of prosecuting his education, which was carried on for ten years, and until he had been graduated with honor at the university. He then entered upon the study of theology, and was licensed to preach, in the year 1759, by the Established Presbytery of Dumfries. In 1760 a Crown appointment was tendered to him through the Earl of Stirling, and he assumed the care of the congregation at Kirkcudbright.

Once more that which should have been a reason for pity and charity became a cause of difficulty and obstruction. For the people of his charge, resenting his lack of sight, and not appreciating his wonderful attainments, made him as uncomfortable as they could for the space of two years. They had, indeed, objected to his settlement when he was first brought to them, and they became more inveterate as time went on, as is the manner of small-minded and prejudiced folk. The case was taken to the Presbytery of Kirkcudbright, thence to the Synod of Galloway, and thence again to the General Assembly of 1761. By the order of this last-mentioned judicatory he was installed; but that did not relieve the matter, and in two years' time the parish rebelled and forced his retirement.

Dr. Blacklock then went to reside in Edinburgh, where, with his wife's help, he opened a boarding and day school, which had a fair patronage. He also possessed a small annuity; and thus he lived for many years with some share of happiness and competence. During this period he acquired the French and Italian languages in addition to the ancient tongues, and grew in reputation as a scholar and literary man. The University of Aberdeen gracefully recognized this fact by giving to him, in 1766, the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity.

There was, however, another line of literary labor in which Dr. Blacklock gained distinction. As early as 1745, and again in 1754, he had appeared as a poet, and with very flattering results. In 1756, Rev. Joseph Spence, the Professor of Poetry at Oxford, wrote an introduction to the quarto edition in which Blacklock's poems were reissued. And from this date, the recognition which he obtained surpasses that of most of our best poets. Edmund Burke, in his *Sublime and Beautiful*, and Dr. Samuel Johnson, as reported by Boswell, unite to do him honor. It seems to have peculiarly impressed all his critics that this blind man excelled in accurate descriptions of a world of nature on which he had never consciously gazed. But it should not be forgotten that such a performance has been frequently paralleled. It was Francis Edward Smedley (1819–64) who, although a cripple, and utterly ignorant of the personal experience of such a scene, wrote one of the best descriptions of a Derby Day which we can meet in English literature. It was Beethoven who conducted his orchestra to perfect success when he was too deaf to hear the plaudits of the audience, and needed some one to turn him about that he might acknowledge them at the proper time. And, not to multiply examples, the late venerable Lyman Coleman, D.D., had seen his Biblical Geography an accepted text-book long before he had set foot in the Holy Land. To this last fact we may add the singular incident that Dr. Coleman finally took his own volume as his handbook through the country, which he had correctly described without having seen !

Dr. Blacklock's achievement was therefore not unparalleled, though it is certainly amazing. Scotchmen remember him by his song, "The Braes o' Ballenden," and the list of his other productions is extensive and valuable. In the original edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica* he is the author of the paper on the education of the blind.

The poet has left us his own portrait in verse :

"Straight is my person, but of little size,
Lean are my cheeks, and hollow are my eyes ;
My youthful down is, like my talent, rare,
Politely distant stands each single hair.
My voice too rough to charm a lady's ear,
So smooth a child may listen without fear ;

> Not formed in cadence soft and warbling lays,
> To soothe the fair through pleasure's wanton ways.
> My form so fine, so regular, so new,
> My port so manly, and so fresh my hue;
> Oft, as I meet the crowd, they laughing say,
> 'See, see *Memento Mori* cross the way!'"

There is nothing great or grand in the worthy doctor's poetry, but, when his disadvantages are considered, he is to be regarded with respect, and the present hymn, in the opinion of a good critic, is estimated as "ambitious, and somewhat sublime."

Dr. Blacklock died in Edinburgh, July 7th, 1791, of a nervous fever.

COME, pure hearts, in sweetest measure.—R. CAMPBELL, *tr.*

This hymn is a free translation of the "*Jucundare plebs fidelis*," which was written by Adam of St. Victor for the festival of the Holy Evangelists. Many of Mr. Campbell's translations are in Orby Shipley's *Annus Sanctus*, 1884. He has not scrupled to "make the freest use of the previous labors of others."

COME, sacred Spirit from above.—DODDRIDGE.

This hymn is Dr. Doddridge's "Hear, gracious Sovereign, from thy throne," with the irrelevant first and last stanzas omitted. It has affixed to it the text Ezek. 36 : 37. The hymn has been decidedly improved by dropping these stanzas, neither of which add any dignity or force to its truly devout aspiration. The date is 1740.

COME, see the place where Jesus lay.—KELLY.

This hymn begins "He's gone! see where his body lay," and is in the 3d edition (1809) of Kelly's hymns. It is based on Matt. 28 : 6, and has six stanzas. It was re-written into this form (1861) for *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, where it is No. 116. In Hutchins's *Annotations to the Hymnal* the original is given in six stanzas. It is also found in *Resurgit*, p. 216.

The catholicity of hymns has a fine illustration in this one. Kelly was so strong against the Church of England in his sermons at Dublin that the archbishop forbade his preaching, and he seceded altogether from that Communion. *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, on the other hand, represents the strictly High Church side. The hymn has made its place by virtue of its Christianity.

COME, sound his praise abroad.—WATTS.

This is Ps. 95, S. M., "A Psalm before Sermon," and has six stanzas. The last two are rather minatory and are usually omitted. There is a German hymn by John Mentzer, "*O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte*" ("Oh, that I had a thousand tongues!"), which expresses this same idea of praise. It was written in 1704, just after a fire had destroyed all that its author possessed. It is almost the prototype of "Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing!" There is also a suggestive story of Schlipalius, a Dresden preacher, about 1745, who used to say to his family, "Children, accustom yourselves to God's praise, for that will be our chief occupation throughout eternity. *But here we must make the beginning.*"

COME, Spirit, source of light.—BEDDOME, *altered.*

This is a hymn which is altered from "Come, blessed Spirit! source of light!" by some unknown and temerarious hand!

COME, thou Almighty King.—C. WESLEY. (?)

There seems to be some doubt about this authorship. The hymn is not in John Wesley's *Collection*, 1779. In the majority of hymn-books it is entered as the production of Charles Wesley, but the facts are, at least, worth stating. It appeared about nineteen years subsequently to the British national song, "God save the king," which was originally published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, in 1745. It is found in the collection prepared by Rev. Spencer Madan, 3d edition, 1763. In this it is adapted to the same tune as "God save the King." George Whitefield placed it in his own *Collection*, and this appears to be its earliest publication for general use. He made this when chaplain to Lady Huntingdon (*ab.* 1753), and it cannot have undergone much change, for it retains this designation of him in its 18th edition, 1773, where this hymn is called, "A Hymn to the Trinity."

The late D. Sedgwick, on the strength of a half-penny leaflet, printed in 1757, and containing this hymn, with two others by Charles Wesley, but bearing no author's name, assigned it to Charles Wesley. Other authorities mark it doubtful or exclude it altogether. The metre in which the hymn is written is unique among Wesley's verses, and Mr. Sedgwick has damaged his absolute authority on such points by his error in respect to the proper designation of "Come, thou Fount of every blessing." Consequently, it is by no means certain that this piece is the work of Charles Wesley. On the evidence before us we can only query it, and let it pass.

During the Revolutionary War, and while the British had possession of Long Island, a body of troops invaded a place of worship one Sunday morning, and insisted that the congregation should sing "God save the King." In reply the people did sing, but it was another set of words to the same tune:

"Come, thou almighty King,
Help us thy name to sing,
Help us to praise;
Father all-glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
Ancient of days."

The tune, "God save the King," has been much disputed. It is now usually entered as an amendment by Henry Carey (1696–1743), from Dr. John Bull, who died in 1622. Carey died in 1743, and he is said to have composed the words, and adapted the music, in honor of George II., about three years previously (1740). The tune was first published in 1742. The French, on the other hand, claim the tune as found at St. Cyr by Handel, in 1721. The words also, "*Grand Dieu, sauvez le Roi*," they assert were composed by Madame de Brinon, the Mother Superior. It is further stated that the original music was by Lulli, and that three hundred young ladies sang the piece before Louis XIV. at St. Cyr. Mr. J. Cotter Morison, in a recent work, favors this origin for words and tune.

COME, thou Desire of all thy saints.—STEELE.

This hymn was published in Miss Steele's *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760. It has seven stanzas. Dr. C. Evans, of Bristol, introduced many of the hymns to public notice in his *Collection*. These are signed "T."

The temptation which comes to all of God's children, soon or late, to distrust his love, to mingle "complaints" with "praises," and to wish that he had made matters other than they are, is happily illustrated by a story which Rabbi Akiba told to his disciples. "A fox," said he, "was walking by the side of a river in which the fish, in great agitation, were hurrying to and fro. 'Why are you hurrying?' he asked. 'We fear the nets of the angler,' they replied. 'Then come with me,' said the fox, 'and live on the dry land.' But the fishes only laughed. 'Thou art thought to be the wisest of beasts,' they exclaimed, 'and yet thou art the most foolish. If we are in danger in our own element, how much more do we risk in leaving it!'"

COME, thou everlasting Spirit.—C. WESLEY.

Charles Wesley has this as No. 16 of his *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, with the title, "A Memorial of the Death of Christ." This is not the same hymn as "Come, thou everlasting *Lord.*"

COME, thou everlasting Lord.—C. WESLEY.

Charles Wesley's *Hymns for a Family* have a peculiar charm, and they all seem to date from the hymn, "Come, thou everlasting Lord." Wesley had remained single for nearly forty years. He then met a young lady in Wales who interested him greatly, and after much pondering and consultation and hymn-writing, he proposed, was accepted, and was married, "Saturday, April 8th, 1749." From the experiences of that wedding-day and that marriage these hymns came, and they will be more and more remarkable for their perfect fitness to the vicissitudes of family life, as they are studied with this fact in view.

The bridegroom's own experience can be best given in his own language:

"Not a cloud was to be seen from morning till night. I rose at four; spent three hours and a half in prayer, or singing, with my brother, with Sally, with Beck. At eight, I led MY SALLY to church. Her father, sisters, Lady Rudd, Grace Bowen, Betty Williams, and, I think, Billy Tucker, and Mr. James were all the persons present. At the church-door I thought of the prophecy of a jealous friend, 'that if we were even at the church-door to be married, she was sure, by revelation, that we could get no farther.' We both smiled at the remembrance. We got farther. Mr. Gwynne gave her to me (under God); my brother joined our hands. It was a most solemn season of love! Never had I more of the Divine Presence at the sacrament. My brother gave out the following hymn: 'Come, thou everlasting Lord,' etc. He then prayed over us in strong faith. We walked back to the house, and joined again in prayer. Prayer and thanksgiving was our whole employment. We were cheerful without mirth, serious without sadness. . . . My brother seemed the happiest person among us."

Not many men are married to the music of their own hymn as Charles Wesley was. Nor are there many weddings of such a religious and reverential cast. Says Henry Vaughan :

> " Praying ! and to be married ! It was rare,
> But now 'tis monstrous ; and that pious care,
> Though of ourselves, is so much out of date
> That to renew't were to degenerate."

Yet Charles Wesley did not "degenerate" when he chose to "renew't."

Come, thou Fount of every blessing.—Robert Robinson.

There are notes on this hymn in *Notes and Queries*, volume for July–December, 1858, pp. 54, 116, 129, 198, 259, 420, 484, 530. Many points of interest are there discussed at large, and can be examined at leisure. The controversy, carried on in those columns, and in the notes to *Lyra Britannica* and elsewhere, related especially to the claim of Selina, Countess of Huntingdon, to the authorship of the hymn. It was attributed to her by Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, who professed to have possession of a manuscript in which her friend, Diana (Vandeleur) Bindon, assigned it to her. Mr. Sedgwick declared that the handwriting was of a more ancient style than that in use when Robinson wrote his hymn. Further, this manuscript is bound up with Wesley's hymns of the Dublin edition of 1747, and the name of Mrs. Bindon is written on the title-page as "Diana Bindon, 1759." On the cover is pasted a ticket of membership in a Wesleyan society, of the presumed date of 1763.

Canvassing this evidence Mr. Miller asserts that the date thus claimed does not necessarily go back of 1758, which in itself is not destructive of Robinson's authorship. Mr. Robinson, moreover, when giving a catalogue of his writings up to 1781, positively includes this among them, stating that "Mr. Wheatley, of Norwich, published a hymn, beginning, 'Come, thou Fount of every blessing,' since reprinted in the hymn-books of Messrs. Madan, Wesley, Gifford, and others, etc." (1758). At that time, too, Mr. Robinson lived near Norwich.

In short, the evidence appears conclusive that any other claim than Robert Robinson's will not stand. We only know him as the author of two hymns, this and the Christmas hymn, "Mighty

God, while angels bless thee." Mr. Miller and Dr. Rogers have been at great pains to establish the facts, and they may be regarded as fixed henceforward. A certain confusion arose, indeed, from a letter by Robinson, dated December 3d, 1766, in which he speaks of his "II hymns which Mr. Whitefield printed." Once it was thought that this numeral stood for "eleven" instead of "two," and the lost lyrics were assiduously, and, of course, unsuccessfully, sought.

Among those who add testimony to the truth of this opinion as to the authorship of the hymn is Rev. Dr. Joseph Belcher, whose *Historical Sketches of Hymns* were prepared in Philadelphia about 1858, and whose care and accuracy were well known to those—of whom the present writer was one—who encountered him in his researches. He relates that in the latter part of his life Mr. Robinson was somewhat frivolous in his conduct, and unspiritual in his ideas, and that, travelling in a stage-coach, he encountered a lady who compelled him to admit his acquaintance with religion. Do what he would he could not divert her from the topic. He became much agitated, but not being dressed in a conventionally clerical costume, she did not suspect that he was a minister. Finally she quoted to him this, his own hymn, and spoke of the blessings that it had brought to her heart. Agitated beyond the power to control his emotion, Robinson broke out, "Madam, I am the poor unhappy man who composed that hymn, many years ago, and I would give a thousand worlds, if I had them, to enjoy the feelings I then had." This was told to Dr. Belcher by one of the descendants of the parties in question—but whether a relative of Mr. Robinson, or of the lady, he does not say—in the neighborhood of 1838.

Let it be noted that this is not the same hymn as that beginning, "Hail, thou source of every blessing!" which was written in 1799 by the Rev. Basil Woodd, of Portland Chapel, Marylebone. The only resemblance is in the first line of each.

Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit.—Evans.

This hymn is the composition of a very remarkable man. Rev. Jonathan Evans was born at Coventry, in England, 1749. Until he came of age, he was an employé in a ribbon factory; he had received no religious instruction, and was associated with the degraded and the profligate. In 1776 he was deeply convicted of sin, and after his conversion became a very different person. When he had united with the church of Rev. George Burder, or, rather, with that West Orchard Street chapel of which Burder became pastor in 1783, he was found to be a most active and tireless Christian worker. Although, in one sense, a business man all his days, he soon began to preach, and was presently known as a lay evangelist of gifts and spirituality. It was he who preached in the afternoon of the day on which Mr. Burder was installed. He was also in the habit of gathering the neglected children at Foleshill, near Coventry, as Robert Raikes was doing at Gloucester, for purposes of instruction.

It was in 1784 that he fitted up his historic "boat-house" on the canal-bank, as a place of worship. This grew into a chapel in 1797, and on the 4th of April, 1797, Mr. Evans was publicly ordained to the pastorate of that organization, which was the result of his most indefatigable labors. To these people he continued to minister with great success and spiritual power until his death, which occurred suddenly on the 31st of August, 1809.

It is related of him that he was quite a doctor, too, and was in the habit of helping the physical as well as the mental infirmities of his flock. He began to produce poetical compositions very early, and published some in the *Gospel Magazine* for February and October, 1777. Three of his hymns are found in Burder's *Collection*, 1784, and twenty-two appeared in the *Christian Magazine*, 1790–93. Dr. Belcher says he left many others in manuscript. The present hymn is derived from Dr. Rippon's *Collection*, 1787. Mr. Evans's biography, by Rev. John Styles, D.D., his successor at Foleshill, is in the *Evangelical Magazine* for March, 1847.

COME, thou long-expected Jesus.—C. WESLEY.

From the *Nativity Hymns* (1744). Two stanzas comprise the entire hymn. It is a notable piece, but has only of late years obtained its true rank in the collections.

COME, thou who dost the soul endue.—CASWALL, *tr.*

This hymn does not appear in Caswall's collected *Hymns and Poems*, 1873. It is credited to him, however, in Novello's *Hymnary*, 2d ed., 1872, where he is thanked in the preface for allowing, with others, the "free use of their translations and hymns." The date is, consequently, *c.* 1871.

Come to Calvary's holy mountain.—Montgomery.

In the *Original Hymns* of James Montgomery this is Hymn 57, "A Fountain opened for Sin and Uncleanness." It has four stanzas, and the date is taken from its appearance in the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825.

Come unto me, ye weary.—W. C. Dix.

Rev. James King, in compiling his *Anglican Hymnology*, 1885, has given this hymn a place among the "Standard Hymns of the Future," as indicated by the preferences expressed in current hymnals. The date is 1864, and thirteen out of the fifty-two English collections which he examines include it.

Come, we who love the Lord.—Watts.

This is No. 30 of Dr. Watts's Book II. There it has ten stanzas, and is entitled, "Heavenly Joy on Earth." In the second stanza the author wrote the line, "But fav'rites of the heavenly King." With a very finical taste for so-called restoration, some of the modern collections have expunged the excellent emendation, *children*, and replaced the awkward *fav'rites*.

There was once a difficulty in Rev. Dr. Samuel West's congregation in the old New England times. The choir had declined to proceed with the music. So the shrewd clergyman introduced the services with this hymn. Having read it slowly through, he looked significantly up at the performers in the gallery, and said: "Please commence at the second verse." It is needless to mention that the choir went on as usual, and sang with the rest:

"Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God."

This was a better method than one pursued by a clergyman in America, who shall remain nameless, and who said to the choir in high dudgeon: "If the angels in heaven could hear you singing, they would come down and wring all your little necks!" It was in the early part of the present century. Had it been in these degenerate times he would scarcely have dared to free his soul in so bold a fashion.

Rev. Andrew Kinsman met a young clergyman with Rev.

George Whitefield, at the Tabernacle-house, just before Whitefield's departure for America. There was after dinner a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning. Mr. Kinsman, supposing the clergyman "to be a serious person," put his hand on his shoulder, and quoted a stanza of this hymn, which is not in our later collections :

"The God that reigns on high,
And thunders when he please,
That rides upon the stormy sky
And manages the seas,"

ending with the next stanza,

"This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our Love."

It resulted in the conversion of his companion.

Come, ye thankful people, come.—Alford.

These verses were written in the year 1844, as a hymn for "After Harvest." The author is Dean Henry Alford, who was born in London, October 7th, 1810. His education was received at Ilminster Grammar School, Somerset, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Here he took high honors, and in 1834 became a Fellow. His career has been that of a scholar and ecclesiastical writer. His Greek Testament with notes, and his beautiful "Revision" of the English version, are permanent testimony to his taste and research. He was the editor of the *Contemporary Review*, and prepared, in 1867, a hymnal in which fifty-five out of the whole number of hymns are his own.

From 1853 to 1857 he preached in the Quebec Street Chapel, London, printing these eloquent sermons in 1854 and 1855. In 1857 he succeeded Dean Lyall, of Canterbury. His poems appeared in a fourth edition, in 1865. He died at Canterbury, on the 12th of January, 1871.

An incident in connection with Dr. Alford's catholicity of feeling may not be out of place here. He was in the South of England, and took occasion to attend worship in a small chapel where the person who preached the sermon was a woman. She held forth in language which has been reported to less emancipated Christians as follows : "Some men tell us they are the only authorized dealers in truth, when they themselves have never understood it; they sing their prayers and chant their psalms, while they have no more of the spirit of either than the organs in their steeple-houses."

It is not unexpected for us to read that the stranger, who was the dean himself, was amused, and that he told his friends about the circumstance. But whether he received it as a moral lesson may be safely considered an unsettled point.

Come, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish.—Moore.

It is something of a surprise for us to find that the *Sacred Songs*, 1816, of Byron's friend, Thomas Moore, number not less than thirty-two. And it is an additional surprise when we see that there is nothing of godliness that made any noticeable mark on the author's life and character.

He was born in Dublin, May 28th, 1779. His personal history is in any work on English literature, and therefore needs no further notice except that he died at Sloperton Cottage, in Wiltshire, February 26th, 1852, in his seventy-third year. One of the best brief biographies of him is in Howitt's *Homes of the Poets*.

"Tom Moore" is an unequalled song-writer, and these sacred pieces have a fervor which would lead us to augur well for the soul behind them. *Lyra Hibernica Sacra* contains seven of them, and even then does not include this. But no one can read "Thou art, O God, the life and light," or "The bird let loose in eastern skies," or "O thou! who dry'st the mourner's tear," without becoming convinced that the poet of the *Irish Melodies* was also a poet of the Church. Moore's prose was as smooth as his verse, and *The Epicurean*, and the lives of Sheridan, Byron, Fitzgerald, and Lord John Russell evince his industry. His latest years were passed under the cloud of mental infirmity, and perhaps, if we examine his "Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion," we shall have reason to be somewhat charitable toward his apparent lack of faith.

Come, ye that know and fear the Lord.—Burder.

This was a hymn of nine stanzas, prepared by Rev. George Burder, after his settlement at Coventry, and published in his *Collection*, in 1784. It is one of the three hymns of the first edition of that book, which are credited to him.

The others are: "Great the joy when Christians meet" [Sometimes written, "Sweet the time," etc.], and, "Come, dear Desire of nations! come."

COMPLETE in thee, no work of mine.—WOLFE.

The Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe, of Montclair, N. J., is a clergyman of the Presbyterian Church. Modest, and even sensitive, as he has always been regarding any personal history of himself and his hymns, he has been good enough to remove somewhat of this restriction in recent letters to Professor Bird, and to the present writer. In reply to certain questions, called forth by an imperfect sketch which this last inquirer had diligently ferreted out, Mr. Wolfe says:

"I was indeed born in 1821, September 6th, at Mendham, N. J., and was baptized by Philip C. Hay, just after he succeeded Samuel Hanson Cox in the pastorate at that place."

Mr. Wolfe was graduated at Williams College with the class of 1844, for whose fortieth reunion (July 1st, 1884) he wrote a very pleasant little poem. This has one stanza, at least, with the real hymn-movement to it:

> "The world lies backward to our gaze,
> The future close at hand,
> The hoary heads now catch the rays
> That gild the better land."

From Williams College our author turned to the Union Theological Seminary, where he remained until the completion of his studies, in 1851. Next, he was in charge of a school for young ladies in Tallahassee, Florida (1852–55).

As Mr. Wolfe's account differs decidedly at this point from other statements which are in print, we quote his own language:

> "I completed my theological course at the Union Theological Seminary, in June, 1851, having previously been licensed by the Third Presbytery, of New York, April 9th. I established in this place [Montclair, N. J.], in 1859, 'The Hillside Seminary for Young Ladies,' and carried it on successfully until 1872. Since the latter year I have been in retiracy, and much of the time a very great invalid."

The present hymn was written while Mr. Wolfe was in the theological seminary, and is the only piece which was not directly prepared for Dr. Hastings's *Church Melodies*. It first appeared in the New York *Evangelist*, 1851 or 1852.

When so little has been known about the author of such excellent and acceptable hymns, it is proper to record their titles and themes. They are signed in *Church Melodies* with the initials, "A. R. W.," and the first numbers here given are the numbers in that collection :

407. "A parting hymn we sing."
("And when they had sung a hymn, they went out."—MATT. 26 : 30.)
421. "Complete in thee, no work of mine."
("Ye are complete in him."—COL. 2 : 10. This hymn was recast from "Complete in him," etc.).
771. "Draw near, O holy Dove, draw near."
("At the Communion."—1 COR. 11 : 24 ; LUKE 22 : 19.)
837. "How blest indeed are they."
("Assimilation to Christ."—2 COR. 3 : 18.)

[Mr. Wolfe comments : "If the thoughts of this hymn were re-cast to another measure, it seems to me it might be made to fill a vacancy."]

487. "My God, I thank thee for the guide."
("Conscience.")
726. "Mysterious influence divine."
("Attraction of the Cross.")

[Mr. Wolfe's note : "This *reads* very well, but does not *sing*"—a remark which shows his close scrutiny of his own work, for this is a good deal less philosophical than some "hymns" that are offered to the Christian Church. But it is quite true that the Christian Church will not *sing* them.]

466. "Thou Maker of our mortal frame."
("Chief End of Man."—1 COR. 6 : 19–30.)

This makes a list of seven pieces—all, in fact, which Mr. Wolfe has published in the form of hymns. The younger Dr. Hastings was a classmate, and the author was a frequent visitor in the family. We may possibly be forgiven for extracting another passage from one of Mr. Wolfe's letters :

"In truth, having given wings to these things, I never expected to hear of them again, much less to have any of them 'return to plague the inventor.' I have been, within the last three or four years, greatly surprised by inquiries similar to yours, with reference to two or three others of the small list. Sometimes I have serious questioning whether I ought not to have given place to the earnest counsel of my dear old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Hastings, to engage with special directness in this line of composition ; but somehow the idea of 'making a business of it' was not congenial to me, and, besides, I have found the *afflatus* singularly independent and defiant of the will. Pardon me for writing so much about so little, and believe me," etc.

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid.—DRYDEN, *tr.*

This is a translation, by the celebrated poet, John Dryden, of the *Veni Creator Spiritus* of Rabanus Maurus, Bishop of Mayence, for which see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns." Dryden's version has been among the best-known and most acceptable. But the man himself was not a commendable person. His courage and ability as a literary knight-errant are conspicuous in the history of English letters. He arrived at London in a "drugget coat," wretchedly poor. He attained, by various means, a commanding position in literature, and his style of composition affected the productions of many later poets, particularly those of Alexander Pope. But it is to Dryden that we must ascribe the foulness of the "rhymed drama," and the degradation which much of the poetry of the time exhibits.

The translation from which this hymn is selected consists of thirty-nine lines. The date may be put, conjecturally, about 1690. It is doubtless somewhere between 1686 and 1700. It only remains for us to place John Dryden on record as born August 9th, 1631, at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire, and dying May 1st, 1700. It is a strange fact that one of his hymns—a really admirable one—has never been utilized. We insert it here, from the original edition (now in the Philadelphia Library) of his *Sacred Poetry*, in two volumes. (London : T. Rickaby, 1790.)

ON GOD'S HOLINESS.

O holy, holy, holy Lord !
In deep abasement we
To sing thy holiness accord,
And join in praise to thee.

Holy art thou in all thy ways,
Thy works are holy, too,
And none but those shall see thy face,
That holiness pursue.

Thy holiness immensely bright,
Thro' worlds unknown must shine ;
The rays too strong for angel's sight,
Too glorious and divine !

But round thy throne this sacred throng,
Forever veiled adore ;
And holy, holy, is their song,
Lord God, for evermore !

Cross, reproach, and tribulation!—*Tr.* Gotter.

The curse of the righteous is better, so the ancients used to say, than the blessing of the wicked. For example, they often pointed to the curse of Ahijah the Shilonite (1 Kings 12 : 15), and to the blessing of Balaam, the son of Beor. Ahijah cursed Israel, and said that it should be smitten "as the reed is shaken in the water." But the reed in the water bends and does not break, since in that situation its roots are strong. But Balaam blessed Israel, and said that it should be "as the cedar-trees beside the waters." But the cedar does not naturally grow beside the waters, and should it be found there, its roots are weak.

This hymn is translated from the German of Lewis Andrew Gotter, born at Gotha, 1661, where his father was the court chaplain. It is not known who gave this rendering into English, but the original author became private secretary to the Duke of Gotha, and was a pious, gifted, and humble man—so humble, indeed, that he did not make it known that he wrote hymns. His verses include the Psalms and the Passion of Christ, and the pieces number two hundred and thirty-one in all. After his death at Gotha, in 1735, these were published. They are marked by fervor of spirit and simplicity of expression.

The original hymn is, "*Gluck zu Creutz von ganzem Herzen,*" rendered in the 1754 edition of the Moravian hymn-book as "Welcome, cross and tribulation." In the edition of 1789 the present version takes its place, in five stanzas. The date of the German composition is 1697, and the *Lyra Germanica*, first series, has Miss Winkworth's translation, commencing, "O cross, we hail thy bitter reign," and containing eleven stanzas.

Crown him with many crowns.—Bridges.

Matthew Bridges (improperly spelled Brydges), the younger son of John Bridges, of Wallington House, Surrey, England, was born at The Friars, Maldon, Essex, England, July 14th, 1800. He was a brother of Rev. Charles Bridges, and published his earliest verses in 1825. The probable date of the hymn is 1852, since it is found in Mr. Bridges's volume of that date, entitled, *The Passion of Jesus.* He had published *Hymns of the Heart* in 1847, and followed them into the Roman Catholic Church, in 1848. The title given to the present piece (which has been re-cast by

Rev. Godfrey Thring) is "The Song of the Seraphs." Roman Catholic and Ritualistic publications contain many of his hymns. They are, indeed, spiritual and beautiful.

CROWN his head with endless blessing.—GOODE.

Goode deserves a certain enlarged notice for other reasons beside his hymns. In 1816 he is recorded in *Living Authors* as rector of "St. Andrew [by the] Wardrobe and St. Ann's, Blackfriars, and lecturer of St. John's, Wapping." He was (it is added) "a graduate of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, [B.A. 1784, M.A. 1787], and curate to Mr. Romaine, whom he succeeded in the rectory of St. Ann's."

William Goode was born of pious parents, at Buckingham, April 2d, 1762. At thirteen years of age he went to be educated by Rev. William Bull, a Dissenting minister, at Newport Pagnel, where young Goode soon became earnestly religious, and conducted prayer-meetings among his fellow-pupils. This was the clergyman who was so devoted to Madame Guyon's memory, and who induced Cowper to translate her hymns.

The boy's time, from the age of fourteen to that of sixteen, was given to assisting in his father's business, with "morning exercises" in Hebrew. In 1778 he underwent a more formal preparation for college, at the house of Rev. Thomas Clarke, rector of Chesham Bois. His parents had been driven from the parish church by the unspiritual preaching, and hence they were Church people with Dissenting tendencies.

After his graduation, Mr. Goode was ordained a deacon, 1784, and received the curacy of Abbott's Langley, the same year. Thence he removed, 1786, to become the curate of the godly William Romaine, author of the *Triumph of Faith*, whom he succeeded at St. Ann's and St. Andrew's, after nine years (July 25th, 1795), upon the presentation to him of the living by the Crown. Mr. Goode held the lectureship of St. Lawrence, as well as that of St. John—a sufficient proof that he was an earnest and devoted man.

It is as a pastor that he was most eminent, but from the year 1791 he combined with these duties much of literary work and outside benevolence. He was for twenty-one years the secretary of the "Society for the Relief of Poor Pious Clergymen." The title is pathetic. There were many clergymen who did not merit either adjective, and the religious system of those days placed less reliance on a man's piety than it did on his social standing.

Mr. Goode assisted also to found the "Church Missionary Society," and it was on one of his journeys with the secretary, to promote the interests of the society, that he fell sick at Ipswich, September, 1814, and contracted a disease which never left him. On the 15th of April, 1816, he died. His great sufferings were borne with patience and resignation, and his last words were, "Dear Jesus! precious Jesus!" He was a person of the sincerest and purest piety, and from his pen fitly comes this hymn, which is one of our very noblest songs of praise to the Lord Jesus Christ.

He left (in short-hand) one hundred and fifty-six essays on the *Titles of our Lord*, which were printed posthumously in 1822. In 1811 he had published a *New Version of the Psalms* (2 vols., 8vo), by which he attempted, but in vain, to supersede the use of Tate and Brady in the Prayer-Book. The third edition, however, was called for and issued the same year in which he died.

DAILY, daily sing the praises.—BARING-GOULD.

The date of this hymn is about 1867. It is part of a long poem of eleven stanzas, with a chorus which can be added to each, and which is printed in the Schaff-Gilman *Library of Religious Poetry*. Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould is one of the most deeply learned mediævalists of the present generation. His knowledge of old legends, and of the Middle-Age imagery as found in its religious writers, have conspired to produce the hymn, which is one of great beauty. It was probably first utilized in America as a hymn in the Hitchcock-Schaff-Eddy *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, 1874.

DAUGHTER of Zion! awake from thy sadness.—ANON, 1830.

This piece, in the *Church Psalmody*, 1831, is attributed to *Fitzgerald's Collection*, 1830. This is the credit given in Beman's *Sacred Lyrics*, 1841, and in the *New Haven Collection* of 1845. It was printed in Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1833. The inference fairly is that the hymn is of American origin, and ought to be so identified. Dr. Hastings, however, did not write it. So Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., has verified for us. He has indexed the six hundred hymns left in manuscript by his father, and this is not among them.

DAY is dying in the west.—LATHBURY.

This hymn, as Miss Lathbury is good enough to inform us, was written at the request of Rev. John H. Vincent, D.D., in the summer of 1880. It was a "vesper song," and has been frequently used in the responsive services of the *Chautauqua Literary and Scientific Circle* ("C. L. S. C.") The author is Mary A. Lathbury, born in Manchester, Ontario County, N. Y., August 10th, 1841. She is at present a resident of New York City, and this hymn is one of those which has a secure place in *Chautauqua Carols.* Miss Lathbury is known to the readers of current religious periodicals as a writer of more than ordinary merit. Her verses are always graceful and spiritual. She will be remembered equally well, however, as the founder of the "Look-Up Legion," which is based on the four good rules in Edward Everett Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten." These are :

"Look up, and not down ;
Look forward, and not back ;
Look out, and not in,
And lend a hand."

To these he now adds a fifth : "In His name."

The history of these little rules is remarkable, and their author has been collecting information, as to their employment and beneficial effects, for many years. They furnish a really unique contribution to the history of Christian endeavor. Miss Lathbury's share in this work obtains an appropriate recognition in the sketch of Mr. Hale's life and writings in the *Century Magazine* for January, 1885, p. 342. A magazine called *Lend a Hand* is the present exponent of the movement.

DAY of judgment, day of wonders.—NEWTON.

John Newton sailed from Liverpool in August, 1750, as commander of a stanch ship. His crew consisted of thirty persons, whom he endeavored to treat in accordance with his principles, for he had now become a Christian. He read prayers on Sunday, and set a good example to his men. Having leisure, he now revived his studies, which had been practically suspended since he was taken to sea by his father (a ship captain), in his eleventh year. By the help of a Latin dictionary he attacked the classics, and mastered Horace, Juvenal, Livy, Cæsar and Sallust. "He began with the first page, and made it a rule not to proceed to a second," says his biographer, Cecil, "till he understood the first." He added to this list in the space of two or three voyages, and read Terence, Virgil, Cicero, and such modern writers as the Englishman, Buchanan; the Hollander, Erasmus; and the Polish poet Casimir, the author of "*Urit me patriæ decor.*" It must have been in some such manner that he gradually fell in with the Latin hymns—at least with the "*Dies Iræ,*" for the present hymn is nothing if not a paraphrase of that grand sequence. The date is June 26th, 1774, on which day (Sunday) he used it for his theme, having taken two days to complete it.

DAY of wrath, O dreadful day.—STANLEY, *tr.*

Mr. John Edmands, Librarian of the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia, has prepared a bibliography of the "*Dies Iræ,*" which (like all his excellent compilations of this sort) is wonderfully elaborate and complete. His list of versions is very valuable as locating—in most cases—the first appearance of the translation. We are indebted to him for the information that this hymn was published by Dean Stanley in *Macmillan's Magazine*, vol. 19, p. 167, and reprinted in *Littell's Living Age*, vol. 100, p. 130. The date is 1868. Mr. Edmands's notes on Dr. Irons's version, 1848, are also valuable. See also "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns" for the Latin hymn and its history.

DAYS and moments quickly flying.—CASWALL.

An original hymn by Rev. Edward Caswall, bearing date 1858, and taken from his *Masque of Mary, and Other Poems*. Or, rather, it may be said to be a combination of two original hymns, one being on the "Swiftness of Time," and the other "A Warning." Mr. Caswall has himself placed it among his "Hymns and Meditative Pieces" in his *Hymns and Poems*, 1873.

DEAR Lord, amid the throng that pressed.—DENNY.

Among Sir Edward Denny's *Miscellaneous Hymns* this is "The Faithful Few," Luke 23:49. There are three stanzas, and the date is probably 1839.

DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat.—STEELE.

It is no wonder that this hymn, like others, perplexes the anxious inquirer after origins. For it begins in the original, "My God, 'tis to thy mercy-seat." We find it in the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, in six stanzas, and with the title, "Refuge and Strength in the Mercy of God."

DEAR Lord and Master mine.—GILL.

Our hymn is taken from *The Golden Chain of Praise* (about 1868). The title is "Sweet Subjection." It has seven stanzas. Mr. Gill says of his hymns:

> "The spiritual experience of more than twenty years is recorded in these sacred songs. Though spread over so long a period, they are now given to the world for the first time, with the exception of about thirty, which have appeared partly in collections, and partly among *The Anniversaries* (poems published ten years ago)."

Thomas Hornblower Gill came of Puritan stock; one of his ancestors, Rev. Richard Serjeant, having been assistant to Mr. Baxter, at Kidderminster, and an ejected clergyman in 1662. Mr. Gill was born, 1819, at Birmingham, England; educated at Birmingham Grammar School, and trained in the Unitarian opinions of his parents. Since he could not subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles he declined to enter Oxford, and devoted himself for seven years (until his twenty-sixth year) to the study of the Greek New Testament. As might have been expected, this led him, gently, to the light. He has himself recorded that "The assiduous perusal of the Greek Testament, for many years, showed me clearly that Unitarianism failed to interpret the Book of Life. As truth after truth broke upon my gaze, God put a new song into my mouth."

Mr. Gill, being a man of independent means, has devoted himself through life to historical and theological studies, and has resided alternately in London, Birmingham, and Lewisham, Kent. In his opinions he is a Puritan, and opposes Ritualism. Dr. Hatfield's critique on his hymns is just. They are "too intricate" to be popular. But they are very admirable in point of metre and language, and their spiritual feeling is fine.

DEAR Refuge of my weary soul.—STEELE.

The title of this hymn, in the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, is "God the Only Refuge of the Troubled Mind." It has eight stanzas, and is so excellent that very little of it (the second, sixth and seventh stanzas mainly) has been omitted from our collections, and the alterations are few and slight.

Dear Saviour, we are thine.—Doddridge.

In Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 267, having the title, "Being Joined to Christ and one Spirit with Him, 1 Cor. 6 : 17." It begins :

"My Saviour, I am thine
By everlasting bands ;
My name, my heart, I would resign,
My soul is in thy hands."

This piece has five stanzas, and its date is 1755.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, draw near.—Hastings.

This hymn appeared, in five stanzas, in Dr. Thomas Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1833. It is upon the same page with Knox's "Acquaint thyself quickly, O sinner, with God," is of the same metre, and perhaps was suggested by it, and written in order that the vacant space upon the page might be filled by a hymn of similar purport.

Depth of mercy, can there be.—C. Wesley.

From the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original has thirteen stanzas. This hymn stands at the head of the third section of that collection, with the title, "For Persons Convicted of Backsliding."

The incident inseparably joined to the present hymn is that of the actress, whose story Dr. Belcher (1859) has traced back to the *Sunday-School Journal.* Stevenson, in his *Methodist Hymn-Book Notes*, quotes this account almost *verbatim* (p. 140). It is also found in *Revival Incidents* (p. 117), prepared by W. C. Conant in 1858. The version which we give is from the *Methodist Hymn-Book Notes* of G. J. Stevenson.

"An actress in one of the provincial towns, while passing along the street, had her attention arrested by singing in a cottage. Curiosity prompted her to look in at the open door, when she saw a few poor people sitting together, one of whom was giving out Hymn 168—

'Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?'

which they all joined in singing. The tune was sweet and simple, but she heeded it not ; the words had riveted her attention, and she stood motionless, until she was invited to enter. She remained during a prayer which was offered up by one of the little company, and which, though uncouth in language, carried with it the conviction of sincerity. She quitted the cottage, but the words of the hymn followed her, and she resolved to procure a copy of the book containing it. The hymn-book secured, she read and reread this hymn. Her convictions deepened ; she attended the ministry of the Gospel, and sought and found that pardon which alone could give her peace. Having given her heart to God, she resolved henceforth to give her life to Him also, and, for a time, excused herself from attending on the stage. The manager of the theatre called upon her one morning, and urged her to sustain the principal character in a new play. This character she had sustained in other towns with admiration, but now she gave her reasons for refusing to comply with the request. At first the manager ridiculed her scruples, but this was unavailing ; he then represented the loss which her refusal would be to him, and promised if she would act on this occasion, it would be the last request of the kind he would make. Unable to resist his solicitations, she promised to appear at the theatre. The character which she assumed required her, on her entrance, to sing a song, and as the curtain rose the orchestra began the accompaniment. She stood like one lost in thought ; the music ceased, but she did not sing ; and, supposing she was embarrassed, the band again commenced, and they paused again for her to begin, but she opened not her lips. A third time the air was played, and then, with clasped hands and eyes suffused with tears, she sang—not the song of the play, but—

'Depth of mercy, can there be
Mercy still reserved for me?
Can my God His wrath forbear?
Me, the chief of sinners, spare?'

The performance suddenly ended ; many ridiculed, though some were induced from that memorable night to 'consider their ways'—to reflect on the power of that religion which could influence the heart and change the life of one hitherto so vain. The change in the life of the actress was as permanent as it was singular, and after some years of a consistent walk, she at length became the wife of a minister of the Gospel of Christ."

DESCEND from heaven, celestial Dove.—HART.

Dr. Samuel Johnson has a curious reference to Hart : "I went to church—I gave a shilling ; and, seeing a poor girl at the sacrament in a bed-gown, I gave her privately half a crown, *though* I saw Hart's hymns in her hand."

This is the hymn with which Miller confuses "Come, Holy Spirit." It is a partial translation of the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* of Hermannus Contractus. In Hart's "Second Edition, with Supplement," 1762, it has six stanzas.

DID Christ o'er sinners weep.—BEDDOME.

Rev. Benjamin Beddome was born at Henley-in-Arden, in Warwickshire, January 23d, 1717 ; removed with his parents to Bristol at the age of seven, where his father, Rev. John Beddome, a Baptist minister, was co-pastor of Pithay Church ; was apprenticed there to a surgeon, and finally went to London. At twenty years of age he was converted, and in 1743 became pastor of the Baptist congregation at Bourton-on-the-Water, in Gloucestershire. In this small station he continued during his life.

In 1749, it is related that, after a severe illness, he probably composed his first hymn, but the account does not state what it was. The London congregation of Rev. Mr. Wilson, who had been his pastor, and under whom he had united with the Church in 1739, desired to secure Mr. Beddome as successor, but he declined to go. The church in Goodman's Fields had not only sent the call, but had deputed a gentleman to carry it, who went down to Bourton on horseback. A poor parishioner of Mr. Beddome, having been intrusted with the care of his horse, discovered the errand, and brought the animal to the door, saying to the London emissary, " Robbers of churches are the worst sort of robbers." He then turned the horse loose, to the discomfiture of its rider. "I would rather honor God," said Mr. Beddome, " in a station even much inferior to that in which he has placed me, than intrude myself into a higher without his direction." He died, September 3d, 1795, having labored at Bourton for fifty-two years.

In reference to his hymn-writing nothing is more suggestive than the statement of the actual facts. He first contributed about fifty hymns to Dr. Rippon's volume, 1787. Then he published, with a recommendatory preface by Rev. Robert Hall, his *Hymns Adapted to Public Worship or Family Devotion*, 1818. Of these —which included all former waifs and strays—there were eight hundred and twenty-two, with eight doxologies. They are, as a rule, terse and good. Many of them were appended to sermons, after the manner of Watts and Doddridge. One, at least, for its largeness of Christian charity, will not be easily forgotten :

" Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread."

Didst thou, dear Jesus, suffer shame.—Maxwell.

This hymn, by James Maxwell, appeared in Dobell's *Collection*, 1806, in four stanzas, and with a reference to Mark 8 : 38. Its title is " Self-Denial ; or, Taking up the Cross." The author was one of the early Methodist preachers, and a Scotchman. His *Divine Miscellanies* were published at Birmingham, in 1756, and his *Hymns and Spiritual Songs* in 1759. He was a weaver, living in the North of England, born May 9th, 1720. He prepared a version of the Psalms in 1773. An American reprint of Maxwell's hymns, about 1780, introduced his pieces to the churches of the United States. Such were: "Go forth, ye heralds, in my name" [from "Thus saith the Lord, your Master dear"] and "Lord, when together here we meet."

DISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord.—HART.

This is No. 78 of the Supplement to Hart's *Hymns*, and is found in the second edition, 1762. One line may be noticed: "Give every *fetter'd* soul release."

Do not I love thee, O my Lord?—DODDRIDGE.

Among Dr. Doddridge's hymns this stands as No. 246, with the title, "Appeal to Christ for the Sincerity of Love to Him." It is in seven stanzas, and has the text of Scripture, John 21 : 15, affixed to it.

DRAW nigh and take the body of the Lord.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is a translation from the "*Sancti venite, corpus Christi sumite,*" a Latin anonymous hymn, assigned by Dr. Neale to the seventh century, by Moll to the eighth, and placed by Daniel between the sixth and ninth centuries. The original is reprinted in the *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, 1878, from Dr. Todd's *Liber Hymnorum*, and it can be found in Daniel's *Thesaurus*, I. : 193, and IV. : 109. It was a hymn of the early Irish Church, and was, perhaps, composed within her borders. Dr. Neale, in *Mediæval Hymns*, speaks of it as one of the earliest examples of a communion hymn, and his comments on its rugged simplicity and strong piety are not unmerited. This translation is found in its complete form in *Lyra Eucharistica*, 1863.

DRAW nigh, draw nigh, Immanuel.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is the "*Veni, veni, Immanuel,*" an anonymous Latin composition of the twelfth (?) century. Dr. Neale gives it in his *Mediæval Hymns* as an Advent hymn. It was first used in the *Hymnal Noted*, 1856, then in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1861; latterly among Christmas hymns and carols. The Latin is in

Daniel's *Thesaurus*, from the *Mozarabic Breviary*, the ancient hymnary of Spain. For further information as to these and other Latin hymns, see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

EARLY, my God, without delay.—WATTS.

The title given to this hymn by Dr. Watts is, "The Morning of a Lord's Day." It is the rendering of Ps. 63, first part, C.M., embracing vv. 1–5, and has six stanzas.

EARTH below is teeming.—MONSELL.

A "Harvest Hymn," from *Hymns of Love and Praise*, second edition, 1862, where it is based upon Isa. 9 : 3. It has four stanzas. Mr. Monsell, dating his preface from "Egham Vicarage, Surrey, All Saints' Day, 1862," says that the most of the hymns in his book appear for the first time. "We are, alas!" he continues, "too distant and reserved in our praises. We sing not as if our hearts were on fire with the flame of divine love and joy, as we should sing to Him, and of Him, Who is Chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. If we loved Him as we ought to do, we could not be so cold." The curious feature of some modern High Church hymns is that they run almost to an extreme of sentimental affection—the very thing reprobated by John Wesley, in 1787, as "doggerel, double-distilled!"

John Samuel Bewley Monsell, LL.D., was born at St. Columbs', Londonderry, Ireland, March 2d, 1811. He was educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and was graduated in 1832, taking holy orders in 1834. He was examining chaplain to Bishop Mant; then rector of Ramoan; then chancellor of Connor, and afterward rector of St. Nicholas, Guildford, Surrey, 1870, where his death occurred, April 9th, 1875. Some of his least usual poems can be found in *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, second edition, 1879. Dr. Monsell's hymns can be examined at leisure in *Parish Musings*, 1850; *Hymns of Love and Praise*, 1863; and *Spiritual Songs* (n. d.). His hymns have sometimes been published in leaflets.

EARTH has nothing sweet or fair.—Cox, *tr.*

Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox published, in 1841, a little volume of translations from the German, calling it *Sacred Hymns*. The present piece appears on page 165, and is a *Sommerlied*, or summer-song, based on Rev. 4 : 11. It has eleven stanzas, and is from the original of "Angelus Silesius," 1624–77, whose real name was Johann Scheffler. He was a native of Breslau, and physician-in-ordinary to Ferdinand the Third. In 1653 he resigned his post, and entered the Roman Catholic Church, having previously assumed this name of "Angelus." The German piece begins : "*Keine Schönheit hat die Welt.*" It is one of the finest of lyrics, as here rendered, being an expression of the thought that all the world is full of the Word. It makes us think of that suggestive incident related by Bunyan as having occurred in the Holy War. There Prince Immanuel is represented as making a feast, and after the eating was over, he entertained the town with some curious riddles, made upon King Shaddai, and upon Immanuel his son, and upon his wars and doings with Mansoul. Some of these riddles

> "Immanuel expounded unto them, and oh, how they were lightened ! They saw what they never saw before ; they could not have thought that such rarities could have been couched in so few and such ordinary words. Yea, they gathered that the things themselves were a kind of portraiture, and that of Immanuel himself. For when they read in the scheme where the riddles were writ, and looked in the face of the Prince, things looked so like one to the other, that Mansoul could not forbear but say, This is the Lamb, this is the Sacrifice, this is the Rock, this is the Door, and this is the Way ; with a great many other things more."

ETERNAL Father ! strong to save.—WHITING.

This hymn is the composition of William Whiting, in 1860, and altered by the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1861. The author informed Mr. Josiah Miller that his hymn was written for that collection, and originally began, "O thou who bidd'st the ocean deep." He was born at Kensington, London, November 1st, 1825, and educated at Clapham and Winchester. He had been for many years master of Winchester College Choristers' School at the date of his death, in 1878.

The piece was originally printed with the title, "Intercession for those at Sea." Says G. J. Stevenson : "It has been widely circulated in seaport towns, and has been an especial favorite on Sabbath evening at the close of the services of the day, when Christian families have sung it as a prayer for absent members of their household whose calling is on the great waters."

The tune, "Melita," has been invariably associated with this hymn in England. Dr. Dykes, whose harmony it is, so named it from the island where St. Paul was shipwrecked.

ETERNAL Father, when to thee.—GANSE.

Rev. Hervey Doddridge Ganse, the author of the present hymn, was born February 27th, 1822, near Fishkill, N. Y., and graduated at Columbia College in 1839. His theological course was taken at New Brunswick, N. J., and in 1843 he was licensed, by the Reformed (Dutch) Church, to preach the Gospel. He has been pastor at Freehold, N. J., and of the Northwest Reformed Church, Madison Avenue, New York. In 1876 he entered the Presbyterian denomination, having accepted a call to the First Presbyterian Church of St. Louis, Mo. From this position he was invited, in 1883, to the secretaryship of the new "Board of Aid for Colleges and Academies," where he is now actively engaged, having his headquarters at Chicago.

In a private note Dr. Ganse states that this hymn was composed "at a sitting, in very nearly its present form, in the midst of some other work of the same sort"—although he "sees no motive for stating the fact." Dr. Ganse (as we must still call him, though he declines the title) cannot so easily escape the scrutiny of the hymnologist, to whom all that is connected with the origin and use of any hymn is of importance. Therefore we shall offend yet further, and add that our author has written, in all, about half a dozen pieces, which mostly appeared for the first time in *Hymns and Songs of Praise*, 1874. The hymn before us is of that number. The dates of composition are from 1869 to 1873, since which time we have nothing noticeable from his pen.

The earliest of his hymns was "Lord, I know thy grace is nigh me," which was written in 1869. The author's own account is interesting, as showing the movement of his mind. He says:

> "While living in New York I had occasion to visit a family in my former congregation at Freehold—I think to conduct a funeral service, certainly to console them in some affliction. At night, as I crossed the threshold of my bedroom, the first couplet ran through my mind in metrical form, without the least forethought. It was midwinter, in a farmhouse, and my room had no fire. So I composed on my pillow, in the darkness, completing the verses with no little feeling, before I slept."

ETERNAL Light! eternal Light.—BINNEY.

Rev. Thomas Binney, D.D., LL.D., was born in the year 1793, at Newcastle-on-Tyne. In his youth he was employed in a bookstore, but while he was serving the customers with books he was engaged also in improving his mind. He studied Latin and Greek, and paid careful attention to the art of English composition. He then made an effort to secure the advantages of a more thorough course of instruction, and we find him at Wymondley College, where he was prepared for the ministry. His first charge was at Bradford, whence he removed to Newport, Isle of Wight, and was regularly ordained to the work before him.

It was from this position that he was called to the pastorate of the "King's Weigh-House Chapel," in London, in 1829. This proved to be his life-work, and here he labored for more than forty years. It was diversified by the constant, and sometimes controversial, publications which bear his name. His first book was a life of Stephen Morell, which was issued in 1826. He followed it by several pamphlets, over the signature, "*Fiat Justitia*," in which he treated of whatever subjects happened to agitate the religious world. He handled his themes with great independence and vigor, and the pamphlets were quite popular. In 1834, the new chapel was erected, and this gave him the opportunity for a discourse which was not relished by those who believed in the supremacy of the Church of England, though others heartily enjoyed its keen thrusts. The titles of his books are enough to tell the whole story of his opinions. He gave them such names as, *Dissent not Schism; The Christian Ministry not a Priesthood; Are Dissenters to have a Liturgy?* and *Conscientious Clerical Nonconformity.* He also contributed to the literature of the vexed question, "Whether marriage with a deceased wife's sister should be legalized."

On the other hand, Dr. Binney has earnestly advocated certain Episcopalian practices among the Independent churches, such as chanting in the services, and the use of a better psalmody. His *Service of Song in the House of the Lord* had much to do with the present advance in taste.

Dr. Binney paid a visit to the United States and Canada in 1845, and spent his time to advantage. In 1857 he made a voyage to Australia, out of which came his celebrated controversy with the Bishop of Adelaide. In 1869 he had completed forty years of warfare in the Weigh-House Chapel, and in January, 1871, he retired altogether from his public duties, and was succeeded by Rev. W. Braden, of Huddersfield. The degree of LL.D. came to him from the University of Aberdeen, and that of D.D. was sent from America. He died, February 24th, 1874.

Dr. Binney was unable to endure a platform at any time or place when he was to speak. He has been known "to fetch gowns and other materials to hang over the rails of an open rostrum if he found himself placed in one." "This," Mr. Spurgeon remarks, "must have arisen wholly from habit, for there can be no real advantage in being inclosed in a wooden pen."

The present hymn has five stanzas. The third stanza was often on his lips during his last illness:

"Oh! how shall I, whose native sphere
Is dark, whose mind is dim,
Before the Ineffable appear,
And on my naked spirit bear
That uncreated beam?"

The date assigned to this composition, by Mr. Binney himself, is about 1826. It was prepared for a charitable object, the details of which he had forgotten, and was set to music at the time.

ETERNAL Source of every joy.—DODDRIDGE.

Dr. Doddridge writes to his wife from Northampton, October, 1742, in this strain:

"I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible without a miracle, that I should have been—very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is; I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days and weeks and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or, indeed, about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. . . . It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick—pleasant to write letters of necessary business, by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the Gospel to poor souls, of whom some are thirsty for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week-day to think how near another Sabbath is, but, oh, how much more pleasant to think how near Eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven!"

The hymn, to which this is an apt commentary, is dated 1755, owing to its publication; but it must have been written earlier. Its title is, "The Year Crowned with the Divine Goodness, Ps. 65 : 11," and it has seven stanzas.

ETERNAL Spirit, we confess.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts places this as Hymn 133, of Book II., "The Operations of the Holy Spirit." It has four stanzas.

EVERY morning mercies new.—BONAR.

Dr. Bonar's hymns have no especial date or incident, but the accompanying illustration from the Talmud seems an appropriate comment on this very spiritual little song.

In studying the account of the manna, the scholars of Rabbi Simon ben Jochai once asked him, "Why did not the Lord give to Israel enough manna for a year, at one time?" Then the rabbi said: "I will answer you with a parable: Once there was a king who had a son to whom he gave a yearly allowance, paying him the entire sum on a fixed day. It soon happened that the day on which the allowance was due was the only day in the year when the father saw his son. So the king changed his plan, and gave his son, day by day, that which sufficed for the day. And now the son visited his father every morning. Thus did God deal with Israel."

FAIREST Lord Jesus! Ruler of all nature!—WILLIS.

This piece first appeared in the *Church Chorals and Choir Studies* (1850) of Richard Storrs Willis, the brother of N. P. Willis, born in Boston, Mass., 1819. The translator has been a distinguished musician and writer on musical art for many years. He now resides in Detroit, Mich. The melody to which these historic words are set was secured by him from the ancient music, as sung by the Crusaders in the twelfth century. He gives the following account of the origin of the song he rendered into English, and which comes from the Fulda Hymn-book, 1695:—

"This hymn, to which the harmony has been added, was lately (1850) discovered in Westphalia. According to the traditionary text by which it is accompanied, it was wont to be sung by the German knights on their way to Jerusalem. The only hymn of the same century, which in point of style resembles this, is one quoted by Burney from the Chatelaine de Coucy, set about the year 1190, very far inferior, however, to this. At a missionary meeting held lately in the principality of Lippe-Detmold, this hymn was commenced by three voices, but ere the third verse was reached hundreds joined in the heart-stirring song of praise."

In the introduction to "The Ten Theophanies," by Rev. William M. Baker, D.D., Dr. F. N. Zabriskie has given a very eloquent account of this old melody. The German words are not easily accessible, so we add them here:

Schönster Herr Jesu,
Herrscher aller Enden
Gottes und Maria Sohn;
Dich will ich lieben,
Dich will ich ehren,
Du meiner Seelen Freund und Kron.

Schön sind die Felder,
Noch schöner sind die Wälder
In der schönen Frühlingszeit;
Jesus ist schöner
Jesus ist reiner
Der unser traurig Herz erfreut.

Schön leucht't die Sonne,
Noch schöner leucht't der Monde
Und die Sternlein allzumal;
Jesus leucht't schöner
Jesus leucht't reiner
Als all die Engel in Himmelsaal.

FAITH adds new charms to earthly bliss.—TURNER.

This is No. 234, in six stanzas, in Caleb Evans's *Collection*, fifth edition, 1786, where it has "D. T."—Daniel Turner—for its author. The date is therefore earlier than Gadsby gives, who assigns his "few hymns" to the year 1794. Mr. Turner was a Baptist minister, settled for half a century at Abingdon, Berkshire, England. His birthplace was Blackwater Park, near St. Albans, Hertfordshire, where he saw the light, March 1st, 1710. When quite young he united with a Baptist Church at Hemel-Hempstead, not far from his father's farm, and having, after a time, obtained a fairly good education, he kept (1738) a boarding-school. In 1740 he removed to Reading, on the Thames; then (1741) took charge of the Hosier Lane Baptist church, and in 1748 removed again to his life settlement at Abingdon. He was a man highly esteemed, and is praised in the *Evangelical Magazine* for his "useful writings, excellent character, and amiable disposition." He died September 5th, 1798, aged eighty-nine. His *Divine Songs, Hymns and Poems*, 1747, and *Poems, Devotional and Moral*, 1794, reveal the sources of his hymns. Rippon used nine of them.

Far as thy name is known.—Watts.

This is Ps. 48, Second Part, S. M., vv. 10–14, "The Beauty of the Church; or, Gospel Worship and Order." It is in six stanzas.

Far from my thoughts, vain world, begone.—Watts.

This is Hymn 15 of Dr. Watts's second book. It is entitled "The Enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in Worship," and has six stanzas. Most appropriate and beautiful is the language of St. Augustine (*Confessions*, Book VII. [X.] 16):

> "He that knows the Truth, knows what that Light is; and he that knows It, knows eternity. Love knoweth it. O Truth Who art Eternity! and Love Who art Truth! and Eternity Who art Love! Thou art my God, to Thee do I sigh night and day. Thee when I first knew, Thou liftedst me up that I might see there was what I might see, and that I was not yet such as to see. And Thou didst beat back the weakness of my sight, streaming forth Thy beams of light upon me most strongly, and I trembled with love and awe: and I perceived myself to be far from Thee, in the region of unlikeness, as if I heard this Thy voice from on high: 'I am the food of grown men; grow and thou shalt feed upon Me; nor shalt thou convert Me, like the food of thy flesh, into thee, but thou shalt be converted into Me.'"

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee.—Cowper.

The poet's language in his journal is quite as fine as this hymn itself, for it shows us one of those periods of "clear shining" which were so rare in his troubled life. It is the story of his conversion, which he commences in these words: "The happy period which was to shake off my fetters and afford me a clear opening to the free mercy of God in Jesus Christ was now arrived."

This hymn, and its companion lyric, "How blest thy creature is, O God," belong to this period of his religious experience. He had gone from St. Albans to Huntingdon, passing the whole time in silent communion with God. "It is impossible," he declares, "to tell with how delightful a sense of his protection and fatherly care of me it pleased the Almighty to favor me during the whole of my journey." At its close he was left alone for the first time among strangers, and, feeling a little despondent, he wandered out to a secluded spot and there prayed in secret. A sweet and blessed consciousness of renewed peace filled his soul, and he came back rested and happy. The following day was Sunday. He attended church for the first time since his recovery—that is, for nearly two years—and found the utmost joy in the service of God. A person who afterward became his friend was attracted to him by his devoutness at this time, and altogether the poet's own emotion was beyond any language to express. He describes himself as seeming to be at the very gate of heaven. From the church he hastened away to his secluded retreat, and adds: "How shall I express what the Lord did for me, except by saying that he made all his goodness pass before me?" That lonely and blissful place was therefore the true home and birth-spot of this lovely hymn. Here it burst forth in a song unto the praise of God. From this date (1765) until 1773, Cowper's life was more peaceful and happy than at any other period.

One can hardly explain how this piece should appear, as it does, in the *Evangelical Magazine* for November, 1797, with the title, "Retirement from the World," and signed "H. P." In 1812, Cowper's authorship of it was distinctly recognized in the same magazine.

When William Wilberforce, the statesman, was quite advanced in life, and had sat in Parliament for twenty-eight years, his friends induced him to contest the election for York. The poll was open, according to the English custom, for fifteen days. None of the candidates had less than ten thousand votes. Daily, Mr. Wilberforce addressed meetings, and entertained friends at his house. But it was noticed that, in the midst of the excitement about him, he was singularly calm, and one of his agents relates that, as he met him, day after day, on his return to his home, he would hear him repeating something to himself. As this seemed to be in the same words always, the agent finally contrived to catch what he said, and found it to be a stanza from this hymn:

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem, by thy sweet bounty made,
For those that follow thee."

FATHER, again, in Jesus' name we meet.—LADY WHITMORE.

Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana Whitmore was the daughter of Orlando, second Baron Bradford, of Shropshire. She was born in 1792, and was married in 1810 to W. W. Whitmore, of Dudmaston, Shropshire. The present hymn is found at the end of her little volume of *Family Prayers*, 1824. In 1861 it was somewhat altered by Rev. Francis Pott. The authoress died in 1840.

FATHER, hear the blood of Jesus.—C. (?) WESLEY.

This hymn is taken from *Hymns on the Lord's Supper* by John and Charles Wesley, 1745. It is not included in the hymn-book prepared by John Wesley in 1779, but has since obtained a place in Methodist collections. There is no way, Mr. Creamer says, of distinguishing between the compositions of John and Charles in these *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*. The book contains one hundred and sixty-six separate pieces, arranged under six heads. The Lord's Supper is considered as: 1. The memorial. 2. The sign and means of grace. 3. The pledge of heaven. 4. The sacrifice; and the fifth part embraces hymns "after the sacrament."

FATHER, by thy love and power.—ANSTICE.

Professor Joseph Anstice was born in 1808, the second son of William Anstice, of Madeley Wood, Shropshire, England. Educated by his uncle, Rev. John Poole, until his thirteenth year, he passed a happy childhood with his grandmother and aunts in the rectory of Enmore, Somersetshire, and then went to Westminster School. Here he was elected a King's scholar, and proceeded to Christ Church College, Oxford. His collegiate career was honorable, and he took a high rank in classical and English studies. At twenty-two years of age he was professor of Classical Literature at King's College, London, marrying soon afterward. His health failed him in 1835, and he died at Torquay, February 29th, 1836. This hymn and others, which have been drawn from a collection of fifty-four, published subsequent to his death, cannot fail of a certain pathetic value, when it is known that they were composed by a dying man. They were all dictated to his wife during the final weeks of his illness.

The time which he chose for composition was the afternoon, as he then felt the oppression of his disease most forcibly. His widow wrote to Mr. Miller that her husband continued to teach his classes up to the last day of his life. It is an indescribably melancholy thing for us to find, in these lines, the very exudation of perishing hopes and broken purposes. But in their trust they are as lovely as in their sorrow. Some of the verses have been so good as to be erroneously ascribed to Keble.

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer.—ANON. 1864.

This piece, in four stanzas, entitled "The Prayer of Life," is anonymous in *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864.

FATHER! how wide thy glory shines.—WATTS.

In *Horæ Lyricæ*, Book I., 1705, this is the piece entitled "God glorious and Sinners saved." It has nine stanzas. One of them, usually omitted, contains a striking expression:

"Our thoughts are lost in rev'rend awe,
We love and we adore;
The first archangel never saw
So much of God before."

FATHER, I know that all my life.—WARING.

Miss Anna Lætitia Waring's long hymn, entitled "Supplication," has furnished the material for this beautiful song of praise. As given in *Lyra Britannica*, it consists of eight six-line stanzas. One stanza, not in common use, is too fine to be omitted here:

"And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee;
More careful—not to serve thee much
But to please thee perfectly."

These last two lines contain a touch of real spiritual genius—a flash of that illuminating divine knowledge which shows us how the Lord, who "is not served by men's hands," delights most in those who love his will, and do "always the things that please him." The whole poem is exquisite. It has been frequently reprinted entire. Miss Waring has also written:

"In heavenly love abiding." 1850.
"Go not far from me, O my Strength." 1850.
"My heart is resting, O my God."
"My Saviour, on the word of truth."
"Source of my life's refreshing springs."
"Sweet is the solace of thy love." [Isa. 2 : 12.]

The present hymn is derived from *Hymns and Meditations*, by A. L. W., 1850. She has printed her sacred songs since that date in *Additional Hymns*, 1858, and in the *Sunday Magazine*, 1871.

Few authors are so sensitive and shy of publicity as Miss Waring. She has written her heart into her hymns, but the particulars of her life and education are concealed from us. She was born in 1820, and we know additionally that she is a native of Neath, Glamorganshire, South Wales, where she resided at last accounts. Rev. F. D. Huntingdon, D.D., deserves the credit for having introduced her verses, in 1863, to the notice of American readers. She must have been a great sufferer to have written :

"Who would not suffer pain like mine
To be consoled like me?"

FATHER, in high heaven dwelling.—RAWSON.

The author of this hymn is George Rawson, known for some years as "A Leeds Layman," who contributed fifteen pieces to the *Leeds Hymn-Book*, 1853, and twenty-seven to the *Psalms and Hymns of the Baptist Denomination*, 1858, both of which collections he helped to edit. His version of the 99th Psalm, "God, the Lord, is King," is in the English Methodist collection. Mr. Rawson lives at Clifton, near Bristol, and he published in 1876 all his hymns in one large volume, under his own name. He was born June 5th, 1807, and to the best of our present knowledge, is still living (1885). The present hymn is in the *Leeds Collection*, 1853.

FATHER! in thy mysterious presence kneeling.—JOHNSON.

This prayer "For Divine Strength" was first published as a hymn in the *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864, of which the author, Rev. Samuel Johnson, was one of the compilers. Eleven of Mr. Johnson's pieces are in *Songs of the Liberal Faith*, and among them is his splendid "City of God, how broad and far."

Mr. Johnson was born in Salem, Mass., October 10th, 1822. He was absent from his native town during his college years at

Harvard, where he was graduated in 1842, and at the Divinity School in 1846, and subsequently in an Independent religious pastorate at Lynn, Mass., from 1853 to 1870. Then he returned to Salem, where he died, in 1882.

His sentiments were Theistic in religion and Anti-slavery in politics. In spirit he was always devotional, and he is, probably, better known by his works on the *Oriental Religions* than by anything else that he has done. These books display great learning and breadth of thought, and deservedly rank with the treatises of Max Müller, James Freeman Clark, De Pressensé, Green and Hardwick.

FATHER of heaven, whose love profound.—COOPER.

The author is Rev. Edward Cooper—unmentioned by Miller, Hatfield, Belcher, Gadsby, Hutchins, Nutter, G. Stevenson or Bird, and by King only to err. Prescott says, briefly, that he was "the rector of a parish in Staffordshire, who died in 1833. The hymn appears in collections as early as 1808."

The earliest known copy is in "Portions of the Psalms, chiefly selected from the Versions of Merrick and Watts, with Occasional Hymns, adapted to the Service of the Church, for every Sunday in the Year. Uttoxeter, 1808." This text, carefully edited, is the same as is reprinted in *Laudes Domini*, from the *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1882.

The information which we are able to furnish is derived from a scarce volume in the Astor Library, entitled *Living Authors* (1816). Mr. Cooper's name is there given as "Edward Cooper, Rector of Hamstall Ridware, and Yoxhall, Staffordshire, and late Fellow of All Souls' College, Oxford." The titles of some of his sermons are mentioned. In the Oxford lists of graduates there are several persons of the same name and of nearly the same period. This one (we think) is the Edward Cooper who was a "Grand Compounder" of All Souls' College, receiving his B.A., December 17th, 1792, and being "starred" so as to indicate that he took precedence of others in point of social standing. A "Compounder" is "one who, at a university, pays extraordinary fees, proportioned to his estate, for the degrees which he takes."

The assiduous Dr. Allibone enlarges our knowledge of Cooper. His rectorship of Yoxhall began in 1809; he died in 1833. His

Practical and Familiar Sermons (7 vols., 12mo) passed through many editions. Bickersteth, in his *Christian Student*, calls these discourses "plain, sound and useful." The *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1882, states that the hymn appeared in the collection named above, which was printed anonymously, "but attributed to Mr. Cooper on the authority of an aged clergyman who knew him personally (the Rev. John Wakefield, Rector of Hughley, Salop)"—which fact is taken from a note in the annotated copy of *Church Hymns*. In the original collection it is also marked "Cooper," and it is said to have been in two previous collections. Sometimes it is attributed to "J. Cooper"—as by Rev. W. F. Stevenson, in *Hymns for the Church and Home*, and Rev. James King, in *Anglican Hymnology*.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word.—STEELE.

There are twelve stanzas to this hymn, which is usually employed in England before the reading of the Scriptures, in the Dissenting Churches. Christophers has reprinted it entire, in his *Hymns and Hymn Writers*.

The Jewish teachers were accustomed to say that the Word of God was properly compared to wine and milk—as in the 55th chapter of Isaiah—because these fluids are best preserved in vessels of earthenware, and not in gold or silver. Thus, they said, those minds which are of humble and modest character are best adapted to storing up the great truths of the divine revelation.

FATHER of mercies, send thy grace.—DODDRIDGE, *partly*.

In Doddridge's hymns this bears the title, "The Good Samaritan." The text is Luke 10 : 30–37, and it has five stanzas. This piece, however, appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine*, in 1805, with the omission of the first stanza (which is Doddridge's) and with the following preliminary statement :

"On a Box being fixed in Stroud Meeting, Kent, for the Benefit of the Sick Poor, March 10th, 1794." It is signed "A Lady." The stanzas commence with the lines :

1. "Oh may our sympathizing breasts—"
2. "When the most helpless sons of grief—"
3. "So Jesus looked on dying men—"
4. "On wings of love the Saviour flew—"
5. "The mite your willing hands can give—"

FATHER, thy name be praised, thy kingdom given.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

In *Laudes Domini* there are four lines added to this hymn, as a doxology, from the *Hymnary*, 1872. Our piece is, originally, the closing stanza of an evening hymn of the Bohemian Brethren, "*Die Nacht ist Kommen,*" etc. ("Now God be with us, for the night is closing").

FATHER, Son and Holy Ghost.—C. (?) WESLEY.

From the *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745. The authorship cannot be settled positively.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss.—STEELE.

This hymn is from the sick-room. In Miss Steele's poems, 1760, a copy of which in the original edition is now before us, this appears at p. 134 of Vol. I. It commences:

> "When I survey life's varied scene
> Amid the darkest hours."

The hymn with which we are so familiar, and which is probably the best known and loved of all that Miss Steele ever wrote, is the last three stanzas. The whole piece has ten, and the eighth begins:

> "And oh, whate'er of earthly bliss
> Thy sov'reign hand denies."

The poem is entitled "Desiring Resignation and Thankfulness." The author, we are told, permitted her hymns—one hundred and forty-four in number—to be published with the understanding that the profits from their sale should go to benevolent objects.

The tune, "Naomi," was written by Lowell Mason, in 1836, to accompany these words, and to sing them to any other would seem to the American churches almost like sacrilege.

When the holy Fletcher of Madeley was in high favor with George III. of England, because of a paper which he had written on the American war, the monarch asked him what preferment he would desire. "Sire," said the good man, "I want nothing but more grace."

FATHER, whose hand hath led me so securely.—MASSIE, *tr.*

We derive this hymn from the German of Carl Johann Philipp Spitta, through the translation of Richard Massie. The original is in Spitta's *Psalter und Harfe*. Mr. Massie entitled his volume of translations *Lyra Domestica.* It appeared in 1860, and has been reprinted, and supplied with a prefatory notice, on this side of the water, by Rev. F. D. Huntingdon, D.D.

FEAR not, O little flock, the foe.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

This was one of the noblest strains evoked by the Thirty Years' War. It was the battle-song of Gustavus Adolphus's army, and after the king had knelt in their presence and solemnly invoked the divine blessing on their cause, they were accustomed to sing it together. That thousands of Swedish voices should sound forth such a song of praise and trust must have been an inspiration of victory in itself.

The authorship of the piece has frequently been ascribed to Johann Michael Altenburg, who doubtless arranged the music of it, and who made the German version, from which Miss Winkworth has taken the present hymn. But the real author was Dr. Jacob Fabricius (born, 1593; died, 1654). He it was who composed it for his king's use. Dr. Fabricius was the court chaplain, and the hymn arose in the king's own heart, but he was incapable of expressing it as he desired, being no man of letters, but only a man of the sword.

The incidents connected with the hymn are recorded at length by Simon Wolimhaus, a Swedish writer, in a book published at Stockholm, 1655. In 1707, Nordberg, the chaplain of the Swedish king, Charles XII., showed to Dr. Rechenberg, in Leipzig, a document establishing these facts: viz., that the hymn was really composed by Gustavus Adolphus, and put in shape by Dr. Fabricius, who versified the prose of his royal master. Further, we know that Dr. Fabricius informed Dr. Born, at Leipzig, in the presence of Dr. Hülsemann, that this account was correct.

At the battle of Leipzig the king bade his army sing Luther's hymn, "*Ein' feste Burg ist unser Gott.*" So he did again in his last struggle at Lützen with Wallenstein. On that occasion he followed it with this hymn, to the accompaniment of the drums and trumpets of the army. Then he knelt beside his horse and offered this prayer: "O Lord Jesus Christ, bless our arms and this day's battle for the glory of thy holy name." Then he arose and went along the line encouraging his troops. Many of his sayings have been preserved. He gave the men their old slogan, "*Gott* *mit uns*"—"God with us"—as their battle-cry. Then he called aloud: "Now let us begin!" The fog which had hung over the plain was thinning away, and the king had only a buff coat on his body. "God is my armor," he said to his servant, who wanted to induce him to put on his coat-of-mail. Later he exclaimed: "Jesu, Jesu, help us to-day to fight for thy holy name's honor." About eleven o'clock the fatal bullet struck him from his horse, but the victory was secure to the evangelical troops. As he fell, he cried out: "I seal with my blood the liberty and religion of the German nation." Then he said: "My God, my God." And, finally: "Alas! my poor queen!" The hymn is, therefore, a most befitting production to come from one who always wished that faith should be put in God, and not in any earthly leader.

A certain Peter Streng, who sang this hymn throughout Germany, once asserted that it was "dearer to him than the best house in Coburg," for when he was a poor boy the people would always give him bread when they heard this song from his lips.

The excellent Spener made this his Sunday hymn. After dinner, each week, the company around his table joined in singing it. It is also sung at the meetings of the "Gustavus Adolphus Association," which supports needy Protestant churches in the Roman Catholic countries.

Perhaps it is as well to add to this story that the king was born in 1594, and died, November 16th, 1632.

FIERCE raged the tempest o'er the deep.—THRING.

The date of this hymn is 1858, and it is so generally accepted by the Anglican hymnals as to induce Rev. James King to class it among the "standard hymns of the future."

FIERCE was the wild billow.—NEALE, *tr.*

Dr. Neale translated these verses from the Greek of St. Anatolius, *ζοφερᾶς τρικυμίας*, and placed the rendering in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. St. Anatolius was bishop of Constantinople, being consecrated in 449. He died in 458, having been the *apocrisiarius*, or ecclesiastical representative of Dioscuras, the Patriarch of Alexandria, at Constantinople. The Pope of Rome also maintained such a functionary there for some time, the purpose being to hold the right of prerogative, as a cognate and equal dignitary. Anatolius found his post a difficult one. He crowned the Emperor Leo, and contrived, through the Council of Chalcedon, to set the Eastern and Western churches on a level, by insisting upon the equality of Constantinople and Rome. He was evidently acting in the interests of a rival third party—Alexandria—and therefore was charged with ambition and intrigue. But he seems to have been fairly innocent of serious offences, although living in a troublous age.

This hymn, and others like it, show that he possessed a vein of real and tender poetry. Dr. Neale compares him, not very happily or successfully, to Venantius Fortunatus, for whom see "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns." The hymns translated from him by Dr. Neale have been popular. They are, additionally:

"The day is past and over."
"The Lord and King of all things."
"A great and mighty wonder."

FIRM as the earth thy Gospel stands.—WATTS.

We find this hymn after a sermon on John 10 : 28, 29. It is also the 138th hymn of Dr. Watts's first book, with the title, "Saints in the Hands of Christ."

The hymn is in three stanzas, and its first line reads: "Firm as the rock thy Gospel stands."

FOR a season called to part.—NEWTON.

This was written as a "Parting Hymn," in November, 1776, when Newton was leaving Olney for London, there to undergo a painful operation. It begins with the words: "As the sun's enlivening eye," and in the *Olney Hymns* it is Book II., No. 71.

FOR all thy saints, O God.—MANT.

This hymn is No. 64, in Mant's *Ancient Hymns*, in six stanzas. It commences: "For all thy saints, O Lord." The date is about 1837. The original has "For thy dear saints, O Lord."

Richard Mant was born at Southampton (Dr. Watts's birthplace), February 12th, 1776. His father was rector of All Saints' Church, in that place, and was somewhat celebrated as an author and scholar. The son was placed at Winchester School, in 1789, and subsequently at Trinity College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1801, and soon ordained as curate to his father, at Buriton, Petersfield, Hants. In 1810 he became vicar of Coggeshall, Essex, and was appointed, in 1813, to be domestic chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1816, we find him rector of St. Botolph, Bishopsgate, London. In 1820 he was consecrated bishop of Killaloe, Ireland, and was translated to the see of Down and Connor in 1823. In 1842 he was elevated to the bishopric of Dromore, and died on the 2d of November, 1848. Bishop Mant's writings are voluminous, and his hymns—of which there is a multitude—are scattered through his different works.

FOR all thy saints, who from their labors rest.—HOW.

This hymn, dated 1854, is the production of Bishop William Walsham How, and is one of the coming "standard" hymns of the English Church.

FOREVER with the Lord.—MONTGOMERY.

Montgomery said, in the winter of 1849, that he had received more indications of approval for the verses beginning "Here in the body pent" than for anything he had ever written, except the lines on prayer.

This hymn is found as No. 234, among his *Original Hymns*, with the title, "At Home in Heaven: 1 Thess. 4:17." It has twenty-one stanzas, and the date is 1835, in which year it was published in the *Poet's Portfolio*, and also in the first edition of the author's *Original Hymns*. It seems strange that so precious a song of trust and aspiration was unknown to the Methodist churches for nearly a quarter of a century. Then it was placed in their hymnals, and the first occasion of its use, during a meeting of the Conference of churches at Leeds, was marked by the deep emotion of a very aged man, Rev. James Everett, a personal friend of the writer of the hymn.

This was the favorite hymn of the distinguished Christian jurist, Hugh McCalmont Cairns, Earl Cairns, Lord High Chancellor of England. He was born December 27th, 1819, and this hymn was sung at his funeral services, April 7th, 1885.

FOR the beauty of the earth.—PIERPOINT.

Folliott Sandford Pierpoint is the son of William Horne Pierpoint, of Bath, England. He was born at Spa Villa, October 7th, 1835, and this hymn, it is stated, first appeared in *Lyra*

Eucharistica, second edition, 1864. He also contributed to the first edition, 1863, a hymn—"O cross, O cross of shame." His name does not appear in the list of graduates from Oxford, Cambridge, or Edinburgh universities, nor is he on the clerical lists. The present information is from W. Fleming Stevenson's capital little collection, *Hymns for Church and Home*, London, 1873, to whose brief biographical notes we are much indebted.

FOR the mercies of the day.—O. P., 1826.

"O. P." edited a little *Missionary Psalmist*, 1826. This was one of his own hymns included in that collection. Nothing further is known of the author. The hymn originally began with the stanza, "Ere another Sabbath's close," and is entered under this line as "Anon., 1841," in Lord Selborne's *Book of Praise*. It has been sometimes credited to Hon. and Rev. Baptist W. Noel, in whose *Selection*, 1832, it appeared. It has been also referred to "J. Montgomery, 1853"—but this is a palpable error.

FOR thee, O dear, dear country.—NEALE, *tr*.

This is part of "Jerusalem the Golden," 1851, commencing with the line, "*O bona patria, lumina sobria te speculantur*." Bernard's unique poem (of which we possess a perfect copy) is divided into three books, embracing about three thousand lines. Dr. Neale's and Archbishop Trench's cento has been made up from the first part of the first book, and this verse occurs about one third of the distance from the commencement. Further information is reserved for appropriate and extended treatment in "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

FOR what shall I praise thee, my God and my King.—WILSON.

Mrs. Caroline (Fry) Wilson, born at Tunbridge Wells, December 31st, 1787, is the reputed author of "We speak of the realms of the blest"—which Dr. Charles Rogers assigns to her, with a trifle of misgiving, and which now seems the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Mills. She was the daughter of a farmer in easy circumstances, and published a *Poetical Catechism* in 1821, which passed through several editions. Her *Serious Poetry* also met with favor. She married in 1831, and died at Tunbridge Wells, September 17th, 1846. Her *Autobiography, Letters and Remains*, 1843, show her to have been a person of deep religious experience. This hymn has been sometimes assigned to Mrs. Elizabeth Fry.

FORSAKE me not ! O thou, my Lord, my Light !—MORGAN, *tr.*

This translation, by Mrs. John P. Morgan, of N. Y. City, appeared in the *Christian Union* in 1883. The lady's residence is not now known, and every effort to procure further information has failed. The version is probably from some German hymn.

FORWARD, be our watchword.—ALFORD.

This hymn was written, and the music composed, to be sung at the "Tenth Festival of Parochial Choirs of the Canterbury Diocesan Union," June 6th, 1871. It has eight stanzas in all.

FRIEND of sinners ! Lord of glory.—N. HALL.

Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, LL.B., was born at Maidstone, Kent, England, May 22d, 1816. He is the son of John Vine Hall (author of *The Sinner's Friend*), and brother of Captain John Vine Hall, once the commander of the "Great Eastern." He was educated at Totteridge and at Highbury College, and took his degree at the London University. In 1842 he became pastor of the Albion Congregational Church, Hull, and in 1854 succeeded Rev. James Sherman at Surrey Chapel (sometimes called Rowland Hill's Chapel, from its former minister) in Blackfriars Road, London. Here Mr. Hall has done a great and good work—though not without detraction and opposition. He has planned and carried out many measures for the benefit of the working classes. He took the part of the North against the South in the American Civil War, and has visited this country on several occasions. The tower of his present church (Christ Church, London) is named after Abraham Lincoln, and the greater part of the money to erect it came from America. This church was dedicated July 4th, 1876—the "Centennial" year. Mr. Hall advocates open-air preaching, and may often be seen addressing a crowd upon the street at the close of his regular services. His tract, *Come to Jesus*, has been translated into at least thirty languages, and is still circulating by the million in all parts of the world.

The present piece is taken from *Rhymes Composed at Bolton Abbey, and Other Rhymes*, 1857. The author's hymns are now collected in *Pilgrim Songs in Cloud and Sunshine*, 1886.

From all that dwell below the skies.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 117, L. M. It is a brief rendering of the shortest chapter in the Bible, and yet it is full of force and fervor. There is a charm in poetry and music which has never been exhausted, and by some not even fully realized.

"An instance of this was witnessed," says G. J. Stevenson, "in 1849, in a large school of poor children at Lambeth Green, London. The day's work was done, the usual singing and prayer were over, and three hundred boys were expecting in a moment to be free from authority and at play. This Psalm by Dr. Watts had been sung to the tune of the 'Portuguese Hymn.' The master made a few remarks about the pleasure music produced, and asked the children to try and sing the hymn again. They did so ; it was done with care and much feeling. Again the request was preferred—would they like to sing it again? The reply from hundreds of voices was a simultaneous 'Yes.' It was repeated, if possible with increased delight to the boys. Then followed a few remarks about the music of heaven, and how sweet it must be there, and the boys were asked if they had not felt more happy by that singing than if they had been at play. Another unanimous 'Yes' was the response ; and again they were asked to sing. 'Oh, yes,' was the instant reply ; and thus half an hour of their play-time was occupied by singing praise to God by three hundred poor children, immediately under the shadow of the palace of the Archbishop of Canterbury, at Lambeth, and the children thanked the teacher for the pleasure their own voices had afforded to themselves. The hymn and tune were fixed in their memories for life."

From every stormy wind that blows.—Stowell.

Rev. Hugh Stowell, the author of this hymn, bore a very high reputation in the Church of England. He was born at Douglas, in the Isle of Man, December 3d, 1799. His father was the rector of Ballaugh, near Ramsay, and the son was educated for the Church. In 1818 he entered St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, and was graduated in 1822. He was made deacon in 1823, and priest, October 3d, 1824. He was first curate of Shapscombe, Gloucestershire, and was then stationed for two years at Huddersfield before he became the incumbent of St. Stephen's, Salford, across the river from Manchester. Here he gathered multitudes to hear the Gospel, and their generosity equalling their numbers, the beautiful structure called Christ Church was speedily erected.

In this he preached with fervor to thronged assemblages until his power was so well recognized that he was made an honorary canon of Chester Cathedral, and afterward rural dean of Salford.

The duty of these deans, it has been sometimes wittily said, is to do their best to keep the bishops out of their cathedrals. Certainly Dean Stowell was no lover of Ritualism, for his sympathies all ran toward the Low Church and evangelical wing of the Anglican Communion. He was a hearty supporter of the religious and benevolent societies of the day. The Bible, Tract, and Missionary causes had his constant encouragement, and the Oxford Tractarians met his unflinching opposition.

After his death, at Salford, October 8th, 1865, several of his sermons and forty-six of his hymns were published. A memoir of his life, from the pen of Rev. J. B. Marsden, appeared in 1868. In 1831 he had already issued some of these pieces in his *Collection of Psalms and Hymns.* The present hymn is entitled "Peace at the Mercy-Seat," and was contributed, in 1827, to the *Winter's Wreath,* from which it was copied into Littell's *Religious Magazine* (Philadelphia), in 1828. Its author republished it, in 1832, in his *Pleasures of Religion and Other Poems.*

The hymn, "Lord of mercy and of might," was written by him for the Jubilee of the British and Foreign Bible Society.

The Rev. Thomas Alfred Stowell, canon of Manchester, gives the following account of his father's death:

> "My father's last utterances abundantly showed his love of, and delight in, prayer. Almost every word was prayer, couched for the most part in the language of Holy Scripture, or the Book of Common Prayer, and these prayers were characterized by the deepest humility and most entire self-distrust.
>
> "Equally apparent was his simple and firm reliance on his Saviour. To the question, 'Is Jesus with you and precious to you?' the answer was, 'Yes, so that he is all in all to me.'
>
> "During his waking moments he frequently exclaimed, 'Very much peace,' and several times, 'No fear,' 'Abundance of joy,' 'A very present help in time of trouble.' The morning of his death the only articulate words that we could catch, uttered two or three hours before his decease, were: 'Amen! Amen!'
>
> 'His watchword at the gates of death,
> He enters heaven by prayer.'
>
> "At one o'clock, on the afternoon of God's day of rest, without a struggle, and without the shadow of pain crossing his peaceful countenance, he entered into rest."

His was, therefore, "The calm, the sure retreat," of which he has sung.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains.—HEBER.

Dean Howson, in the *Art Journal* for June, 1873, relates that Mr. Heber, then rector of Hodnet, was visiting Dean Shirley, dean of St. Asaph, and vicar of Wrexham, his father-in-law, just before Whit-Sunday, 1819. He gives the story of the composition of the hymn in much the same way as others, and it is now well authenticated.

The facts are that a royal letter had been issued, calling for missionary collections in aid of the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel" on that particular day. Mr. Heber had gone to hear the dean preach, and to take his share of the Sunday evening lectures just established in that church. On the Saturday previous, he was asked by him to prepare some verses to be sung at the closing of the morning service. The poet sat down at the window of the old vicarage, and in a short time produced this hymn, all but the lines, "Waft, waft, ye winds, his story." These he wrote just afterward. He would even have added another stanza, but the dean was now positive that anything more would spoil the unity of the piece. Only one change was made in the copy—"heathen" being put instead of "savage" nations—and the manuscript was hurried off to the printer. Dean Howson has seen the clear and beautiful first draft—since lithographed—and the printer, Kennedy, who set up the type, as a boy, that Saturday night, was living in 1873, at Wrexham.

The manuscript passed through several hands, and finally came into the possession of Rev. Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool. The lithographed facsimile was made by Mr. Hughes, of Wrexham, and shows the mark of the printer's "copy-hook" on which it had been impaled. On the back is a circumstantial history of its composition, signed "E." The original was shown at the World's Exhibition of 1851, in London. It was, of course, sung for the first time in Wrexham church, on Whit-Sunday, 1819.

Not the least interesting particular connected with it is its association with the passage in Heber's *Journal of a Voyage to India*, where, under date of September, 1823, he writes:

> "Though we were now too far off Ceylon to catch the odors of the land, yet it is, we are assured, perfectly true that such odors are perceptible to a very considerable distance. In the Straits of Malacca a smell like that of a hawthorn hedge is commonly experienced; and from Cey-

lon, at thirty or forty miles, under certain circumstances, a yet more agreeable scent is inhaled."

This is the author's own comment upon the "spicy breezes" which "blow soft from Ceylon's isle."

In 1852, two missionaries were sent by Bishop Andrew to represent the South Carolina (M. E.) Conference on the Pacific Coast. They afterward reported that among their bits of happiness was the pleasure of finding a man and his wife from South Carolina, who were sitting before a tent in the Santa Clara Valley, in 1853, singing this hymn.

In the revival of 1858 there were several converted sailors on board the "North Carolina," a frigate in the U. S. Navy. When they compared nationalities they found that they came from ten different countries, and when the last man stated that he had been born in Greenland, one of the others spontaneously started this hymn, which they all sang heartily.

FROM the cross uplifted high.—HAWEIS.

Dr. Thomas Haweis was one of that glorious group of hymn writers who surrounded Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon. Like the others, he contributed to that square-shaped, odd-looking, and really admirable collection of hymns, to which her ladyship, and her cousin, Walter Shirley, devoted so much care and taste. The genealogy of the later English hymns is soon told. They come from the early Greek, through the Latin of Bernard of Clairvaulx, and of Peter the Venerable, by way of the German of Luther and Gerhardt. Also, through the Bohemians and Moravians, the holy strain comes down until, in Lady Huntingdon's hospitable drawing-room, Watts, Doddridge, and the Wesleys put an ineffaceable character upon the Christian songs of the eighteenth—and even of the nineteenth—centuries, by blending the vigor and spirituality of both these sources into one stream. The lesser rivulets of song are attuned to the same concord of sweet sound. It is the heart-life of the Church which is being hymned. And while Haweis is by no means among the masters, he has their tone, and so surely has it that he is kept in memory still. His hymns are such as:

"Enthroned on high, almighty Lord!"
"To thee, my God and Saviour,"
"O thou, from whom all goodness flows,"

and this which is before us. They are fervent and true in their utterance, and the Church has approved a fair proportion of them Rev. Thomas Haweis, LL.B., M.D., was born at Truro, Cornwall, England, in the year 1733, according to Dr. John Morrison. His family was of good, and even aristocratic, lineage, and he was naturally affiliated with the society in which Lady Huntingdon moved. The young man's education was a liberal one, and an associate of his student days was that Samuel Foote, the comic actor, of whom so many entertaining stories are related.

When he was about fourteen years of age the curate of St. Mary's church, Truro, was Rev. Samuel Walker, an earnest advocate of the evangelical views then beginning to prevail in the Church of England. It was under the preaching and personal influence of this spiritually-minded man that young Haweis was sincerely converted, and became a pious and devoted character. Mr. Walker soon saw in him many indications of fitness for the work of the ministry. He had both ardor and oratory, and, although he had begun the study of medicine with a physician in Truro, the other calling was the more imperative.

With the consent of his family he now entered Oxford as a gentleman commoner of Christ Church College, whence he afterward removed to Magdalen Hall. His associates and habits were of the best. When he graduated he was therefore appointed, in 1757, to the curacy of St. Mary Magdalen's church, Oxford, and ordained by Dr. Thomas Secker, then bishop of Oxford. His success as a preacher was immediate. But it was soon noised abroad that he was a "Methodist," and that he made religion quite too serious a matter upon men's consciences. In a few years this feeling culminated, and Rev. Dr. John Hume, the new Bishop of Oxford, ousted him from his curacy. Our phrase is deliberately chosen. He was very popular, and doing a great deal of good, especially among the students of the university.

Just at that time Rev. Martin Madan—known as a hymn compiler, and perhaps as the composer of an original piece or two—was in charge of the Lock Hospital chapel, in London, which belonged to the parish of Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. A "Lock Hospital" was one where peculiarly depraved and abandoned persons could be met, and Mr. Kimpton, the rector of the parish, and Madan's superior, had been so far corrupted by bad example that he was in debt and in prison himself. The "living"—such as it was—was in his gift, and Madan persuaded him to appoint Haweis to the post. This he did, but after awhile he was offered a thousand guineas for this privilege, or "advowson," as it was called, and regretted that he had parted with it for nothing. He then attacked Haweis in order to induce him to pay a compensation or else give up the position. Under advice of competent persons Haweis declined to do either one thing or the other. The result was a controversy, conducted, as was the custom then, by a fusillade of small pamphlets—in which (one is sorry to have to say) Mr. Haweis and his friends did not spare their powder and shot. It is now before us in *Fathers and Founders of the Missionary Society*, edition of 1844.

Lady Huntingdon then interposed, and, by a payment of £1000 on her own account, forever silenced Mr. Kimpton. The affair had assumed an internecine character, and vital piety was suffering, though Mr. Haweis's conduct has never been impeached. From 1763, therefore, to the end of his life, Thomas Haweis held this pulpit of Aldwinkle, honored and prosperous, and turning many to righteousness. He was a special chaplain also to the countess, and was one of the founders of the "London Missionary Society," in 1795.

The list of his writings shows him to have been a man of learning, and of considerable exegetical powers. His *Carmina Christo*, 1792, contained one hundred and forty-one original hymns, to which, in 1808, he added others, which made the entire number two hundred and fifty-six. Not more than fifteen or twenty of them, however, have been in common use, and these, like the present, are mostly from his earlier productions.

When advancing years rendered him infirm, Dr. Haweis retired to Bath, and there, in his eighty-ninth year, February 11th, 1820, he peacefully expired.

Of his hymns he said: "They are such as my heart indited, and they speak of the things which I have believed concerning my God and King. They all point to one object—to a crucified Jesus."

FROM the recesses of a lowly spirit.—BOWRING.

This chant, dated in 1823, is another striking instance of the power of hymns to free themselves from all association with their authors. Sir John Bowring's verses have occasionally been regarded as composed by a "Unitarian," and consequently placed under the ban of some compilers. But such an admirable strain as this, and such a triumphant song as "In the Cross of Christ I glory," and such a significant lyric as "Watchman, tell us of the night," could not be repressed by any narrow code. The good man's evangelical truth entitled him to say—if he cared to say it—"After the way which men call heresy, so worship I the God of my fathers."

FROM the table now retiring.—J. ROWE.

Rev. John Rowe was a Dissenter, and is said by some (but erroneously) to have been a Baptist. He was for thirty-four years a minister in Bristol, and his theology was first Calvinistic, and then Socinian. He was born at Spensecomb, near Crediton, April 17th, 1764, and was trained from boyhood for the ministry—a fact which, if it was unaccompanied by any desire on the lad's own part, will go far to explain his subsequent opinions.

After a preliminary classical course in the school of Rev. Joseph Bretland, he entered Hoxton Academy. This being closed, he was transferred to Hackney College, 1786. In 1787 he became one of the ministers of High Street Presbyterian church, Shrewsbury. How long he continued here we do not know, but in 1797 he was chosen as one of the ministers of Lewin's Mead chapel, Bristol. Rev. Dr. John P. Estlin, a distinguished Unitarian, was his colleague until 1817. Then, and until Mr. Rowe's death, this position was occupied by Rev. Dr. Lant Carpenter, another Unitarian. So there can be no doubt of Mr. Rowe's own sentiments. He was a "serious, earnest and impressive" preacher, and it is very certain that in those days much theology was called "heterodox" which is well received in our times, as being more in the spirit of the Master than that which condemned it.

In January, 1831, Mr. Rowe was stricken with paralysis, and in 1832 he gave up his charge, and proceeded, with his daughter, to Italy. He had been sorely afflicted in the loss of different members of his family, and this sole surviving daughter closed his eyes at Siena, July 2d, 1832. He died, "perfectly resigned and composed," in his sixty-ninth year.

The present hymn dates from 1812.

GENTLY, Lord, oh, gently lead us.—HASTINGS.

Dr. Thomas Hastings was born in Washington, Litchfield County, Conn., October 15th, 1784. His parents removed, in 1796, to Clinton, N. Y., making their way through what was then an unbroken wilderness, in sleighs and ox-sleds. The lad was thus inured to the hardships of a pioneer life, and his early youth was spent in the routine duties of the farm. But with the winter months came the eager desire for knowledge, to gratify which he counted it no hardship to go six miles daily, on foot, to the school. He had already begun the study of music from a sixpenny primer of four small pages. Next he became fifth chorister in the village choir, and his musical career was commenced in earnest. Deriving from a treatise on music many valuable ideas, he puzzled out its difficult places, and finally mastered its contents. Then he turned to what was to be his profession, and endeavored to secure a situation in some school to teach music. At first this was a failure; but finally, in 1806–7, he was invited to Bridgewater, Oneida County, and Brookfield, Herkimer County.

It must not be forgotten that the singing-schools of that time and region were by no means places of hard work. Those who went were mainly young people, bent on fun and flirtation. Hence a conscientious instructor had no sinecure. But Mr. Hastings was inflexible in his purpose, and he not only enforced his rules, but managed to obtain very apparent good results by the end of the third season. In 1816, after a period of five years spent in business and on the farm, Mr. Hastings returned to music, and compiled, with Professor Norton, the famous *Musica Sacra*. In 1818 he was invited to Troy, and at this date he appears to have given his first distinctive attention to religious music.

The year 1822 witnessed the outcome of these thoughts, in a work *On Musical Taste*. In this he took the ground that "religion has the same claim substantially in song as in speech." And it was under this banner that he fought all the rest of his life.

In his management of the singing at Dr. Chester's church in Albany he carried these views into immediate practice, and with the best results. He had arranged his singers so that the congregation was really led by several trained voices, though it seemed as if he stood forward alone as precentor. The church became celebrated for its congregational singing, and Mr. Hastings wrote articles upon this new departure for the Utica papers. As one thing usually leads to another, this led to his being invited to the editorial chair of a religious newspaper, called *The Recorder*. His salary was fixed at six hundred dollars per annum, half the amount being conditioned on the support which the paper received.

He accepted these meagre terms, and in 1823 he removed to Utica. *The Recorder* was first issued as a fortnightly publication in January, 1824. It was an era of revivals, followed by equally great dissensions—facts which have indelibly stamped their record on the population of Oneida County. The editor continued his relations with the paper until its ninth volume had appeared. He never lost sight of the interests of sacred music in these years, and hence he came to be known, more and more widely, as the advocate of many reforms. In 1832, New York City sought his aid; twelve churches combining to secure him for the metropolis. While the matter was tentative, a meeting was held in the old Broome Street (Presbyterian) church. At this Mr. Hastings spoke, and with such power and persuasiveness that the case was decided at once, for it was felt that he must be obtained.

From 1832 to 1872, Dr. Hastings (as we must now style him) was a resident of New York City, devoting himself to its psalmody, and affecting the entire country from this commanding situation. To him church music had become a sacred duty, "an holy calling," and he gave himself up to it in all its aspects. This, of course, included the hymns themselves; and, in point of fact, he composed no less than six hundred original pieces. He also corrected many of the older hymns, according to a more elevated standard of taste. To do this without detracting from their piety was, of itself, no slight achievement. Dr. Hastings, however, was a man eminent in his knowledge of the Scriptures, and of a truly devout spirit. His *Church Psalmist*, published in 1836, was therefore a marked example of his methods. It was severely criticised, but gained a wide circulation, as *Spiritual Songs*, 1833, had done before it.

The educational influence of all these various publications was becoming more and more apparent. In 1844 his connection with William B. Bradbury added great strength to the cause. It would be tedious and unnecessary to enumerate the different works which these friends produced, alone, or in partnership. Of them all, Dr.

Hastings felt that *Selah*, 1856, was his best. The *Church Melodies*, 1858, was the pioneer of modern works of the combined hymn-book and tune-book class. Like the *Plymouth Collection*, 1855, it aimed to secure congregational singing in public worship.

It should be added that this was by no means an easy task to which Dr. Hastings so devotedly consecrated his powers of mind and will. The oppositions and discouragements of it are known to those who have trodden the same path. Its success is seen in the present opinions which prevail in the deep heart of the Church, undisturbed by the ambitious designs of less religious professional musicians.

On the 15th of May, 1872, he went to join the choir of the saints about the throne. It is simply marvellous (as Mr. A. D. F. Randolph has remarked, in the little memoir which furnishes our facts) that Dr. Hastings should have accomplished so much.

He was hampered by the perpetual drawback of imperfect eyesight, and yet, in spite of this and other hindrances, he carried out a life-work which is its own best memorial. Whenever "Ortonville" or "Rock of Ages" is sung, there is still the presence of the singer whose praise is in all the churches.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts has entitled this "Storm and Thunder." It is his version of Ps. 29, L. M., in six stanzas.

"We might, no doubt," says Dr. Andrew Bonar, "apply every clause of it [the Hebrew Psalm] to the Lord's display of his majesty in any thunder-storm. An awe-struck spectator cries, as the lightning plays and the thunder rolls: 'The God of glory thundereth!' (v. 5.) 'The voice of Jehovah is breaking the cedars!' and as the crash is heard, 'The Lord has broken the cedars of Lebanon.' Travellers tell us of the solemnity and terrific force of storms in the East. But the thunders of the Great Day shall, most of all, call forth these strains to the Lord the King."

GIVE to the winds thy fears.—JOHN WESLEY, *tr.*

This is from the hymn commencing "Commit thou all thy griefs," and is a translation from the "*Befiehl du deine Wege*" of Paul Gerhardt. That was first printed in 1656, and is founded on Ps. 37 : 5. The sixteen stanzas of the translation are in Christophers' *Epworth Singers.*

Gerhardt was a preacher in Brandenburg in 1659, and the story goes that this hymn was the result of his sad communings when sent into banishment by the Elector. It is unfortunate that the celebration of the bi-centenary of the poet's death should have disproved, by its cognate inquiries, all this beautiful legend. Yet the man's lovely character is not affected, though the facts are changed.

A very touching incident, however, may take the place of the vanished story of the hymn. It is that of the German peasant, Dobry, who lived near Warsaw. He had fallen into arrears with his rent, and his landlord was about to eject him from his home. It was the dead of winter, and the poor man had thrice appealed for mercy, but in vain. The next day was to see himself and his family homeless and hopeless in the midst of the snow. But Dobry kneeled down and prayed, and then they all sang this hymn. At length they came to the words, "*Dein Werk kann niemand hindern*" :

> "Nothing thy work suspending
> No foe can make thee pause,
> When thou, thine own defending,
> Dost undertake their cause."

There was a rap at the window. Dobry went to it, opened it, and a raven which his grandfather had trained and set at liberty, hopped in with a valuable jewelled ring in its beak. The peasant took it at once to his minister, who identified it as the property of King Stanislaus, and to whom he restored it. The king sent for Dobry, rewarded him handsomely, and the next year built him a new house, and gave him cattle from his own herds. Over this house door, on an iron tablet, appears still, it is said, the effigy of a raven with a ring in his beak. Underneath are the first four lines of the stanza which was being sung : "*Weg' hast du allerwegen*," etc., which are thus rendered in the admirable version of Mrs. Charles ;

> "All means always possessing,
> Invincible in might ;
> Thy doings are all blessing,
> Thy goings are all light."

Another incident which connects itself with the present English hymn is the story of the closing hours of the eccentric and eloquent "Billy Dawson," the great farmer-preacher of Barnbow, England. These words of Wesley had always been his comfort.

Once, while working in his fields, he had been much perplexed, and very anxious. Taking from his pocket sundry notices which had been sent to him to be read from the pulpit from time to time, he looked them over to divert his mind; then, as they were of no more use, he tore them small and scattered them in the air. They sailed away like so many butterflies, and instantly the words of the hymn came home to him:

"Give to the winds thy fears,
Hope and be undismayed!"

It was natural, therefore, that he should turn to this hymn on his death-bed. Slowly, and with evident difficulty, he repeated:

"Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,"

but he could not muster strength to add:

"And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care."

After an effort to repeat the lines he crossed his hands upon his breast, and so died, July 4th, 1841.

Nor are these the only instances where this hymn and its translations have been especially blessed. The present writer on one occasion quoted in the pulpit a portion of Gerhardt's first stanza, in the German language, following it with several lines from Mrs. Charles's version. At the close of the service he was accosted by a German recently arrived from the fatherland, whose sensibilities were deeply stirred by almost the only words which he could comprehend, as his knowledge of English was very slight. It would appear that to this poor man, also, in his trouble, the familiar, "*Befiehl du deine Wege*" had come like a message of hope and trust.

Gerhardt composed one hundred and thirty-three hymns, and is undoubtedly the greatest and most spiritual of German hymn writers, unexcelled even by Luther himself.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken.—NEWTON.

This hymn is in the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 60. The title, "Zion, or the City of God," has a reference to Book II., No. 24, "Asking the Way to Zion" (Jer. 1 : 5), and to the hymn commencing, "Zion, the city of our God." The original is plentifully supplied with Scripture texts, which we give so far as they apply to this form of the hymn, which is shortened from five to three stanzas in *Laudes Domini*.

Text: Isa. 33:20, 21.

First stanza: *spoken*, Ps. 87; *abode*, Ps. 132:14; *founded*, Matt. 16:18; *surrounded*, Isa. 26:1. Second stanza: *love*, Ps. 46:4. Third stanza: *appear*, Isa. 4:5, 6.

Newton's admiration and love for the 87th Psalm undoubtedly found expression in this hymn.

GLORY be to God the Father.—BONAR.

Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., is one of our most successful modern hymn-writers. No other name appears so frequently as his since the days of Watts and Wesley, Newton and Cowper. He has had the rare fortune to express the deepest of Christian feeling and the loftiest of Christian praise. But, strange to say, even his own congregation are rigid Psalm-singers to this day. He comes of a poetical family. His grandfather, Rev. John Bonar, also wrote hymns, some of which found acceptance.

Dr. Bonar was born December 19th, 1808, at Edinburgh. At the High School and the University there his education was received. His theological instructor was the celebrated Dr. Thomas Chalmers, and few scholars have reflected more credit on the faithful men that gave them their instruction than has he upon that great man who made Scotland even greater than before. At the time of the Disruption he followed his old teacher, and Dr. Guthrie, and the rest of the illustrious leaders, in the establishment of the Free Church, with which he has ever since been ecclesiastically connected. He is the brother of the commentator, Dr. Andrew A. Bonar, of Dundee, and his wife (just deceased, 1885) was the sister of that devotedly pious woman, Mary Lundie Duncan.

In 1837 he was ordained and settled at Kelso, on the river Tweed, near the English border. In this charge he succeeded his father-in-law, Rev. Robert Lundie. In 1866 he removed to Edinburgh, where he has since remained the pastor of the Grange, or "Chalmers Memorial" church. His pen has been constantly busy through all the years of his mature life. His "Kelso Tracts" were the early fruit of that productive zeal which has so enriched the literature of the Church at large. He has seen at least one extensive revival which can be traced to those pages scattered broadcast. Some of the later writings of this spiritually-minded and marvellously acute man have been circulated on both sides of the ocean with great acceptance. His two little books, *God's Way of Peace* and *God's Way of Holiness*, would relieve many a troubled Christian if he would turn to them in preference to abstract theology. Like all that Dr. Bonar does, they are eminently scriptural and practical.

His hymns are to be found in *Songs for the Wilderness*, two series, 1843–4 ; the *Bible Hymn-Book*, 1845 ; *Hymns, Original and Selected*, 1850 ; *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, three series, 1857, 1861, 1866. It is not necessary to annotate them any further than this, for the dates of composition have not been preserved, and the very place is generally unknown to the author, who seems to shrink, with much sensitiveness, from any reference to his own share in their production.

A visitor to Dr. Bonar's church (about 1876) has given this pen-portrait of him :

> " The striking feature of his face is the large, soft, dark eye, the power of which one feels across the church. There are no bold, rugged lines in his face ; but benevolence, peace and sweetness pervade it. The first thought was, ' He is just like his hymns—not great, but tender, sweet and tranquil.' And everything he did and said carried out this impression. His prayer was as simple as a child's. His voice was low, quiet, and impressive. His address, for it could scarcely be called a sermon, was founded on the words, ' The Spirit and the Bride say, Come ! ' ' the last invitation in the Bible.' It was marked by the absence of all attempt at originality, which is to an American so striking a feature of most foreign preaching. It was simply an invitation—warm, loving, urgent. His power over the audience was complete. Even the children looked steadily in his face ; once he paused in his discourse and addressed himself especially to the Sunday-school children who sat by themselves on one side of the pulpit. I was sure the little ones never heard the Good Shepherd's call more tenderly given. With one of the most winning faces I ever saw he closed : ' Whosoever—that includes *you*—whosoever *will*—does *that* include you ? ' "

GLORY be to God on high.—C. WESLEY.

This fine hymn of praise comes from the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. Its theme is Luke 2 : 14, and it has seven stanzas.

As Wesley's strong line, " Hear, *the world's atonement*, thou !" strikes the ear, it recalls an incident from Luther's experience.

When he encountered the mighty hymn of Ambrose, "*Jesu, Redemptor gentium,*" it so challenged his admiration that he exclaimed: "*Nun kommt der Heiden Heiland!*"—"Now comes the Saviour of the heathen!" All great hearts have had great ideas of God's love.

GLORY, glory to our King!—KELLY.

This hymn is No. 22 of Thomas Kelly's third edition, 1809, based on Ps. 47:6. It has four stanzas.

GLORY to God on high.—J. ALLEN.

James Allen was the son of Oswald Allen, and was born at Gayle, Yorkshire, England, June 24th, 1734. Though he was destined for the ministry of the Church of England, his conscience was aroused by seeing the flagrant wickedness of his tutor tolerated, and even extenuated, by that ecclesiastical authority. His sentiments then assumed a character which fitted him to join the Methodists. He therefore became an "Inghamite," and was sent out as an itinerant preacher. This was not exactly being a "Methodist," but it approached it so nearly that Allen knew both the perils and the pleasures of field-preaching. Once he was saved from a mob by an old friend who had been with him at St. John's, Cambridge, and who was then—fortunately for the preacher—the magistrate of the place which he was stirring up to righteousness. This James Allen was therefore a very fit man to write, "Sinners, will you scorn the message?"

Charles Wesley records in his journal, October 17th, 1756, that he paid a visit to Haworth, where, it seems, he met James Allen. "A young preacher of Mr. Ingham's came to spend the evening with me at Mr. Grimshaw's. I found love for him, and wished that all our sons in the Gospel were equally modest and discreet."

When Allen went to Scotland with Mr. William Batty he encountered the noted preachers, Glas and Sandeman. The effect of this intercourse was to remove him from one schism into another, and he united himself with the "Sandemanians," who have been kept in the recollection of modern readers in America by the singular use made of their name in the writings of Edward Everett Hale.

About this time Mr. Allen bewailed both his preaching and the hymn-book he had been so forward to print, in 1757, at Kendal.

The brief history of this collection is a matter of interest. It was compiled by Allen as principal editor, assisted by Christopher Batty, William Batty, Thomas Rawson, James Hartley, John Green, Alice Batty, Benjamin Ingham, and a certain "S. M." There were one hundred and forty-two hymns, of which seventy-one are the composition of Allen, and thirty were written by C. Batty. To this book an *Appendix* was printed, in 1761, and in this is found the present piece. Another hymn, "While my Jesus I'm possessing," is also Allen's, and was modernized by Rev. Walter Shirley, for Lady Huntingdon's collection, into "Sweet the moments, rich in blessing." It goes without saying that these hymns of Allen's were rude and inferior. He printed some more, with the title of *Christian Songs*, while at Gayle. A second edition appeared in 1805.

Finally Mr. Allen left the Sandemanians also, and erected a chapel on his own grounds at Gayle. There he continued to preach until his death, October 31st, 1804.

GLORY to thee, my God, this night.—KEN.

In the *Thumb Bible*, prepared by Jeremy Taylor, this hymn has been expanded after the singular fashion which once obtained, of making a hymn in two metres. It reads:

"Forgive me, dearest Lord, for thy dear Son,
The many ills that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and then with thee,
I, ere I sleep, at perfect peace may be.

"Teach me to live that I may ever dread
The Grave as little as I do my Bed.
Keep me this night, O keep me, King of Kings,
Secure beneath thine own Almighty Wings.
Amen."

Elsewhere we give an account of the good bishop's life, but there are many incidents which can properly be placed under the present heading.

The college which Ken attended was Hart Hall, occupying the site afterward to be covered by Magdalen College, Oxford. Here he was a member of various musical coteries, and "sang his part." In his rooms at Winchester he had an organ, which was left behind on his departure, and about which there is an interesting anecdote. Rev. Philip Barton was his immediate successor in the apartments, and during his absence one of the boys who were his pupils got access to the instrument, and played upon it. This was a fault which Mr. Barton was not slow to punish; but the culprit was that Philip Warton who has transmitted to us the first really good history of English poetry,

Ken's skill in music was by no means despicable. His hymns were composed during those tranquil days when, under the favor of Bishop Morley, he enjoyed the rectorship of Brixton, in the Isle of Wight. They are all adapted to a melody which, while it is substantially the same as an old tune written by Tallis, nevertheless owed very much to the hand of the poet. Such is the opinion of Mr. Bowles, at least; and the views of Bishop Mant respecting the origin of the actual hymns are not to be passed in silence, either. All of the three pieces, the Morning, Evening, and, possibly, the Midnight Hymns, can be traced to a Latin source. From the fourteenth century to the present time the "*Jam lucis orto sidere*" has been sung by the Winchester scholars in the exercises of the college. This fact undoubtedly impressed itself on the writings of Ken, who was no inferior poet in other respects. Thus, "Awake, my soul," is the "*A solis ortus cardine,*" and "Glory to thee" would be the "*Te lucis ante terminum.*" In neither case can the hymn be called a translation, but rather a transcription. This can be said, too, about the hymn of Sir Thomas Browne, in the *Religio Medici,* "The night is come like to the day."

It is Bishop Burnet, in the *History of His Own Times,* who testifies most pointedly to the pure fidelity of Ken in the instance of the dying Charles II. He states that he "applied himself to the awakening of the king's conscience"—albeit with no very notable success.

At the time of his retirement Bishop Ken lived upon the bounty of Lord Weymouth, who allowed him £80 per annum, in lieu of property valued at about £700, and which Ken transferred to his patron, retaining only his books and musical instruments. It is recorded of him that he kept with him, as his immediate personal property, "his lute," and a Greek Testament, together with a favorite but "sorry" horse. The Testament was said to open, of its own accord, at the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians.

His preaching was not that of a Boanerges, but of a Barnabas

He aimed to secure his hearers, rather than to stun them. And Dryden's portrait of a "Good Parson" is enlarged from Chaucer's (supposed) character of Wiclif in the *Canterbury Tales*, and is considered by excellent critics to have been Ken's own picture.

Among his other verses are certain poems which the exiled bishop styled *Anodynes*. They were composed in waking hours of the night, and hours of pain by day, "between his couch and his chair." Some of them are very pathetic:

"Pain keeps me waking in the night;
I longing lie for morning light:
Methinks the sluggish sun
Forgets he this day's course must run.
O heavenly torch! why this delay
In giving us our wonted day?
I feel my watch, I tell my clock,
I hear each crowing of the cock;
Even Egypt, when three days
The heavens withheld the solar rays,
And all in thickest darkness dwelt,
Night more affecting never felt."

This watch was so contrived that the sufferer could by his finger "discern the time to half a quarter of an hour." It still remains in the possession of interested parties, and, in 1838, was owned by Dr. Hawes. Another of these *Anodynes* is equally touching:

"As in the night I restless lie,
I the watch-candle keep in eye,
The innocent I often blame
For the slow wasting of its flame.

"My curtain oft I draw away,
Eager to catch the morning ray;
But when the morning gilds the skies,
The morning no relief supplies."

GLORY to God! whose witness train.—MORAVIAN, *tr.*

This appears in the later editions of the *Moravian Hymn-Book*, where it is in present use as a hymn of six stanzas, and is marked as a translation. The original is doubtless German, but in that immense source of hymnology it is needless to search for it. Count Zinzendorf wrote 2000 hymns; Schmolke, 1188; Heerman, 400; Bogatzky as many more; Garve (a Moravian), 368; Solomon Frank, 300; Spitta and many others, 100 each; and the instances of lesser numbers are almost infinite. Knapp's *Liederschatz* alone contains 3067, and is regarded merely as a choice selection. Latin hymnology is more manageable. Four thousand will probably cover all that are available for reference, including those in the Paris Breviary.

Go, labor on, while it is day.—Bonar.

This is "The Useful Life," and is derived from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. It has eight stanzas.

Dr. Bonar prefixes to this hymn the Greek words,

Ψυχή μου, ψυχή μου,
Ἀνάστα, τί καθεύδεις ;

which are the first two lines of a beautiful little lyric, found in Daniel's *Thesaurus*, III., p. 128. For further information see the opening chapter of "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns," where these lines are translated into English verse.

Go to dark Gethsemane.—Montgomery.

The date assigned to the original composition of this hymn is 1820. It was first published in the *Christian Psalmist*, 1825. It has been much altered, and is included in the author's *Original Hymns*, 1853, where it is No. 60, with the title, "Christ our Example in Suffering," and has four stanzas.

The expression, "dark Gethsemane," is a very natural and yet a very affecting one, when we take it in connection with a passage from that stirring and eloquent book, *Tent Life in the Holy Land*, by W. C. Prime. Mr. Prime writes :

> "Here I saw the declining sun go down behind the battlements of Moriah, and here not infrequently the round moon, coming up over the holy summit of Olivet, silvered the leaves of the old trees, and shed that radiance on the spot in which, best of all, I could realize the scene that so thrills the hearts of Christian men.
>
> "Did the moon shine on that last night of the life of the Lord before the sacrifice? Did the full moon, in whose light young maidens love to hear the words of young love, behold that love which would not put away the cup of agony, though countless angels stood ready to seize the chalice and dash it down to hell?
>
> "I never thought of it before. In all the scenes of all the centuries that I have imagined the moon beholding, and of which I have striven sometimes to gather some intelligence in those cold, calm rays, I never before imagined that on that still orb, in the blue sky of Judea, the tear-

dimmed eyes of the Lord gazed through the rustling leaves of Gethsemane."

Rev. James King, in *Anglican Hymnology*, has a striking illustration to the same effect :

> " A few years ago, while making a sojourn in Jerusalem, we set out for the Mount of Olives on the evening of Holy Thursday, that we might visit the Garden of Gethsemane by moonlight, and tread the scene of the Saviour's agony on the very night, and at the very hour, when his soul was exceeding sorrowful, even unto death. Gethsemane means an olive and wine-press, and here were fulfilled the dark words of the Prophet : 'I have trodden the wine-press alone,' the great wine-press of the wrath of God, the wine-press trodden without the city. Passing Gethsemane we walked a few paces up the Mount of Olives, and sat down on a rock overlooking the garden. The moon was still bright, and the venerable olive-trees were casting dark shadows across the sacred ground. The silence of night increased the solemnity. No human voice was heard, and the stillness was only broken by the occasional barking of dogs in the city. We read, by the light, passages bearing on the agony, and James Montgomery's solemn hymn,
>
> 'Go to dark Gethsemane,
> Ye that feel the tempter's power.' "

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime !—MONTGOMERY.

Mr. Montgomery entitled this hymn, " On the Death of a Minister, cut off in his Vigour." It has six stanzas, and is found as No. 308 of the *Original Hymns*, 1853. In point of fact, it was written to commemorate the death of the Rev. John Owen, one of the first secretaries of the " British and Foreign Bible Society," a man of learning and eloquence. The date is about 1825. The chorus, " Soldier of Jesus," etc., is no part of the original hymn.

GOD Almighty and All-seeing !—PIERPONT.

The author of this hymn is the Rev. John Pierpont, a Unitarian clergyman of high repute as a poet. He was the son of James Pierpont and Elizabeth Collins, his wife, and was born at Lichfield, Conn., April 6th, 1785, the second of six children. He was graduated at Yale College in 1804 ; and, after teaching in New England and at Charleston, S. C., he passed some years in the study of law. In 1812 he was admitted to the Massachusetts bar, at Newburyport. But his distaste to the profession induced him to give it up, in 1814, and to devote himself to literature and mercantile pursuits. It is not often that two such *littérateurs* as

John Neal and John Pierpont are partners in so prosaic a calling as the dry-goods business, but so it was in Baltimore. And no less a man than Joseph L. Lord was the third member of the firm. Pierpont was his brother-in-law, having married his sister in 1810. Inasmuch as we find our author, a few years later, a student at the Divinity School in Cambridge, we may infer that he felt himself steadily drawn away from the counter to the desk. In 1818 he entered the ministry, in company with Jared Sparks, Palfrey, and other men of eminence in the Unitarian pulpit.

Mr. Pierpont was pastor in the Hollis Street church, Boston, from 1819. He was settled at Troy, N. Y., in 1845, and over the parish in Medford, Mass., 1849. For ten years he continued in this position, and then relinquished the active ministry. He preached, however, from time to time, and when the War of the Rebellion broke out he volunteered, 1861, as chaplain of the 22d Massachusetts Infantry, and saw service in Virginia. This was indeed an achievement for a man who was over seventy-five years of age. In 1862, his friend, Salmon P. Chase, then Secretary of the Treasury, employed him to make a digest of the Treasury decisions, an important work, and one that demanded both skill and good judgment. Between November, 1861, and March, 1864, he completed this task with fidelity and neatness. He died suddenly, August 27th, 1866, while on a visit to Medford.

The history of Mr. Pierpont's life reveals him as a devoted friend of the temperance cause, whose advocacy led to a request from his Hollis Street church that he should resign. He did not possess the requisite meekness to do as he was bidden, and fought the matter, from 1838, before an ecclesiastical tribunal, which rendered its decision, in 1841, that he was not under any obligation to depart. He was, in fact, a controversialist all through his career, a ready and effective speaker, a fine elocutionist, and an uncompromising opponent. He was as vigorous against slavery as he was against intemperance, and his muse is rather to be named Bellona than Melpomene.

Some of Mr. Pierpont's hymns merit the highest praise. That one which begins, "O thou to whom in ancient time," has a real stateliness to its measure which must commend it to every admirer of true poetry. His stanzas, "Passing away," and "I cannot make him dead," are well known, and the long list of his contributions to literature can be found in Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors.* An appreciative sketch of his life by his old friend, the veteran John Neal, is in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1866.

God calling yet! shall I not hear?—Borthwick, *tr.*

The original German hymn of Gerhard Tersteegen commences, "*Gott rufet noch; sollt ich nicht endlich hören?*" It is in Schaff's *Deutsches Gesangbuch,* and it is from this hymn that the translation has been made.

Gerhard Tersteegen was the great poet of that mystical school which flourished in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and which was founded by "Angelus Silesius," 1624–1677. A full account of its doctrines and ideas can be found in Vaughan's *Hours with the Mystics*, II., p. 5. Silesius is there compared with Emerson, and both with the Persian Sufis. Of this same school was Tersteegen, who was born, November 27th, 1697, in the town of Mörs, in Westphalia. His father, a pious tradesman, died not long afterward. At fifteen the lad was put into business at Mühlheim, the family being in straitened circumstances. Here he experienced the power of religion, and changed his business for the manufacture of silk ribbons, as this, he fancied, was more conducive to his growth in grace. It did not interfere with opportunities for meditation, and therefore he liked it. Next he associated with himself one Sommer, as a partner, and thus gained additional leisure. His religious experience was singular. While an apprentice at Mühlheim he was once taken with spasms, when he was alone and in the midst of a wood upon a journey. He prayed earnestly that his life might be spared, in order that he might prepare for eternity. His prayer being immediately answered, as he believed, and the fit passing off, he dedicated himself without delay to the service of Christ.

His earlier austerities were revealed to him as hindrances rather than helps, and he records of himself that the Saviour "took me by the hand, he drew me away from perdition's yawning gulf, directed my eye to himself, and instead of the well-deserved pit of hell, opened to me the unfathomable abyss of his loving heart." Yet this tendency to asceticism was so strong in him that, at the age of twenty-seven, he wrote out a covenant between himself and Christ in his own blood.

Three years after this there was a great religious awakening in Mühlheim, and Tersteegen was induced to address the people. He gave up the ribbon business; his house became the refuge of multitudes of the troubled and sick, and was called "Pilgrim's Cottage," from that fact; and he was compelled consequently to meet many demands upon his purse, either from the savings of his own frugality or from the gifts of friends. His own soul was absorbed, for the most part, in communion with God.

Physically, he was a great sufferer, but always patient, and he bore reproach and misjudgment equally calmly with his bodily pains. At the age of sixty he was forced to restrict his labors, owing to his overtaxed strength, and on the 30th of April, 1769, he died of an attack of dropsy. Several of his hymns have been translated by John Wesley, as, notably, "Thou hidden love of God whose height" ("*Verborgne Gottes Liebe, Du*") and "Lo, God is here, let us adore." ("*Gott ist gegenwärtig.*") There are one hundred and eleven of his hymns, and his little book, *Crumbs from the Master's Table*, has been very popular, both in English and German.

Tersteegen was a member of no sect, and for this reason, and also because he did not marry, he was accused of keeping people from church and of teaching celibacy. This calumny he met with loving patience; and with equal firmness he refused to join himself to the Moravians, though they entreated him often to be one of their number. His verses all breathe the conviction that God is present, is in us, and is in communion with our spirits through Christ.

The present translation is by Miss Jane Borthwick, and is derived from *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, whose several series run from 1854-62. This is from the earlier series—about 1854.

God eternal, Lord of all.—Millard, *tr.*

An original hymn, commencing, "God eternal, mighty King," was contributed, in 1848, by Dr. Millard, to *The Devout Chorister*. It is from that piece that this present hymn has been taken. As can easily be seen, it is a version of the *Te Deum*, the last two four-line stanzas being omitted in *Laudes Domini.*

James Elwin Millard was born in the year 1821, and was a graduate, 1845, and Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. He received the degree of D.D. in 1859, having entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1846. His first position was that of curate at Bradford, Berkshire. From this he was promoted to be Head Master of Magdalen College School. In 1864, after these years of service as a teacher, he was made vicar of Basingstoke, Hampshire, where, at last accounts, he still remains. His antique style is so well calculated to beguile the unwary that Mr. J. Camden Hotten, in 1861, published Millard's Christmas carol, beginning, "Last night I lay a-sleeping," as an "ancient piece."

GOD is in his holy temple.—MONTGOMERY.

This hymn, in four stanzas, probably dates from the *Original Hymns*, 1853. It bears the title, "For the Great Congregation." John Burroughs aptly describes the nature of a temple without God by saying of St. Paul's in London, empty in its vastness, that it "makes the tenant seem cold and frivolous and in danger of being lost within it." But when Tyndall stood under Niagara he declared that the immense cascade above him produced in his soul peace and good-will to all mankind.

GOD loved the world of sinners lost.—MRS. STOCKTON.

This hymn, written in 1871, is the composition of Mrs. Martha Matilda (Brustar) Stockton. She is the wife of Rev. W. C. Stockton, of Ocean City, Cape May County, N. J., and was born June 11th, 1821. Died October 18th, 1885.

GOD moves in a mysterious way.—COWPER.

This, which has been called the greatest hymn ever written on the subject of divine Providence, owes much of its power to the circumstances which gave it birth. It was composed by Cowper "in the twilight of departing reason," and during a solitary walk. So says one account, but the better and more correct version of the incident is slightly different, though not inconsistent with this statement.

The fact is that it constituted his last contribution to the *Olney Hymns*, and was written when the shadows of his troubled mind were darkening heavily down upon him. Believing that he was doomed to end his life in the river Ouse, he had ordered a post-chaise, and bidden the driver to proceed to a certain spot. For some reason this spot could not readily be found, and as the poet considered that this was the only place for such a suicide, he reluctantly gave orders to turn the chaise homeward. Arriving at home, he sat down and composed this hymn—or, it may be, started forth upon a solitary walk, during which it was produced.

It is not possible for us to be more exact, and it seems as if the reconciliation of accounts here attempted is the proper one. The date is about 1773.

Of this settled melancholy which now clouded his path we have a pathetic picture in his own language.

> "I have never met," he says, "either in books or conversation, with an experience at all similar to mine. More than a twelvemonth has passed since I began to hope that, having walked the whole breadth of the bottom of the Red Sea, I was beginning to climb the opposite shore, and I proposed to sing the song of Moses. But I have been disappointed." Yet he can still say, speaking to the Saviour: "I love thee, even now, more than many who see thee daily."

It was such agonies as these which have given Cowper's hymns their marvellous hold upon the heart. To his brother, John, for instance, who was a man of no vital godliness, though a clergyman, the poet was a messenger of mercy in the last hour. But with this piece before us we may safely regard Cowper's song as coming to an end. He composed a few indifferent Sunday-school verses later than this period, but they deserve no approbation. The broken fragment of a beautiful hymn, "To Jesus, the Crown of my hope," was all that ever touched the old music. To Mr. Bull he said, in 1788: "My dear friend, ask possibilities, and they shall be performed, but ask not for hymns from a man suffering by despair, as I do. I could not sing the Lord's song, were it to save my life!"

Before the facts of Cowper's personal history were known, and somewhere in the year 1810, Josiah Conder had penetrated the secret of the hymns. These are his words:

> "Doubtless in Cowper's pathetic effusions there are bound up many painful mental histories, many a mysterious experience, which are only to be even guessed at by those who have known something of the same."

Among the singular and suggestive incidents which cluster thickly about this beloved lyric, are at least two which seem to indicate that it has been employed by those who had a hidden presentiment of approaching death. Rev. Joseph Entwisle had just announced and read it in public service at Moorside, England, in 1864, and the congregation had only reached the fourth line when he fell back in the pulpit and expired. It was much the same with Samuel Potter, of Culmstock, who used it at prayers one evening, and the next morning was dead.

Undoubtedly in the mind of the author there was such an anticipation, now and then mitigated, but always gloomy. On one occasion he pathetically described his mental perplexities, in language which shows only too surely how he was doomed to brain disease. He said :

"The meshes of that fine net-work, the brain, are composed of such mere spinner's threads in me, that when a long thought finds its way into them, it buzzes, and twangs, and bustles about at such a rate as seems to threaten the whole contexture."

We may still add to our annotations upon this hymn. Some of the incidents which have occurred in our reading are touching and suggestive.

In a letter from Archibald Alexander, D.D., to Dr. Nicholas Murray ("Kirwan"), dated at Princeton, December 16th, 1841, occurs this passage : "Read Cowper's hymn, 'God moves in a mysterious way,' etc. Christ seems to say : 'What I do you know not now, but you shall know hereafter. All things work together for good to them that love God.'" Dr. Murray had lost an only son by scarlet fever, and he and his wife were then in the deepest grief.

During the "cotton famine" in Lancashire, in 1865, just after the war in America, one of the mill-owners called his hands together, and told them he must close the mills. It meant poverty to them and ruin to him, and no one could speak. Suddenly, however, there rose up the clear voice of a girl—she was a Sunday-school teacher—and she started the words of the stanza :

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head."

It was the "word fitly spoken."—Even James T. Fields felt that to be the author of such a hymn was an achievement that "angels themselves might envy."

The noble song receives another and very forcible recent illustration from the experience of Dr. Cullis, of the Faith Cure and Consumptives' Home in Boston. He had been hard pressed for money, and had been earnestly praying for the supply of his large necessities. On the 6th of February, 1883, a friend sent him the following note :

"DEAR DOCTOR : I am impressed that you are in need of funds, and the Lord inclines me to send you help. I send you, by express, to-day, a package of U. S. bonds, say $1000, four and one half per cent, and $500, four per cent—$1500 in all. This amount will cover the pledge I made you for your Foreign Mission work. Yours very truly,

"——."

The same day Dr. Cullis received another letter, which read as follows :

"BALLARDVALE, February 5, 1883.

"DR. CULLIS :

"DEAR SIR : Somehow it keeps ringing in my ear, 'Send your $1 to Dr. Cullis's work, even if it is so small a gift. I, the Lord, can multiply it a thousandfold ;' and so with the promise given to me this morning for your work, I will send the Lord's gift, believing that the mite shall be multiplied by the thousandfold. Yours in Christ,

"E. A. W."

The remarkable part of the story now remains to be told. Dr. Cullis positively asserts that the $1 preceded the $1500, and that the pledge for the Foreign Mission work was $400. "The one dollar," says Dr. Cullis, "reached me last evening ; the $1500 this morning. The donor of the one dollar I do not know ; the donor of the large gift I have not seen for many months. Truly,

"'God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.'"

GOD is the refuge of his saints.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 46, 1st part L. M., in six stanzas, "The Church's Safety and Triumph among National Desolations." It is one of his most majestic and beautiful strains. Let any person who would use this hymn aright make of the idea of "sanctuary" a Bible-reading, using these passages of Scripture :

Hos. 14 : 5-7 ; Deut. 33 ; Num. 2 : 12 ; Deut. 32 : 11 ; Ps. 17 : 8 ; 57 : 1 ; 61 : 4 ; 46 : 1 ; 27 : 5 ; 31 : 20 ; 63 : 7 ; 62 : 7, and especially, Ezek. 11 : 16 ; Ps. 90 : 1 ; 91 : 9, and Isa. 9 : 14. God's pavilion is "darkness" (2 Sam. 22 : 12 ; Ps. 18 : 11). His "secret" (Ps. 25 : 14) is with them that fear him. "Mystery" is that with which we have fellowship (Ps. 51 : 6 ; Isa. 45 : 3 ; 48 : 6 ; John 16 : 13, 14, 15 ; Eph. 3 : 9). But it is all "light" on our way (1 John 1). And the vision of the holy stream is in Ezek. 47 and Rev. 22.

GOD, my King, thy might confessing.—MANT.

A version of Ps. 145, as given in Bishop Mant's *Book of Psalms*, 1824.

GOD of my life, to thee belong.—E. SCOTT.

Miss Elizabeth Scott was born at Norwich, England, probably in 1708, and died at Wethersfield, Conn., June 13th, 1776. She refused the hand but retained the friendship of Doddridge, who made her acquainted with Colonel Elisha Williams, who, from 1726 to 1739, was Rector of Yale College. Him she married in 1751, emigrated with him to Connecticut, survived him, and married in 1761 the Hon. William Smith, of New York, whom she also survived. In 1769, when she was for the second time a widow, she returned to Wethersfield, where she died. Her hymns, begun at her father's suggestion, did not see the light until 1740 at least, and perhaps not until much later. Some were in Dr. Dodd's *Christian Magazine*, 1763; twenty-one in *Ash and Evans's Collection*, 1769; and eight of these, with twelve new ones, in *Dobell's Selection*, 1806. Her entire poetical manuscripts are in the library of Yale College. The lady is now much set aside by our modern taste, but deserves notice for the present hymn.

GOD of the passing year, to thee.—A. A. WOODHULL.

Alfred Alexander Woodhull, M.D., born March 25th, 1810, at Cranbury, N. J., wrote this Thanksgiving hymn (1828) for the Presbyterian *Psalms and Hymns*. He was a pious physician, who died at Princeton, N. J., October 5th, 1836.

GOD of my life, thy boundless grace.—C. ELLIOTT.

This hymn, written in her favorite stanza, dates from 1841. We may join with this constant longing for God as expressed in her hymns the exalted language of another hymn-writer, Madame Guyon:

"When I had lost all created supports, and even divine ones, I then found myself happily necessitated to fall into the pure divine, and to fall into it through all which seemed to remove me farther from it. In losing all the gifts with all their supports, I found the Giver. Oh, poor creatures, who pass along all your time in feeding on the gifts of God, and think therein to be most favored and happy, how I pity you if ye stop here, short of the true rest, and cease to go forward to God, through resignation of the same gifts! How many pass all their lives in this way and think highly of themselves therein!"—"I have been," says Miss Elliott, "many years learning this difficult lesson, and even now am but little skilled in this blessed alchemy." Yet she could add, "The struggle is over now," and then she wrote, "Thy will be done."

God of our salvation, hear us.—Kelly.

This hymn does not appear in the third edition of Kelly's hymns, 1809, but is found in the fifth edition, 1820. It is entitled, or rather is placed under the heading of, "Commencing and Concluding Worship." The text affixed to it is, "I cried unto thee, save me," Ps. 119 : 146. It has four stanzas, and the words are reprinted correctly in *Laudes Domini.*

God of pity, God of grace.—Mrs. Morris.

Mrs. Eliza Fanny (Goffe) Morris was born in London in 1821, and in 1849 married Mr. Josiah Morris, editor of the *Malvern News*. Her hymns are included in *The Voice and the Reply*, 1858, and in *Life Lyrics*, about 1866. The author says of her book, *The Voice and the Reply*, that "there is a regular progression of Christian Experience running through the volume." The first part—"The Voice"—consists of eighteen pieces. The second—"The Reply"—is man's answer to conscience, and embraces sixty-eight. She calls the present hymn—which is found in Part II.—"The Prayer in the Temple." It was written September 4th, 1857.

God of the world! thy glories shine.—Cutting.

The Rev. Sewall Sylvester Cutting, D.D., was born at Windsor, Vt., January 19th, 1813. He came remotely of English parentage, his ancestors having arrived in Watertown, Mass., about 1634. Here, in the New England colonies, the family continued—his parents being both of them from Vermont. When the boy was only an infant they removed across Lake Champlain to Westport, in New York, and there his early years were spent. There, too, he joined the Baptist Church, in May, 1827. At sixteen he began to study law, but the next year it seemed to him that his vocation was the ministry. He therefore studied at South Reading, Mass., and entered Waterville College in his eighteenth year. After a year had passed he removed to the University of Vermont, whence he was graduated with the class of 1835. He received no regular theological training, but was ordained at West Boylston, Mass., March 31st, 1836, and settled there over the Baptist church. He was at Southbridge from 1837 to 1845, and then ceased from pastoral labor, as it proved, for the rest of his life.

From 1845 to 1855 he was engaged in editorial work, on journals connected with his own denomination. He was on the staff of *The Recorder*, the *Watchman and Reflector*, and the *Christian Review*, and aided to establish *The Examiner*. In all of these duties he displayed unusual ability. He was well read in public affairs, and was eminently qualified as an historian of Baptist opinions and debates. As a writer he was somewhat stately, possessing more imagination than he suffered to be prominent, and having a tendency toward the philosophy of Coleridge. In poetry he did more at a later period of his life than at this time.

He was appointed in September, 1855, to the chair of Rhetoric and History in the University of Rochester, where he continued until January, 1868. He then resigned and took the secretaryship of the Baptist Educational Commission. Into this brief, and apparently fruitless undertaking, he threw his best energies, and those who have knowledge of the results which came from it say that it is impossible, even now, to measure its power for good.

Dr. Cutting, in 1876, became Secretary of the Baptist Home Mission Society, and held that position for three years, residing in Europe afterward for about a year, and pursuing special studies. His former associate, writing of him, speaks of this as a characteristic feature of his life—a life not massed in one direction but diffused, and taking advantage of every providential opportunity to develop itself. There was decided catholicity in his spirit of Christian brotherhood, and we have this exemplified in his funeral. He directed in a final memorandum, "That a minister of another denomination than my own may take some part in the funeral service, as my last testimony to the proper fellowship of Christian believers who share in the same redemption, and look for the same heavenly rest."

On the 16th of January, 1882, while seated at table, at noon, in Brooklyn, he received a stroke of paralysis, for which his friends had indeed been partially prepared. By the 7th of February he was at rest. According to the request mentioned above, Dr. S. Irenæus Prime had part in the funeral services, and thus a devout and faithful man was laid in the tomb. We are indebted to his son for these particulars.

God reveals his presence.—Mercer, *tr.*

Major Crawford, in his *Biographical Notes* to the Hymnal of the Irish Episcopal Church, states that this hymn is a translation by the Moravian bishop, Frederick William Foster, in 1789; that it appeared in the *Moravian Hymn-Book,* and was revised by the late Rev. William Mercer. It is the hymn, "*Gott ist gegenwärtig,*" of Gerhard Tersteegen, 1697–1769. The original is in Dr. Schaff's *Deutsches Gesangbuch.* In the Moravian book of 1789 it appears in five stanzas, and the discrepancies between that version and Mercer's are very sharply defined, but Mercer's rendering is no great improvement on Foster's. The piece in *Laudes Domini* is plainly a revision of a revision, and with better results.

William Mercer was born at Barnard Castle, county of Durham, England, about 1811. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1835, and entered the ministry as a deacon in the Church of England in 1836. In 1839 he was appointed to the rectory of Trinity church, Habergham Eaves, Lancashire. In 1840 he became curate of the large church of Burnley, two miles distant. In 1841 he took the perpetual curacy of St. George's in Sheffield, where he remained until his death at Leavy Greave, August 21st, 1873.

For some years the poet Montgomery was a member of his congregation, and assisted him in preparing the well-known *Mercer's Collection,* whose proper title is *The Church Psalter and Hymn-Book,* 1854. This book of praise in 1864 had the remarkable annual sale of about a hundred thousand copies, and was used in fifty-three of the London churches, not to mention the remainder of the "thousand churches, cathedrals and royal chapels," which had by this date adopted it. It undoubtedly was the volume by whose aid many of the best pieces, now in use in America, were started on their way.

Mercer's own powers as a translator were good. His hymnological morals, judging by the specimen before us, did not rise above the desire to amend, without possessing the ability to improve, the original text. It is this alteration for the mere sake of altering which gives abundant ground for the complaints against "hymn-mending" or "hymn-tinkering." But, then, Mercer at that time was working in an atmosphere saturated by the methods of Cotterill and Montgomery, and it is due to him to say that many of his alterations have been cordially adopted. A copy of Mercer's *Psalter*, annotated by D. Sedgwick, is in the Union Theological Seminary library, New York City. The veteran has assigned the present hymn to "Jeremiah Stegen, tr. F. Miller and William Mercer." "Jeremiah Stegen" is charitably supposed to be phonetic for "Gerard Tersteegen." This is another case where Homer nodded!

GOD, that madest earth and heaven.—HEBER, WHATELY AND MERCER.

It is suggested that the "Compline Antiphon" may have furnished the idea of the third stanza of this hymn. The piece itself is a composite production, and before we speak more particularly of its spiritual meaning, we may as well notice its origin.

The first of these four stanzas, as given in *Laudes Domini*, is by Bishop Heber, and appeared posthumously in 1827. The second and fourth are by William Mercer, 1864. The third is by Archbishop Richard Whately, 1860. The hymn is usually found in a two-stanza form, the first and third verses going together. To these Mercer, in his *Church Psalter and Hymn-Book*, added the rest. All of these singers have gone to join the "choir invisible," but their combined music helps to swell the chorus of the Church on earth, and they being dead, yet speak.

The internal structure of the piece is eminently suggestive, though it is not in our power, owing to lack of space, to pursue the theme beyond a short distance. Here, for example, is the "Compline Antiphon":

"*Salva nos, Domine, vigilantes; custodi nos, dormientes: ut vigilemus in Christo, et requiescamus in pace.*"

There is a prayer which stands very near to this in the Breviary. It commences:

"*Deus, a quo sancta,*" etc.—We translate it thus:

"O Lord, from whom all holy desires, right counsels, and just works proceed, grant unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give: that our hearts, devoted to thy precepts, and our times set free from the fear of the enemy, may alike be at rest beneath thy protection. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord."

And here is another, from which Heber may have taken his inspiration. It begins :

" *Visita, quæsumus, Domine,*" etc.—Our rendering of it is as follows : "Visit, we beseech thee, O Lord, this habitation, and drive far away therefrom all snares of the enemy ; let thy holy angels, who defend us in peace, keep guard in it ; and let thy benediction be upon us evermore."

Richard Whately was born in London, in 1787 ; educated at Oriel College, Oxford, 1808, where he was a Fellow in 1811, and received his degree of M.A. in 1812. He was named as the Bampton lecturer for 1822. In the same year he was given the rectorship of Halesworth, and, three years later, became principal of St. Albans' Hall, Oxford, with the degree of D.D. After spending five years he was made professor of Political Economy at Oxford ; and, a year later, 1831, he attained to the archepiscopate of Dublin. At Dublin, in 1863, he died. He was a man of such distinction that this brief outline of his career is all that is required in these pages. But we may well pause to commend his vigorous championship of Low Church opinions in the Church of England. His was a logical as well as a satirical mind, and he was a formidable opponent to the Ritualists. That he was equally unpleasant to sceptics, his *Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte* will easily demonstrate. Taking an undeniable historic character, he applies to it the method of the German rationalists, and triumphantly exhibits Napoleon as a myth—the unreal creation of times and circumstances, non-existent, and incredible !

GOD with us ! oh, glorious name !—SLINN.

This hymn was written by a lady named Sarah Slinn, and this is probably her maiden name. The date is fixed in the neighborhood of 1779. The hymn itself is in *Dobell's Collection*, credited to "Wood's Coll.," and is in five stanzas. Dobell's Scriptures are : Matt. 1 : 23 and 1 Tim. 3 : 16. The original publication was made in the *Gospel Magazine*, 1779.

This resembles a German hymn by Dr. Johann Peter Lange (written, however, about 1830), and which commences : "*Gott mit uns! Mit uns auf Erden.*"

GOODLY were thy tents, O Israel.—WOLCOTT.

Dr. Wolcott has been heartily identified both with Foreign and Home Missions. To the latter cause this hymn belongs. The present hymn, as he kindly informed us, was written in the spring of 1881, while he was in the service of the American Home Missionary Society (Congregational), as a State Secretary and Superintendent. His death occurred at Longmeadow, Mass., February 24th, 1886.

In 1881 Dr. Wolcott also wrote a very successful hymn, set to Bradbury's "Sing of his Mighty Love," which commences, "O gracious Redeemer! O Jesus our Lord!"

GOLDEN harps are sounding.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This hymn is in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 50. It has three stanzas; its title is "Ascension Song.—Eph. 4 : 8." The author's date is 1871.

Frances Ridley Havergal was born December 14th, 1836, at Astley, Worcestershire, England, where her father was rector for twenty years. She was the youngest child of Rev. W. H. Havergal, known widely as a musician and author of some good hymns. At three years of age she could read, and at seven she wrote verses. She had an active, buoyant temperament—what she called a "stormy-petrelism of nature," which enabled her to "skim any waves when she was not under them."

In 1845 her father was appointed to the rectory of St. Nicholas, and to be canon of Worcester Cathedral. He therefore removed to Worcester, where the early years of Miss Havergal were passed. She received her education at English and German boarding-schools, and enjoyed exceptional advantages of culture and travel. In the midst of it all her Christianity became her predominant characteristic, and her piety was as attractive as it was profound. She mastered languages with great ease. French, German, Italian, Latin, Greek and Hebrew were among her acquirements. She even learned enough Welsh from her donkey-girl to take part in the Welsh church services. The scholarly instinct was strong within her, and her Bible—noted and underlined—was one of the best of proofs that she applied herself earnestly to the noblest themes. She was also finely musical—a performer, vocalist and composer, whom Heller was glad to approve—and the *Songs of Grace and Glory* furnish good proof of this. In poetry she was intensely religious, intensely subjective, and intensely sensitive to all beautiful or inspiring things. Many of her verses (like the

"Moonlight Sonata," of which, by the way, she was an almost unrivalled interpreter) are really autobiographic.

She had deep trials and experiences—both of mental and physical pain—which mellowed and enriched her character. In 1860 she appeared in *Good Words* as a poet—there is no reason why we should say "poetess." From that period she contributed with more or less frequency to religious periodicals. Her little books of hymns and verses are treasured now all over England and America. Perhaps the keynote of them is her own expression: "'Thy will be done' is not a sigh, but only a song!"

In October, 1878, she and her sister were at Caswell Bay, Swansea, South Wales, for a change of air. Here Miss H. took a severe cold which caused inflammation of the lungs When told that her life was in danger, she exclaimed: "If I am really going, it is too good to be true!" At another time she said: "Splendid! To be so near the gates of heaven!"

Toward the last she sang, clearly but faintly: "Jesus, I will trust thee," to "Hermas," one of her own tunes. "And now," says her sister, "she looked up steadfastly, as if she saw the Lord; and surely nothing less heavenly could have reflected such a glorious radiance upon her face. For ten minutes we watched that almost visible meeting with her King, and her countenance was so glad, as if she were already talking to Him! Then she tried to sing; but, after one sweet, high note her voice failed, and as her brother commended her soul into the Redeemer's hand, she passed away."

The date was June 3d, 1879. She was buried at Astley, and on her tomb was carved by her own request the text 1st John 1 : 7, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin."

GRACE, 'tis a charming sound.—DODDRIDGE.

This stands among Dr. Doddridge's hymns as No. 286. "Salvation by Grace" is the title, and Eph. 2 : 5 the text. It has four stanzas.

GRACIOUS Saviour, thus before thee.—BATEMAN.

Henry Bateman, a nephew of Bishop Daniel Wilson, of Calcutta, and a Swedenborgian, was a surgeon, born at Burton-on-Trent, Eng., September 30th, 1806. He died November 21st, 1880, at the Chestnuts, Canonbury, London, N. His *Heart*

Melodies contain "Three Hundred and Sixty-five Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship and Domestic Use," 1862. He is to be distinguished from Rev. Christian Henry Bateman, born 1813, and is recorded in *The Lancet*, London, November 27th, 1880.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me.—LYNCH.

The author of this hymn is Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch, who was the son of John Burke Lynch, M.D., of Great Dunmow, Essex, where he was born July 5th, 1818. He entered the Congregational ministry in 1848, and from that date until his death in London, May 9th, 1871, he was marked as a man of great ability, and of talent which approached to genius. His personal attractiveness in conversation and the suggestive character of his mind were noticed by all his acquaintances. On the publication of *The Rivulet*, 1885 (2d edition, 1856, and enlarged edition, 1868), his poems were attacked with severity by Dr. John Campbell, who professed to see in them, under the garb of poetry, that "Negative Philosophy" which he detested. The reply of Mr. Lynch was in pamphlet form, and was widely circulated. "The controversy was aggravated, and assumed greater importance," says Miller, "because seven eminent London ministers, of the same denomination, put forth a statement in vindication of their friend and brother minister."

Mr. Lynch was for several years the pastor of the Mornington Congregational church, Hampstead Road, and his hymns are one hundred and sixty-seven in number. The present piece is from *The Rivulet*, 1855.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Holy Ghost.—C. WORDSWORTH.

This hymn, by Bishop Wordsworth, is founded on the words of the epistle for Quinquagesima Sunday, "And now abideth faith, hope, and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is charity." It was first published in his *Holy Year*, 1862.

GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine.—STOCKER.

It is among the singular freaks of hymnology that this lovely hymn—originally containing six stanzas—is printed beside a bitter and satirical poem in the *Gospel Magazine*, for July, 1777. In "The Serpent and the Fox; or, an interview between Old Nick and Old John" [Wesley], some one has written verses so scurrilous that Tyerman, Wesley's biographer, declares that it would be a crime to reprint them. Making all allowance for Methodist sensitiveness, there the poem is, and any one can still inspect it, as we have. It is a pungent commentary on the editor's lack of Christian charity, and would not be tolerated to-day.

John Stocker remains as the shadow of a name. No investigation detects anything beyond the facts that he was from Honiton, Devonshire; that he contributed nine hymns in all to the *Gospel Magazine* during the years 1776–77, and that his pieces have been reissued by D. Sedgwick, 1861.

It has been conjectured that he was some friend of Toplady. That hymn-writer had become the editor of the *Gospel Magazine* in 1776, and to him, therefore, the enormity of the publication of "The Serpent and the Fox" must be charged. He had been settled not far from Honiton for several years, and may thus have known Stocker.

GREAT Creator! who this day.—J. A. ELLIOTT.

Mrs. Julia Ann Elliott, the wife of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott, of Brighton, England, was the sister-in-law of Miss Charlotte Elliott. Her marriage to this gentleman, who, at the time, was perpetual curate of St. Mary's, Brighton, was a romantic one. She met him in 1827, having with her father been temporarily in his congregation, and the acquaintance thus formed resulted in their marriage, October 31st, 1833. She was much beloved by the people of her husband's parish, and between herself and Miss Charlotte Elliott there was a deep and lasting affection. Mrs. Elliott contributed some hymns to her husband's collection, 1835. She died, not long after the birth of her fifth child, November 3d, 1841.

Mrs. Elliott was the author of "We love thee, Lord, yet not alone." The present hymn is the second part of a hymn given in three parts in Mr. Elliott's collection. These parts commence:

I. Hail, thou bright and sacred morn.
II. Great Creator! who this day.
III. Soon, too soon, the sweet repose.

GREAT God, now condescend.—FELLOWS.

Dr. Hatfield has specially noticed John Fellows, and Miller has given a long list of his writings. Dr. Belcher considered him a Baptist, and says:

"Several hymns on baptism, which appear in some of our books, were written by John Fellows, a poor shoemaker of that denomination, of Birmingham, England, in the latter part of the last century."

Allibone, following Watts's *Bibliotheca Britannica*, speaks of him as a Methodist, and names him as author of *The Holy Bible in Verse* (4 vols., 12mo, 1778). These and other investigations result in the positive statement which can now be made that Fellows was, for most of his life, a Calvinistic Methodist. He first resided at Bromsgrove, Worcestershire, thence removing to Birmingham, and becoming a Baptist. In 1780 he was immersed by the Rev. Mr. Turner, pastor of the First Baptist church in Cannon Street.

It appears that Fellows is to be ranked with John Pounds, Gifford the critic, and Edwards the naturalist, as an ornament to the cobbler's bench. He was a man with some fluency in verse, who was given to elegies, hymns and paraphrases. He eulogized Whitefield, Gill and Toplady when they died; and between 1770 and 1779 he poured out upon an astonished world "hymns in a great variety of metres," and other similar productions, with ease and frequency. Albeit, we must sadly add, in the words of a judicious biographer, that "the most of his poetry is scarcely worth the name."

He died at Birmingham, November 2d, 1785. The time and place of his birth are unknown. The date of the present hymn is fixed by its appearance in the book, *Infants Devoted to God but not Baptized*, 1773, of which Fellows was the author.

GREAT God! attend while Zion sings.—WATTS.

This is Dr Watts's version of Ps. 84, 2d part, L. M., "God in his Church; or, Grace and Glory." It has five stanzas.

GREAT God, how infinite art thou.—WATTS.

We have this from the hymns of Dr. Watts, Book II., No. 67, "God's Eternal Dominion." It is in six stanzas.

GREAT God, the nations of the earth.—GIBBONS.

For some time this hymn was credited to Rev. William Ward (b. Derby, England, 1769; d. India, 1821), a companion of Marshman and Carey. Dobell assigns it to "Gibbons," and it is found as part of a hymn of forty-six stanzas in the collection of Thomas Gibbons, D.D., 1769, and with his name attached.

Dr. Gibbons was born at Reak, in the parish of Swaffham Prior, near Newmarket, England, May 31st, 1720. After receiving a grammar school and academy education until 1742, he was, on the 5th of July in that year, licensed to preach by the "London Association of Independent Ministers." He then assisted the Rev. Thomas Bures of Silver Street Presbyterian chapel, and was ordained October 27th, 1743, to the charge of the Independent church in Haberdasher's Hall, Cheapside, London. Here he continued during the rest of his life.

In 1754 he was tutor of Logic, Ethics, and Mathematics in the Mile End Academy, and was one of the Sunday evening lecturers at Monkwell Street Meeting-House. When President Samuel Davies, of Princeton, visited England, Dr. Gibbons aided in securing funds for the college, and this was the origin of the complimentary "D.D." tendered to him by the "College of New Jersey." Four years later (1764), the University of Aberdeen conferred the same degree.

As the biographer of Dr. Watts and the author of the present hymn and of "Now let our souls on wings sublime," Dr. Gibbons will not be easily forgotten. The date of the piece before us is 1769.

Our author died suddenly of apoplexy, February 22d, 1785, leaving behind him a number of literary and religious compositions. He was the friend of Lady Huntingdon and of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and was distinguished for his piety and zeal.

GREAT God, to thee my evening song.—STEELE.

In Miss Steele's *Poems*, 1760, this is entitled "An Evening Hymn." It is in nine stanzas. The last is seldom quoted, but it deserves notice :

"Let this blest hope my eyelids close,
  With sleep refresh my feeble frame ;
Safe in thy care may I repose
  And wake with praises to thy name."

GREAT God, what do I see and hear.—COLLYER.

The author, or perhaps we should rather say translator, of this hymn was Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D.D., LL.D., a popular Nonconformist minister in London, and pastor for half a century of the Presbyterian church at Peckham. He was born at

Blackheath near London, April 14th, 1782, and it is reported of him that, even in his early years, he displayed a liking for the pulpit, and was quite well known as an "exhorter" when he was but fourteen. The church in Surrey, at Peckham, had been Presbyterian, but was much debased in doctrine, and was only able to muster a membership of ten, while its congregation had declined to about four times that number. They cast their eyes on the young Collyer, who was then but eighteen, and besought him to undertake their pastorate. In 1801, when he was ordained, he had increased the attendance tenfold, and the gentry and nobility were among his hearers.

In this position he continued faithfully during his life, being indebted to the favor of the Duke of Kent for his degree from the University of Edinburgh. His collection of hymns—in which, by the way, are the original seven which bear the name of Mrs. Voke—was issued in 1812. At the close of the volume he has placed some fifty-seven of his own compositions. Two or three of them have been generally received ; the others are obsolete.

Dr. Collyer has given us :

"When bending o'er the brink of life," 1805.
"Return, O wanderer, return," 1806.
"Another fleeting day is gone," 1812.
"Morning breaks upon the tomb," 1812.

These hymns have been styled "stilted and sensational," but the man himself was a sincere and devoted pastor and preacher, and died in the faith of the Gospel, January 9th, 1854. It was oddly said of him that he closely resembled in person his attached friend, the Duke of Sussex. On the testimony of Dr. Belcher, who knew him, he was simple, earnest and effective in the pulpit, and often closed his sermon by the use of a hymn written to accompany it, according to the manner of Doddridge and Watts.

The hymn before us is a translation from the stanzas, "*Es ist gewisslich an der Zeit*," of Bartholomæus Ringwaldt. The two first stanzas of it Dr. Collyer "conveyed" from the verses by Johann Christian Jacobi, included in a collection of *Psalms and Hymns* printed at Sheffield, in 1802. The third and fourth stanzas are of his own composition, and he acknowledges Jacobi's translation which was made for *Psalmodia Germanica*, 1722. The German original is considered to be a free rendering of the "*Dies*

Iræ," and there is another English version by Arthur Tozer Russell. That in the Moravian book, "'Tis sure that awful time will come," is Jacobi's.

This hymn of Ringwaldt's is found in almost every German collection. Sometimes (incorrectly, of course) it is ascribed to Luther. Ringwaldt was born at Frankfort-on-the-Oder in 1530, and died (*circa* 1598) at Langfeld in Prussia, where he had been a faithful Lutheran pastor. His whole life was a struggle with "pestilence, famine, fire, floods and other calamities," and to comfort himself and those about him he wrote many hymns, which are not unlike Luther's. The tune to which this hymn is sung is sometimes known as "Luther's Judgment Hymn," but it may not be his, though it is said to have been his first composition. The present piece originally appeared in 1585, in six stanzas.

There is a German story that, on the 8th of August, 1702, John Schmidtgens, a gardener in Conzendorf, Saxony, took refuge under an oak-tree during a thunderstorm. He began to sing this hymn, and had come to the close of the final stanza, when the lightning struck the tree, and he was instantly killed.

The English version was sung at the funerals of both the Duchess of Kent and the Prince Consort of England, "Albert the Good."

GREAT God, we sing that guiding hand.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 257. "Help obtained of God, Acts 26 : 22." It is "A hymn for New Year's Day."

GREAT God, when I approach thy throne.—BATHURST.

Rev. William Hiley Bragge-Bathurst, born at Cleve Dale, near Bristol, England, August 28th, 1796, is the author of this and other excellent hymns. His father's name was Charles Bragge, Member of Parliament for Bristol, who assumed the name of Bathurst on succeeding to his uncle's estate. The son studied at Oxford (Christ Church College), whence he was graduated, and proceeded in 1819 to take orders in the Church of England. In 1820 he was appointed rector of Barwick-in-Elmet, Yorkshire, from which he retired in 1852.

In May, 1863, he succeeded to his paternal estate of Lydney Park, Gloucestershire, on the death of an elder brother. His own death occurred November 25th, 1877, at Lydney Park. From his *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1830, we derive the most of what we owe to him. He issued a translation of the Georgics of Virgil, and another small volume of verses about 1849. It is astonishing that so admirable a hymnist should not be noticed in Prescott's *Christian Hymn-Writers*. We have but few particulars of his life, but there is one which has some significance. In 1852 he resigned his living of Barwick-in-Elmet owing to his conscientious scruples about portions of the Burial and Baptismal services of the Church of England. He remained from that date in private life, until the time of his death.

GREAT God! whose universal sway.—WATTS.

As we have it in Dr. Watts's Psalms, this is Ps. 72, 1st part, "The Kingdom of Christ." It is in six stanzas.

GREAT is the Lord our God.—WATTS.

This is Ps. 48, of Dr. Watts's version, 1st part, S. M. "Vv. 1–8, The Church is the Honor and Safety of a Nation." It has seven stanzas.

GREAT Sun of Righteousness, arise!—WATTS.

The last two stanzas of a preceding hymn in *Laudes Domini* are here separated into a piece by themselves. The previous verses begin, "The heavens declare thy glory, Lord."

GUIDE me, O Thou great Jehovah.—W. WILLIAMS.

Mr. Christophers records an interview with an excellent old lady, a "widow, indeed," at "a retired villa a few miles out of London, amid fruit trees, honeysuckles and jasmine."

> "There," he says, "was a summer-like drawing-room, looking out, on one side, upon a lawn bounded by stately trees and fringed with flowers, and on the other opening into a little paradise of a conservatory; there the dear old woman sat in a small elbow-chair, and looked like a pattern of antique simplicity and gracefulness. She was dressed in a black silk gown, open at the neck so as to show a snowy neckerchief folded and pinned under the chin, with a small, neatly fringed, cream-colored shawl brought over the shoulders and fastened at the waist in front, with its corners falling over a white muslin apron. She wore a mobbed cap, with a modest crown, and a neat close border, yet not so close as to hide a clear, open brow, beautiful still; and it seemed more sweetly beautiful with its silvered locks than when it had been more richly adorned in the prime of womanhood. . . . Her eyes revealed a

spiritual depth of kindness and peace. . . . Dear old saint! she soon left her earthly paradise. Not long after an interesting chat with her, in which she seemed more at home with Wesley and Romaine than with the visible things of my own generation, she was called for from above. She had lived nearly a century; but her mind was as clear as an evening in spring. . . . As she lay murmuring a song in sweet undertones, it was asked, 'What are you singing? Shall I join you?' 'I was singing,' said she,

'When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee!'

"Her love was perfect. Her tuneful spirit caught a higher strain, and took its part in the harmonies of Paradise."

When Robert Flockhart, a well-known field and street preacher of the last century, was in battle at the Isle of France, as a soldier against the French, he was suddenly moved to sing. So he lifted up his voice, and sang:

"Plagues and death around me fly,
Till he bid I cannot die;
Not a single shot can hit,
Till the love of God sees fit;"

following it with the stanza:

"When I tread the verge of Jordan
Bid my anxious fears subside."

This was the cheerful spirit he always showed. To one who asked him how he could manage to preach every night, he answered: "Man, I have grand pipes!" Of his preaching this may serve as an example. Speaking of the Bible, he said:

"I have just been sitting under its shadow with great delight, and finding its fruit sweet to my taste. There are grand, sweet apples on that tree. There's the apple of justification: 'Justified freely by his grace!' There's the apple of sanctification: 'We are made partakers of his holiness.' There's the apple of adoption: 'Now are we the sons of God?' And, best grace, there's the golden apple of glorification—we'll get that by and by; but 'It doth not yet appear what we shall be.' I mind when I've been in tropical countries, I've seen trees whose fruit seemed as if it wanted to drop into your mouth, it was so rich and ripe. And doesn't the Lord say to us, when we come to this blessed Book now, 'Open thy mouth wide and I will fill it!'"

This hymn before us was first written in Welsh, and then translated into English. Its present form is due to the amendments of Keble. In the *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1882, the first line in the Welsh tongue is given as, "*Arglwydd, arwain trwy'r anialwch.*"

The translation was published by William Williams, as a leaflet, in 1773, with the following heading: "A Favourite Hymn sung by Lady Huntingdon's young Collegians. Printed by the desire of many Christian Friends. Lord, give it thy blessing!" The facsimile of the original leaflet as discovered by Mr. W. T. Brooke was used for the text of the Free Church collection. There is a fourth stanza which is not printed. The first stanza is said to be the translation of Peter Williams, 1771, the second and third are supposed to be by William Williams himself.

Rev. William Williams was born at Cefncoed, near Llandovery, Caermarthenshire, in 1717. He was originally intended for the medical profession, but under the vigorous preaching of Howell Harris, in Talgarth churchyard, he was converted, devoted himself to the work of the ministry, and was ordained as deacon in 1740 in the Church of England. He officiated at first in two small churches in Breconshire—Henry Vaughan's county—and did not by any means confine himself to his parish in preaching the Gospel. The result was that he was summoned before the authorities a score of times, and was denied full ordination. But this diaconate ordination proved enough for Mr. Williams, who became a Calvinistic Methodist, and took Wales at large for his parish. For forty-five years he went everywhere preaching the Word.

It was soon discovered that he was not only an orator but a poet. Being urged, in consequence of this, by his brethren, he prepared a collection of hymns for them, which is substantially the same as that in use to-day. The first issue he called the *Alleluia*, 1745–47, and it was printed in six parts at Bristol. The book called *Hosannah* was published at Bristol in 1759, and in it were fifty-one of his hymns in the English language. In 1859, Mr. D. Sedgwick reproduced this and a later collection.

Mr. Williams merited and received the praise of his contemporaries as a poet of real fire and genius. He did for Wales what Wesley and Watts did for England, or what Luther did for Germany. In 1791, on the 11th of January, he died at his home in Pantycelyn, near Llandovery, having suffered long from a painful illness. He was another of that famous company which centred at Lady Huntingdon's drawing-room.

HAIL, happy day! thou day of holy rest.—S. BROWNE.

One of the two hundred and sixty-six hymns, designed as a supplement to those of Dr. Watts, written by Rev. Simon Browne, who was the eccentric, and possibly insane pastor of the Old Jewry congregation, London, for many long and useful years. This piece breathes the very spirit of religious devotion and content. We have been told that the Pythagoreans would not allow their disciples to pay homage to any of their deities in a thoughtless or careless manner. They insisted that they must come to the temple prepared by meditation at home for their solemn worship. Their minds were to be disengaged from mere secular occupation, so that all their souls' fervor might be thrown into their prayers, or the gods would not hear or answer them. If such was the reverence demanded of their devotees by even the heathen teachers, how much more energetically should we, in the Christian assemblies, bid earth's vanities move from our sight and leave our souls alone!

HAIL, Holy Spirit! bright immortal Dove!—S. BROWNE.

This hymn is from a piece containing twelve stanzas, and the date is 1720. It is reprinted at large in the *Hymns of the Spirit.*

HAIL, sacred day of earthly rest.—THRING, *altered.*

This hymn is by Rev. Godfrey Thring. The second line in each of the stanzas has been changed, in order to adapt it to the music which is set to it. It is an exquisite piece for the close of the Lord's Day. It is said in the Jewish Talmud that, when a man leaves the synagogue for his home on the Sabbath eve, two angels, one of good and one of evil, accompany him. If he finds the table spread in his house and the Sabbath lamps lighted, the wife and children being all ready in their proper attire for the sacred day, then the good angel says: "May the next Sabbath, and all thy Sabbaths, be like this! Peace unto this dwelling, peace!" And to this blessing the angel of evil is forced to add, "Amen!" But if the house is not ready, and no preparations have been made for the holy day, then the angel of evil speaks, and says: "May all thy Sabbaths be like this!" And the good angel answers with tears, "Amen!"

HAIL, the day that sees him rise.—C. WESLEY.

This is a hymn "For Ascension Day," in ten stanzas, 1739. The amendments of this hymn have been to its advantage. "Glorious" triumph was originally "pompous" triumph; "Great Forerunner of our race" was "Harbinger of human race"—and so on. The "hymn-mender" is not by any means to be rashly despised; and, while the original form of Wesley's hymns is generally too good to be amended, there are cases—like the present—where some one *has* "mended" without "marring." In the preface to John Wesley's hymn-book, 1779, he says, and we quote from the original page now before us:

> "And I here beg leave to mention a thought which has been long upon my mind, and which I should long ago have inserted in the public papers, had I not been unwilling to stir up a nest of hornets. Many gentlemen have done my brother and me (though without naming us) the honor to reprint many of our hymns. Now they are perfectly welcome so to do, provided they print them just as they are. But I desire they would not attempt to mend them; for they really are not able. None of them is able to mend either the sense or the verse. Therefore I must beg of them one of these two favors: either to let them stand as they are, to take them for better or worse; or to add the true reading in the margin, or at the bottom of the page, that we may no longer be accountable either for the nonsense or for the doggrel (*sic*) of other men."

Of hymn-mending, Christophers has this to say further:

> "The Wesleys are seen mending Herbert and Watts; Toplady and Madan are found hashing and re-cooking Charles Wesley. Somebody else is trying to improve Toplady. Heber makes free with Jeremy Taylor. Montgomery is altering—and altered. Keble and Milman and Alford are all pinched and twisted and re-dressed in turn. Among all these menders, John Wesley was perhaps one of the best. He was positively sure that nobody could mend his own hymns, but he was not scrupulous in mending other people's."

The whole subject is exhaustively discussed by Professor Park in *Hymns and Choirs*, Andover, 1860.

HAIL, thou God of grace and glory.—AVELING.

The Rev. Thomas William Baxter Aveling, D.D., the author of this hymn, was born at Castletown, in the Isle of Man, May 11th, 1815. He was of Irish descent on his mother's side, a fact which sufficiently accounts for his fervid eloquence in the pulpit.

In early life Dr. Aveling had no religious help from his parents, who were not pious people. His education was received in the school of Mr. James Smith, in Cambridgeshire, where he afterward became an usher. He then entered Highbury College to study for the Congregational ministry. After four years at Highbury he was ordained at Kingsland, a suburb of London, October 11th, 1838. In this charge he has continued from that date until his death, which occurred July 3d, 1884. Dr. Aveling was at first co-pastor with Rev. John Campbell, the African traveller, but succeeded him at his death two years later and retained his post, honored, beloved, and attracting large congregations to the close of his life. His pastorate covered a period of forty-six years. Dr. Aveling died at Reedham, where for thirty-six years he had been honorary secretary of the Asylum for Friendless Children. Within those walls he finally passed away.

The present hymn is one of four which were sung at the Jubilee of the old Congregational Chapel, Kingsland, June 16th, 1844.

HAIL the night, all hail the morn.—ANON., 1837.

This piece is from an anonymous volume of *Christmas Carols*, London, 1837. In the *Sabbath Hymn-Book* it is No. 278, and is marked as "From the German."

HAIL, thou once despiséd Jesus.—BAKEWELL.

The author of this hymn was John Bakewell, the friend of Thomas Olivers, at whose house, in Westminster, Olivers wrote his famous lyric, "The God of Abraham praise." The present composition may justly be considered as a hymn of equal merit, for its solemn and pathetic melody of praise and love. We have nothing else authentic from Bakewell's pen. The brief particulars of his life by no means represent his Christian activity and success. He was born in Derbyshire, England, at Brailsford, in the year 1721. When about eighteen he was much affected by reading Boston's *Fourfold State*, and, in the year 1744, he is known to have begun to preach the Gospel in his own neighborhood. He was next associated with the Wesleys and the Methodist connection in London, where he carried on the "Greenwich Royal Park Academy," and was (from 1749) a local preacher. He frequently appeared in the pulpit, and he wrote other hymns, but this is the only one of whose authorship we feel quite secure. Mr. Bakewell finally gave it to Toplady, who altered it to suit his own views, and published it in his *Collection*, in 1776. It had appeared in an abridged form, in 1760, in Madan's hymn-book. It was first included, however, in a collection of *Hymns Addressed to the Holy, Holy, Holy, Triune God*, in 1759. The original form is found in Christophers' *Epworth Singers*, and the form in *Laudes Domini* is that given by Lord Selborne in the *Book of Praise*. This differs merely in a few words from what Bakewell originally wrote, and these changes may be fairly supposed to have received his sanction.

His life was not more useful than it was long. His tombstone, near that of his friend John Wesley, in City Road Chapel, reads:

Sacred to the Memory
OF
JOHN BAKEWELL,
LATE OF GREENWICH,
WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH 18, 1819,
AGED NINETY-EIGHT.
HE ADORNED THE DOCTRINE OF GOD, OUR SAVIOUR,
EIGHTY YEARS,
AND PREACHED HIS GLORIOUS GOSPEL
ABOUT SEVENTY YEARS.
"The memory of the just is blessed."

When he was beyond his fourscore and ten years he wrote a letter on brotherly love, published in *The Methodist Magazine* for July, 1816. The hymn "Jesus hail enthroned in glory," is part of this present piece, as is also "Paschal Lamb by God appointed."

It is instructive for us to add to this hymn Bakewell's prayer, written when he was very old, and published in the *Methodist Magazine*:

"May God of his infinite goodness grant that we and all serious Christians of every denomination, may labor for a perfect union of love, and to have our hearts knit together with the bond of peace, that, following after those essential truths in which we all agree, we may all have the same spiritual experience and hereafter attain one and the same kingdom of glory."

Hail to the brightness of Zion's glad morning.—Hastings.

The date of this hymn is 1830. Its four stanzas appear in *Spiritual Songs*, 1833.

Hail to the Lord's anointed.—Montgomery.

The poet recited this hymn at the close of an address in the Wesleyan Chapel, Liverpool, April 14th, 1822, Dr. Adam Clarke being in the chair. Dr. Clarke was so pleased with it that he begged the manuscript and printed it in his own commentary beside the 72d Psalm, of which it is a version.

In the *Original Hymns* of Montgomery, 1853, this is No. 267, and is entitled "The Reign of Christ on Earth. Ps. 72." The date is, of course, 1822.

Hail to the Sabbath-day.—Bulfinch.

Rev. Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch, D.D., was born in Boston, June 18th, 1809, and was the son of Charles Bulfinch, who distinguished himself as the architect of the National Capitol at Washington. To that city the architect removed his family in 1818, and his son was graduated at Columbian University, Washington, 1827, and at the Theological School in Cambridge, Mass., 1830. Dr. Bulfinch was a Unitarian, and commenced his public work as an evangelist in Georgia. He was ordained by Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., of Charleston, S. C., January 9th, 1831. During the succeeding years he had settlements in Pittsburgh, Pa., 1837; Washington, D. C., 1838; Nashua, N. H., 1845; Dorchester, Mass., 1852; and at East Cambridge, Mass., 1865. His death was caused by a sudden attack of heart disease, at East Cambridge, Mass., October 12th, 1870. This hymn is an excellent one; it appears in its original form in *Contemplations of the Saviour*, 1832, and was reprinted in the *Poems*, 1834, and in *Lays of the Gospel*, 1845. In the latest revision, following a practice not always to be commended, the author added three stanzas, of no especial value, to his former work. The abilities of this writer are liable to be underrated. In poetry he was chiefly known to his own denomination, and his best repute was of his religious hymns. When his first little volume of poems was issued in Charleston, 1834, there were (so Dr. Putnam states) only five copies sold, of which Dr. and Mrs. Gilman considerately bought three.

HALLELUJAH ! best and sweetest.—CHANDLER, *tr.*

This line is sometimes written "Alleluia, best," etc. It is a translation from the "*Alleluia, dulce carmen,*" attributed by some to the thirteenth century. See "The Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns."

HALLELUJAH ! fairest morning.—BORTHWICK, *tr.*

This is taken from *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, and is the translation, by Miss Jane Borthwick, of the hymn, "*Hallelujah, schöner Morgen,*" by Rev. Jonathan Krause, who published it in 1732. It has been sometimes wrongly ascribed to Schmolke, who wrote, "*Hallelujah, Jesus lebt,*" which is itself often confused with the "*Hallelujah, Jesus lebt*" of Christian Garve, 1742–1798. Jonathan Krause was born in Silesia in 1701, and was pastor in Liegnitz.

HARK ! my soul, it is the Lord.—COWPER.

The eloquent words of Archdeacon Farrar are an appropriate comment on this hymn :

"And when I think on all this, when I remember that love is 'not so much a virtue as a substratum of all virtues, the virtue of virtue, the goodness of goodness ;' when I think that '*God is love ;*' when I read that amid the unnumbered choirs of heaven, each shall retain his individual life, and have a name which none knoweth save himself ; when I see the latent germs and possibilities of goodness which exist even in the worst ; when I think that a wretched, sinful man is but the marred clay of some sweet, innocent and lovely child ; when I read how Jesus so loved our race that he left the glory of heaven to die amid its execration ; when the Gospel tells me *Who* it is that searches for the lost sheep until He finds it ; *Who* wept on the neck of the prodigal ; *Who* suffered the harlot to bathe His feet with tears ; *Who* prayed for His murderers ; *Who* with one look of tenderness broke the heart of His backsliding apostle ; *Who* in one flash of forgiveness made of the crucified robber a saint of God ; when the boundless promises of Scripture crowd upon my mind ; when I recall the hymn which we sing :

'Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above,
Deeper than the depths beneath,
True and faithful, strong as death,'—

when I read that God will not forget His people though the mother may forget her sucking child, then there come into my mind two thoughts : of hope for ourselves, and of hope for all the world !"

Our hymn was first published in the *Gospel Magazine*, 1771. We find it also in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, in six stanzas, under the heading "Lovest thou Me?" It is Book I., No. 118, and is based on the Gospel of St. John 21 : 16. We do not a little admire and rejoice when we discover that the very next hymn in the *Olney Collection* is written by Newton upon the same Scripture, and is the no less known and no less loved lyric, "'Tis a point I long to know."

HARK, hark, my soul! angelic strains are swelling.—FABER.

In the *Poems* of Rev. F. W. Faber this is a hymn chosen from the seven stanzas of "The Pilgrims of the Night." The metre is the same as that of the famous "St. Paul," of F. W. H. Myers.

HARK! ten thousand harps and voices.—KELLY.

The author of this hymn, Rev. Thomas Kelly, was born in Kellyville, near Athy, County Queens, Ireland, July 13th, 1769. His education was received at the University of Dublin. He was intended for the bar, and was in a fair way to start well, as he was the friend of Edmund Burke. But, being led by his perusal of Hutchinson's *Principia* into the study of Hebrew, he was thus drawn to consider religious truth. One of the works written by the pious Romaine fell in his way, and he was so deeply affected by the volume that he renounced the world and its legal allurements, and gave himself up to the study of theology. For a time his anxiety and earnestness of mind quite took the form of fanaticism. He really endangered his health by his ascetic practices, but after awhile he found the way of justification by faith, and in this he walked to the end of his days.

In 1792 he was ordained in the Established Church, one of his associates being Rev. Walter Shirley, Lady Huntingdon's cousin. Evangelical religion had but little esteem in Ireland at that period, and it is not surprising that the young man and his friends should have attracted the notice of Rowland Hill. In company with Mr. Hill, Kelly shared the fate of being silenced because his preaching was too spiritual for the rector of St. Luke's, in Dublin. Dr. Fowler, the Archbishop of Dublin, closed the pulpits of his whole diocese to these two preachers.

Thus Mr. Kelly became a Dissenter, and established chapels at several different points. In this procedure he had the opposition of his family, as well as that of the archbishop. But he persevered, and consecrated his learning and his musical and poetical abilities to the service of Christ. What this meant it may be well for us to pause and think. This man was to be the hymnist of Ireland in that giant generation of hymn-writers as Williams was of Wales, or Michael Bruce of Scotland.

When about thirty years of age, Mr. Kelly married a lady of similar views to his own, and of considerable property. He continued in his chosen path of duty until 1855, when he had a stroke of paralysis, and died on the 14th of May, aged eighty-six. His last words were, "Not my will, but thine be done"; and when one at his side repeated to him, "The Lord is my Shepherd," he responded, "The Lord is my *everything*."

The sincerity and humility of his life are apparent in his hymns. His first edition of the book in which he collected them was printed in 1804. The third edition, now before us, is dated 1809. The fifth edition, also before us, with the name of Mr. Divie Bethune upon its fly-leaf, came out in 1820. The seventh and last edition appeared in 1853, and drew from the old man the remark that the seven hundred and sixty-seven hymns which it contained, had spanned a space of sixty years, but that there was no difference in the doctrine of the verses, whatever might be the difference in their age.

It is noticeable that Kelly's hymns have lately revived in popularity, owing to the fine tunes to which Miss Havergal has set them. Thus: "From Egypt lately come," "Through the day thy love hath spared us," "In thy name, O Lord, assembling," and "See from Zion's sacred mountain," are among our best-known modern pieces. The date of the hymn before us is that of Kelly's second edition, 1806.

HARK, the herald angels sing.—C. WESLEY.

This is the only hymn by Charles Wesley which has been included in the Church of England's *Book of Common Prayer*. Its history is singular enough. It was written and published in 1739, and appeared in a revised form in 1743. Its place in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* secured for it the early esteem of the Methodists, and its popularity was great. In 1760, or thereabouts, Martin Madan (or, as Prescott hints, John Wesley) changed the first line to its present shape from the original, "Hark, how all the welkin rings." He (or some one else) having done this, and also cut out three stanzas, gave circulation to this abridged form in his *Collection.* No one can tell how it came into the Prayer-book, unless in the same way as some of Doddridge's pieces. The "University printer" who did it certainly showed his good judgment in the selection. We have elsewhere given the most reliable account. But the curious fact remains that, being in, there has been no getting it out. Ritualists have fought against this especial lyric, but in vain. As it could not be settled how it got in, so there is no possibility of breaking over that Anglicanism which

> "Broadens down
> From precedent to precedent,"

and thus reversing the authority which put it there! Hundreds of thousands, therefore, sing this truly catholic hymn, and it is a great favorite at Christmas-time.

HARK, the hosts of heaven are singing.—PLUMPTRE.

Rev. Edward Hayes Plumptre, D.D. (pronounced *plúm-tree*), is the present dean of Wells. He was born August 6th, 1821, and graduated at University College, Oxford, with the highest honors ("double first-class"), in 1844. He took his M.A. degree in 1847; at which time he had been for three years a Fellow of Brasenose College. His ecclesiastical career, like that of other writers chronicled in these pages, is a significant and instructive commentary on the cause of preferment in the Anglican Church. It run thus:

Chaplain, King's College, London, 1847; Professor of Pastoral Theology there, 1853; prebendary of St. Paul's, 1863; Professor of New Testament Exegesis, 1864; assistant preacher, Lincoln's Inn, 1851–58; Select preacher, Oxford, 1851–53, 1864–66 and 1872–73; Boyle lecturer, 1866–67; rector of Pluckley, Kent, 1869; *exchanged parishes with Rev. E. J. Selwyn, vicar of Brickley*, 1873.

Pursuing another line we find the mention of his name as, from 1869 to 1874, one of the Old Testament Company of Revisers of the Bible; as Grinfield lecturer on the Septuagint at Oxford, 1872–74; as Examiner in the Theological School, Oxford, 1872–73, and as Principal of Queen's College, Harley Street, 1875–77. He was installed as dean of Wells, December 21st, 1881.

It is as a poet and as a scholar that Dean Plumptre has his repute. He has written *Lazarus, and Other Poems*, 1864; *Master* *and Scholar* [Poems], 1866, and has frequently published essays and sermons and papers on scholarly topics. *The Bible Educator*—an invaluable compendium of biblical knowledge—was under his editorial care during its four volumes.

The date of this hymn is about 1866.

HARK! the song of jubilee.—MONTGOMERY.

The Moravians have always been most devoted missionaries of the Church of Christ. Their zeal was infused into the being of James Montgomery, whose father and mother died in the West Indies, sent thither by their denomination upon this errand. Hence this hymn, in which the hearty and hopeful spirit of the followers of Zinzendorf can be plainly observed. In Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853, this bears the title "Hallelujah." Its date is 1819.

HARK! the sound of holy voices.—C. WORDSWORTH.

This chorus of triumph was written by Bishop Wordsworth as the hymn for All Saints' Day, and appeared in his *Holy Year*, in 1862. The words on which it is based are the familiar ones found in Rev. 5 : 6. "Hark! the sound of *angel* voices" is an anonymous combination of the sentiment and style of Bishop Wordsworth's and John Cawood's hymns.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy.—J. EVANS (?)

The authorship of this hymn has been disputed, but it seems to be Evans's production. It is first found in *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. Mr. Miller has quite a monograph upon it (p. 298), from which we are inclined to think that the authorship had better not be decided *ex cathedra* by anybody. In *Burder's Collection*, "Come, thou soul-transforming Spirit," it is assigned to Evans; but there is no name given with this present hymn. In Rippon's book it is ascribed to "F——," whoever that may be. Some have conjectured "Francis," some "Foleshill," where Evans lived. The piece does not appear in the manuscript book of Evans, to the best of Rev. G. L. Wither's recollection, who was his successor at Foleshill.

Rev. Dr. Charles Rogers, editor of *Lyra Britannica*, carefully supervised a second edition of his work in 1868. Of this issue but two hundred and forty copies were printed, as he testifies over his own signature in the book from which these notes are enriched. It is the property of Dr. S. Austin Allibone, of the Lenox Library, New York City, and we gratefully acknowledge the kindness which has placed it at our disposal. In this edition Dr. Rogers follows Belcher, who, in 1859, unhesitatingly gave the hymn to Evans. Rev. James King, in *Anglican Hymnology*, 1885, repeats the statement that Evans is presumably, but not certainly, the author.

HARK! what mean those holy voices.—CAWOOD.

A Christmas hymn. The original form is in *Lyra Britannica*, to which it was contributed by the poet's son from his father's manuscript. It has six stanzas, and is one of the thirteen hymns which were composed by Mr. Cawood, and found their way into print without the author's connivance. The date is considered uncertain, but as we have found the hymn in six stanzas in the *Religious Magazine*, 1829, credited to the *Youth's Instructor*, 1829, we feel confident that year, at least, can be safely assigned to it. Miss Havergal, in *Hymns of Grace and Glory*, fixes on the year 1816—for what reason we cannot say. Others give 1819.

HASTEN, Lord! the glorious time.—AUBER.

Miss Harriet Auber wrote this hymn in seven stanzas, and it was printed in her *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829. Its reference is to Ps. 72.

HE comes in blood-stained garments.—BANCROFT.

Mrs. Charitie Lees (Smith) Bancroft contributed this hymn in seven double stanzas to *Lyra Britannica*, 1866. It commences, "The King of glory standeth," and its title is, "Mighty to Save." The date of composition is 1860.

HE gave me back the bond.—SABINE.

This is No. 300 in Bickersteth's *Hymnal Companion*, 1876, where it is credited to "Sabine." It is in five stanzas, with a Scripture reference to Luke 7 : 42. It also appears in Rev. J. H. Brooke's *Gospel Hymns* (St. Louis, 1871), where it is marked "Anon." The name, "Charles Sabine," is sometimes attached, with the date 1857, to the hymn, "Behold the Lamb of God;" but a hymn with that first line is also credited by the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, to Matthew Bridges, 1848. "Charles Sabine" is given as the author of "*The Jewel and the Star*," a volume of poems published in London, 1855, but not containing this piece.

He has come! the Christ of God.—Bonar.

The title given to this piece by its author is "A Bethlehem Hymn." It is in six stanzas, and is accompanied by the quotation, "*Mundum implens, in præsepio jacens*" from Augustine. We find it in the first series of *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, 1857.

He is gone—a cloud of light.—Stanley.

The fine Ascension hymn, "He is gone, and we remain," from which this piece is taken, has seven stanzas. It was written by Dean Stanley in 1859, for the use of a private family, and was first published in *Macmillan's Magazine*, June, 1862. As originally composed its first stanza begins, "He is gone beyond the skies," etc.

Dean Alford, in his *Year of Praise*, 1862, is responsible for the alterations. Differing arrangements are given in *The Church Praise Book* [of H. P. Main and M. W. Stryker], 1881, and *Laudes Domini*, 1884. These include six of the seven stanzas. It only remains for us to add that the entire hymn (from the author's manuscript furnished to Dr. Philip Schaff, on Ascension Day, May 6th, 1869) is printed in the Schaff-Gilman *Library of Religious Poetry*, p. 789.

He lives, the great Redeemer lives.—Steele.

In Miss Steele's *Poems*, 1760, this hymn is entitled "The Intercession of Christ.—Heb. 7 : 25." It has five stanzas.

He that goeth forth with weeping.—Hastings.

The date of this hymn is 1836, at which time Dr. Hastings prepared the *Christian Psalmist*. He had been assiduously laboring to improve the standard of current hymnody, and this hymn may be taken as a true expression of his own feelings in sowing precious seed.

He that hath made his refuge God.—Watts.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts's version of Ps. 91, L. M. It is entitled "Safety in Public Dreads and Dangers," and has six stanzas. A very quaint story is told in the Talmud about Rabbi Akiba. He was once journeying, and had with him a rooster, an ass and a lamp. At nightfall he sought shelter in a village, but was inhospitably refused. "All that God does is well," he said, and proceeded to the forest. There he lit his lamp, but the wind would not suffer it to burn. "All that God does is well," he repeated. The ass then escaped, and was quickly devoured by wild beasts, and even to this he made the same pious response. Then the fowl flew away without eliciting so much as a murmur from his lips. But in the morning he perceived that the enemy's troops had passed that way; the village was destroyed, and he owed his own safety to the darkness and the silence. If the lamp had burned, or if the ass had brayed, or if the cock had crowed, he would have been noticed, and might have been instantly killed. So that, as he set out upon his journey once more, it was with a repetition of his old saying, "All that God does is well."

HE who once in righteous vengeance.—CASWALL, *tr.*

In these stanzas Mr. Caswall has versified the "*Ira justa conditoris*"—an anonymous hymn of the Roman Breviary. It has five stanzas in *Lyra Messianica*, 1865, but as reprinted in *Annus Sanctus*, 1885 (corresponding to the original Latin), it has six, and is styled a "Matins Breviary Hymn."

HEAD of the Church triumphant.—WESLEY.

This noble hymn of praise was composed by Charles Wesley, in 1745, and embraced in his *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution.* Those were days in which England was engaged in the war with France and Spain, and was also occupied at home with the matter of the Pretender, Charles Edward. The country was in a disturbed and agitated condition; there was fear even when there was no actual violence, and there was always enough violence, especially where the preaching of the Gospel was concerned. We have a reference to this hymn in the story of the last days of Bishop Heber, who had grown up under the traditions of that time, and to whom the verses of Charles Wesley were always precious. One who was much with the good bishop in the latter months of his life tells this interesting incident in connection with his love for this particular hymn:

"On returning from church in the morning I was so ill as to be obliged to go to bed, and, with his usual affectionate consideration, the bishop came and sat the greater part of the afternoon with me. Our conversation turned chiefly on the blessedness of heaven, and the best means of preparing for its enjoyment. He repeated several lines of an old hymn by Charles Wesley, which, he said, in spite of one or two expressions, he admired as one of the most beautiful in our language for a rich and elevated tone of devotional feeling :

> 'Head of the Church triumphant,
> We joyfully adore thee.'"

HEAL me, O my Saviour, heal me.—THRING.

Though the Rev. Godfrey Thring commenced hymn-writing in 1861, he has preferred to date his hymns from 1866, when he published them—in the form preferred by him—in *Hymns, Congregational and Others*, and *Hymns and Verses*. The present piece was allowed by him to the *Hymnary*, 1872.

HEAR my prayer, O heavenly Father.—MISS PARR.

Miss Harriet Parr, an English lady, wrote a successful novel called *Sylvan Holt's Daughter*, and was a contributor to Charles Dickens's *Household Words*. In 1856 she prepared a portion of the Christmas story, *The Wreck of the Golden Mary*, which appeared in that magazine. The thread of narrative which connects the various parts is that the "Golden Mary" on her voyage to California encounters an iceberg and is wrecked. The passengers and crew take to the boats, and to pass away the time they are supposed to relate these incidents and experiences. "Poor Dick" Tarrant tells his tale, and then says :

> "'What can it be that brings all these old things over my mind? There's a child's hymn I and Tom used to say at my mother's knee, when we were little ones, keeps running through my thoughts. It's the stars, maybe ; there was a little window by my bed that I used to watch them at—a window in my room at home in Cheshire ; and if I was ever afraid, as boys will be after reading a good ghost-story, I would keep on saying it till I fell asleep.'
>
> "'That was a good mother of yours, Dick ; could you say that hymn now, do you think? Some of us might like to hear it.'
>
> "'It's as clear in my mind at this minute as if my mother was here listening to me,' said Dick. And he repeated :
>
> "'Hear my prayer, O heavenly Father,'" etc.

Miss Parr has written over the signature "Holme Lee," and this is her only hymn. It attracted the notice of Rev. Henry Allon, one of the compilers of the *New* [*English*] *Congregational Hymn-Book*. He applied to Mr. Dickens for permission to use it, who gave him the address of Miss Parr, at York, England, and thus the hymn entered into sacred literature to its author's surprise.

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken.—COWPER.

We find this in the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 65. "The future Peace and Glory of the Church." It is based on Isa. 60 : 15–20.

It is not generally known that several of Cowper's poems and hymns—though not this one to our knowledge—were retouched by Joseph Johnson, the publisher of the *Olney Collection.* He suggested to Cowper, through Newton, that "if Mr. Cowper would not be offended, he could point out lines that might easily be much improved." This the author took in good part—the Christian side of him overcoming the *irritabile genus vatûm*—and he writes, July 7th, 1781, giving Johnson permission to query the lines on the margin. The publisher did so, and the poet conceded the justice of the critiques on verses that "he or his objected to." This is supposed to be the origin of the stanza, "Then hear, O Lord," etc., in "God of my life, to thee I call."

HEAVENLY Father, grant thy blessing.—ANON., 1835.

This hymn is first found in *Sunday-school Union Hymns*, 1835.

HERE I can firmly rest.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

This is Paul Gerhardt's "*Ist Gott für mich, so trete.*" It was composed about the year 1656 (not 1664), and is based on Rom. 8 : 31–39. It can profitably be compared with Luther's "*Ein' feste Burg.*" A translation appears in full in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, p. 130, "If God be on my side." It is in twelve double stanzas.

From this rendering the present hymn in *Laudes Domini* is taken, beginning with the second stanza and utilizing the second, third, fourth and ninth. Montgomery's hymn, "God is my strong salvation," is certainly a free version of this song of Gerhardt. It exactly carries the idea of the two opening stanzas. There is also a translation in the Moravian book (edition of 1789), commencing, "Is God my strong salvation?" It is in eight stanzas, and is spirited and good. It is retained in their later books.

Another and equally beautiful hymn has been also formed from the same translation, commencing, "Since Jesus is my Friend, and I to him belong."

The Epistle for the "Fifth Sunday after Trinity' is printed by Miss Winkworth above her hymn and is Rom. 8 : 31. But there is a collect for that day, which deserves place also. We reprint it from the hymn-book prepared by Dr. Samuel Osgood, and in which Rev. S. Longfellow's vesper hymn reappeared, 1862.

"O God, the protector of all who trust in thee, without whom nothing is strong, nothing is holy; increase and multiply upon us thy mercy, that thou being our ruler and guide, we may so pass through things temporal, that we finally lose not the things eternal. Grant this, O heavenly Father, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

HERE the King hath spread his table.—A. R. THOMPSON, *tr.*

This is from the sacramental hymn of Aquinas, of which "Sion to thy Saviour singing," is the former part. Dr. Thompson's translation appeared in the *Sunday-school Times* for September 29th, 1883, and is in six stanzas.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God.—WATTS.

Dr. Isaac Watts gives this as his version of Ps. 36, L. M. It has six stanzas, and is entitled, "The Perfections and Providences of God; or, General Providence and Special Grace."

"I once joined a party for a day's pleasure trip in the west of England," says an old rambler. "Our plan was to get to the top of the highest hill in the neighborhood, and there for a time take our fill of joy from the grandeur and beauty of the scenes around and beneath us. Alas, for human pleasures! The morning opened with rain, and we were seemingly doomed to disappointment. At length, encouraged by some weather-wise folks, we resolved to accomplish our purpose even at the risk of wet jackets by the way. We climbed the steeps in spite of wind and rain, and came by and by on the highest peak, to some steps leading to the door of an old tower, which from time immemorial had withstood the rush of years and storms. As we mounted these steps we found, to our wonderment and delight, that, on looking out, our eyes glanced along the upper surface of the clouds; and when we had fairly reached the roof of the old tower, there was nothing of our native earth to be seen but the few square feet of stone-work on which we stood. Beneath us was an ocean of clouds; above us were the bright blue heavens. The sun had gone down just to the horizon, where the clear sky touched the cloud-billows. The faint-looking crescent of the new moon was peeping on us, too, from above the offing line of the cloudy deep. We could hear the carol of a lark, but otherwise the silence of nature was profound and solemn. We felt ourselves for once beyond the sight and sound of the world which gave us birth. One voice uttered the key-note, and then, as if we had but one soul we sang:

"'High in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.'"

HOLY and infinite! viewless! eternal!—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This is taken from her *Poems*, p. 31. "The Infinity of God.—Ps. 139:6." It has five stanzas. The author's date is 1872.

HOLY and reverend is the name.—NEEDHAM.

The Rev. John Needham was pastor of a Baptist church at Hitchin, Hertfordshire, England, which he left to become co-pastor of the Pithay Baptist church, Bristol, England, with Rev. John Beddome, about 1746. In 1752 there was a dispute as to the co-pastorate, and he took another charge at Callowhill, in the same city. His *Hymns, Devotional and Moral, on Various Subjects* (8vo), were published in 1768. As we have record of his continuance, until 1787, in his Callowhill pastorate, it is inferred that he died in that year.

HOLY Bible, book divine.—JOHN BURTON, SR.

This hymn appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* for June, 1805, signed "J. B., Nottingham," and is in four stanzas. The author is known as John Burton, Senior, to distinguish him from another of the same name—not, however, his son. He was born—probably at Nottingham—February 26th, 1773. In religious affiliations he was a Baptist, and was closely identified with Sunday-school work. In 1802 he published the *Youth's Monitor*, and followed it with *Hymns for Sunday-schools*, in two parts, whereof one contained thirty-six and the other sixty hymns of his composition. The latter part appeared at Nottingham, 1806. Among the number of his Sunday-school hymns we find, "Time is winging us away."

In 1805 Mr. Burton married, and removed, in 1813, to Leicester. He was a friend of the famous Robert Hall, of Cambridge, edited the *Nottingham Collection* of hymns (ninth edition, 1823), and wrote a voluminous mass of pieces of little or no merit, which are painfully evident to any one who examines the files of the *Evangelical Magazine*. The two hymns by which he is remembered have themselves almost escaped into the limbo of forgetfulness. Mr. Burton died June 24th, 1822.

HOLY Father, cheer our way.—R. H. ROBINSON.

No other hymns bearing the name of Mr. Robinson are known to be in use. He has himself eluded the strictest search until recently; but we are now well assured as to some points in his personal history. His full designation is Richard Hayes Robinson; he was born in 1842, and he is a clergyman of the Church of England. Having received his education at King's College, London, he was ordained to the ministry in 1868. The curacy of St. Paul, Penge, which he held from 1867 to 1869, had been given him when he was still a deacon. From this position he was transferred to be the minister of the Octagon chapel, Bath, which he served until 1871. He was then curate of Weston, and, later on, we find him the rector of St. Michael, Bath, where he continued until 1879. His present residence is Sion-Hill Place, Bath, and he is known to contemporary literature as the author of *Sermons on Faith and Duty*, 1873. This book has been issued in a second, and perhaps also in a third edition.

HOLY Father, hear my cry.—BONAR.

This is a "Child's Prayer, Prov. 8 : 17," in Dr. Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857. It has four stanzas.

Dr. William Reid, in his *Praise Book*, third edition, 1873, included everything of his friend's composition which could be utilized for religious worship.

HOLY Father, thou hast taught me.—NEALE.

It is probable that this hymn emigrated to America, and was recognized first, in 1864, by the *Hymns of the Spirit*, where it is anonymous. The original of it is, "Blessed Saviour, who hast taught me," which is one of Dr. John Mason Neale's *Hymns for Children*, which were published in three series, 1844, and later.

HOLY Father, we address thee.—PETERS.

Mrs. Mary (Bowley) Peters was the wife of Rev. John McWilliam Peters, the rector, 1822, of Quenington, Gloucestershire. In 1825 he became vicar of Langford, Berkeshire, and had charge also of the chapel of Little Farringdon, Oxfordshire. He died in 1834. Mrs. Peters's hymns are in *Hymns Intended to Help the Communion of Saints* (fifty-eight in number, 1847).

Mrs. Peters was the daughter of Richard Bowley, of Cirencester, and was born in that borough. She wrote, in seven volumes, *The World's History from the Creation to the Accession of Queen Victoria*—a title which sadly needs punctuation. She died at Clifton, England, July 29th, 1856. Others of her hymns are: "Jesus, how much thy name unfolds," and "Through the love of God, our Saviour," by which last she is best known.

HOLY Ghost, the Infinite.—RAWSON.

This hymn commences, "Come to our poor nature's night," and is in the *Leeds Collection*, 1854, to which its author contributed it. There are nine stanzas.

HOLY Ghost! with light divine.—A. REED.

The Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., was born in London, November 27th, 1787. He was intended for a commercial life, but decided to study for the ministry, and took the regular course at Hackney College. He was then called to the pastorate of the church of which he was a member (New Road Chapel), and was ordained November 27th, 1811. Here he continued a popular and successful minister all the rest of his life. In 1834 he visited America, and was honored with the degree of D.D. by Yale College. He published a *Supplement to Watts* in 1817, and in 1841 he issued a revised and greatly enlarged collection of hymns. In this there are twenty-seven by himself and nineteen by his wife, who was a Miss Elizabeth Holmes. Dr. Reed died at Hackney, London, February 25th, 1862. He was a man of marked benevolence and spirituality.

HOLY, holy, holy Lord.—MONTGOMERY.

In the *Original Hymns* of Montgomery, 1853, this is Hymn I., "Thrice Holy!" with the Scripture reference to Isa. 6:3. It has three stanzas.

HOLY, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!—HEBER.

This is Bishop Reginald Heber's "Trinity Hymn," and one of the noblest that he ever wrote. It comes from the collection published in 1827, which was a posthumous work, and contained hymns by Milman and others, carrying out Heber's original design of connecting these pieces with the Church services—an idea which has ever since been worn almost threadbare.

It may be useful to compare with this splendid song of praise another and almost unknown hymn, which is found in Miss Warner's *Hymns of the Church Militant*, New York, 1858. She says of the hymn in question: "The old leaf whereon I found 'The Saviour's Merit' (p. 351) was so worn through with use, though the rest of the book was perfect, that some few of the words had to be supplied." There is, of course, a very great deal of difference between Heber's hymn and this somewhat crude composition of an unknown author. But whoever the Moravian or Methodist might have been who wrote this piece, it has the real spirit of adoration in it, beyond almost any of our best lyrics; and it is for this reason worthy of comparison with the smooth and elegant poem before us:

"Saviour, I do feel thy merit,
  Sprinkled with redeeming blood,
And my weary, troubled spirit
  Now finds rest with thee, my God;
I am safe, and I am happy,
  While in thy dear arms I lie;
Sin and hell no more molest me,
  While I feel my Saviour nigh.

"Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Glory be to God on high,
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Sing his praises through the sky;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Glory to the Father give;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Sing his praises all that live!

"Now I'll sing my Saviour's merit,
  Tell the world of his dear name,
That, if any want his Spirit,
  He is still the very same.
He that asketh still receiveth,
  He that seeks is sure to find;
Whosoe'er on him believeth,
  He will never cast behind.

"Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Glorious Christ of heavenly birth;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,—
  Sing his praises through the earth.

Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  Glory to the Spirit be;
Glory, glory, glory, glory,
  To the sacred One in Three!

"Now our Advocate is pleading
  With his Father and our God;
And for us is interceding,
  As the purchase of his blood;
Now methinks I hear him praying,
  'Father! save them—I have died!'
And the Father answers, saying:
  'They are freely justified.'

"Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
  Worthy is the Lamb of God;
Worthy, worthy, worthy, worthy,
  Who hath washed us in his blood.
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
  Holy is the Lord of Hosts,
Holy, holy, holy, holy,
  Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!"

HOLY, holy, holy Lord—God of hosts!—C. WORDSWORTH.

Like all of Bishop Wordsworth's hymns, this dates back to the *Holy Year*, 1862, where it has eight stanzas.

HOLY night! peaceful night!—*Tr.* GERMAN.

The author of this hymn is Joseph Mohr, 1818. It begins, "*Stille nacht, heil' ge nacht*," and is a favorite Christmas carol. The music is by Franz Gruber, born 1787, died 1863. There is another version commencing,

"Silent night, holy night,
All is calm, all is bright."

The words of the original are in Dr. Wichern's *Unsere Lieder.*

HOLY Spirit, come and shine.—S. W. DUFFIELD, *tr.*

This is a translation by Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, of the *Veni sancte Spiritus*, of Hermannus Contractus, the crippled monk of Reichenau, in the eleventh century. There is no stranger series of events than that which now brings this hymn into connection with the name of Hermannus, instead of the usual ascription to Robert II., King of France. See, for the full account, "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

The present translation first appeared in *Laudes Domini*, 1884.

There is another rendering with the same first line, by J. D. Aylward :

> **"Holy Spirit, come and shine**
> **On our souls with beams divine."**

HOLY offerings, rich and rare.—MONSELL.

This does not appear in Mr. Monsell's *Hymns of Love and Praise.* Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Church Hymns*, 1881, has it in five parts, amounting in all to ten stanzas. As the tune to which it is set is "Holy Offerings," and the composer is Richard Redhead, it is safe to infer that the *Church Hymns* was the place of its first publication.

HOLY Saviour! we adore thee.—S. P. TREGELLES.

The hymns of Mr. Deck are mainly in the *Plymouth Brethren's Collection*, edited by him and entitled *Hymns for the Poor of the Flock*, 1838. Others appear in the *Wellington Hymn-Book*, 1857, which contains twenty-seven; and *Hymns and Spiritual Songs for the Children of God*, 1860, in which there are seventeen. The present hymn is now ascribed in Deck's collection (1881) to S. P. Tregelles.

HOLY Spirit! gently come.—HAMMOND.

This is a free version of the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, of Rabanus Maurus, for whom see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." The present translation, in five stanzas, is from Hammond's *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745.

HOLY Spirit! in my breast.—MANT.

Bishop Mant's first stanza begins, "Come, Holy Ghost, my soul inspire!" Our present, in a different metre, is the second. The title is, "Hymn to the Comforter for 'Faith, Hope, and Charity.'" The original has six stanzas, and is found in the bishop's *Ancient Hymns*, 1837.

HOLY Spirit! Lord of light.—E. CASWALL, *tr.*

This is Caswall's best rendering of the *Veni Creator*. It bears date 1848, and is from *Lyra Catholica.*

HONOR and glory, thanksgiving and praise.—DAYMAN.

Rev. Edwin Arthur Dayman is the son of John Dayman, and was born at Padstow, in Cornwall, England, July 11th, 1807. He was educated at Exeter College, Oxford, of which he was a

Fellow in 1828. He entered the ministry of the Church of England in 1835, and became rector of Shilling-Okeford, or Shillingstone, near Blandford, in Dorset, 1842. He was rural dean in 1849, and in 1862 became a prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. To that noted list of ecclesiastical books, the *Sarum Breviary*, the *Sarum Missal*, and the *Sarum Psalter*, Mr. Dayman helped to add the *Sarum* ("*Salisbury*") *Hymnal*, of which he had been one of the compilers in 1868. His own translations from ancient hymns formed quite an important feature of the collection. He was also a contributor to the *Hymnary*, Novello, 1872.

HOPE of our hearts, O Lord appear.—DENNY.

This hymn is taken from Sir E. Denny's *Millennial Hymns*, "The Church waiting for the Son from Heaven.—1 Thess. 1 : 10 ; 4 : 16–18." It has eight stanzas.

HOSANNA ! raise the pealing hymn.—W. H. HAVERGAL.

Rev. William Henry Havergal, M.A., son of Wm. Havergal, was born at High Wycombe, Buckinghamshire, January 18th, 1793. He was rector of Shareshill, Wolverhampton, and canon of Worcester Cathedral, and died at Leamington, April 19th, 1870. His hymns appeared in the Worcester *Diocesan Hymn-Book*, 1849, which he compiled. There are over one hundred in all, some being printed as leaflets. Mr. Havergal is not merely known as one of the best musical composers of his day, but it is as the father of Frances Ridley Havergal that he will be held in affectionate memory.

The present hymn dates from 1833, and was copied by the author for *Lyra Britannica*.

HOSANNA to the living Lord.—HEBER.

This was published in the *Christian Observer*, October, 1811. In the collection issued posthumously in 1827, it was assigned to the First Sunday in Advent.

HOW are thy servants blest, O Lord !—ADDISON.

This piece was originally published in the *Spectator*, where it is described as the production of "a gentleman at the conclusion of his travels." Like Mrs. Adams's "Nearer, my God, to thee," this hymn has been attacked because it contains no direct reference to Christ. The critics, perhaps, forgot that the book of

Esther is also amenable to the reproach of not containing the divine name, and that there are those who worship with the lips while the heart is far away. In a word, they forgot to judge righteous judgment.

So, too, this fine hymn has been censured for halting rhyme, and has been reduced to its present length from ten stanzas. Both of these judgments are narrow and unfair. Hymns are made to be sung, not to be dissected, and especially they are not made to be dissected by very bigoted and conventional judges. This was the third of five hymns, and follows a paper on "The Sea," in the *Spectator*, No. 489, in 1712.

The poet and essayist had embarked at Marseilles in December, 1700, for a foreign tour. While sailing near the shores of Italy a great storm arose. And at this time, while others gave up all for lost and the captain in despair was confessing his sins to a Capuchin friar, the English traveller solaced himself with these verses, which he composed, partly as a description, and partly as a song of trust and praise. Hence this is usually called the "Traveller's Hymn."

The late Dr. Kirk, of Boston, and his companions, travelling in Syria during the sickly season of 1857, made this hymn a part of their regular devotions.

How beauteous are their feet.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's Hymn 10, of Book I. It was first used after a sermon on Isa. 52 : 7, 8, 9, 10; and Matt. 13 : 16, 17. The title given to it is, "The Blessedness of Gospel Times; or, the Revelation of Christ to Jews and Gentiles," and it has six stanzas. The date is fixed as 1707.

How beauteous on the mountains.—Gough.

Benjamin Gough, born 1805, at Southborough, Kent, England, and recently dead, 1883, was a Methodist local preacher who had amassed a fortune in mercantile pursuits in London. In 1832, while living in London, he published *An Indian Tale and Other Poems*, and has been a frequent contributor to Methodist journals. After he became independent in property, he retired to Mountfield, near Faversham, Kent, whence he sent out *Lyra Sabbatica* in 1865, and *Kentish Lyrics* in 1867. His hymns are to be found in these volumes. Miller's critique is that they are "pious and pleasing, without reaching the very highest poetic excellence." The hymn, "Jesus, full of love divine," is doubtfully ascribed to him, as it is not in his works.

How beauteous were the marks divine.—COXE.

The Rev. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., Bishop of Western New York, is the son of Samuel Hanson Cox, D.D., the celebrated Presbyterian clergyman. Between father and son there was waged for years a curious but not uninstructive warfare, respecting the doctrines on which they differed, and also with regard to the spelling of the family name. While there was much of wit and of good humor on both sides, it gave a spice of novelty to the remarks of the brilliant veteran to hear him refer to his son as one who had abandoned his original creed, and had even added an *e* to his name! So, with the utmost of kindly feeling, this little odd debate would be constantly renewed, as it has been in the hearing of the writer.

Bishop Coxe is a gentleman of distinguished ability; a scholar and a poet as well as a man of affairs. He was born in Mendham, N. J., May 10th, 1818; graduated at the University of the City of New York, 1838, and at the General Theological Seminary (Episcopalian) in 1841. He was ordained in St. Paul's chapel, New York City, June 27th, 1841, as a deacon, and became a priest, September 25th, 1842. He was first settled at Morrisania; then in Hartford; then in Baltimore, and, finally (1863) in Calvary church, New York City. While rector of this last church he was elected to the episcopate. He had been previously chosen to be bishop of Texas, but had declined. It was during this rectorship that he wrote the "Soul-Dirge," which has lost nothing of its power or appropriateness by lapse of time.

From January 4th, 1865, he has been the Bishop of Western New York, with his residence at Buffalo; and his writings have been frequent and scholarly. He has contributed prose and verse to current periodical literature, and the list of his works is long and valuable. It is given in full in Batterson's *American Episcopate* (Philadelphia, 1878). His *Christian Ballads*, 1840, have had a larger popularity than any other of his poetical productions. Bishop Coxe is a bold and even impetuous *littérateur*, and is a complete refutation of the idea that a bishop is not expected to be an aggressive or outspoken man.

The present hymn is from *Christian Ballads*, 1840, where it appears in seven double stanzas.

How blest the righteous when he dies.—BARBAULD.

Mrs. Anna Lætitia (Aiken) Barbauld was born June 20th, 1743, the daughter of Dr. John Aiken, of Kibworth, Leicestershire, England. She was the sister of that Dr. Aiken who edited the *British Poets*, and her early years were spent in an atmosphere of thought and culture. She was instructed in the Latin and Greek languages, and her education was, in point of fact, precisely that which she would nowadays receive at Wellesley, or Vassar, or Smith, or Girton colleges. Personally she was very attractive, having dark blue eyes, a slender figure, and a brilliant mind.

In 1774 this incomparable young lady was married to Rochemont Barbauld, one of her father's pupils, a young man of French Protestant descent, and not—so her niece, Lucy Aiken, thought—her equal in any respect. Indeed, Barbauld was a gesticulating Frenchman, whose position in the Dissenting ministry was nothing in (or to) the world. Dr. Samuel Johnson was sufficiently bitter on the subject when he called him "a little Presbyterian parson, who keeps an infant boarding-school."

This was really the occupation to which she was condemned, and the Rev. Rochemont Barbauld being half-crazy when she married him, at last became altogether crazy, and finally so wildly furious as to be dangerous. Once he attacked her with a knife. This being too much, even for her forbearance, she separated from him, saw that he was secured in a proper asylum near London; and, when he escaped, in 1808, and drowned himself in New River, she fulfilled her duty by writing "an affecting dirge on the event."

Five of Mrs. Barbauld's hymns were contributed to the *Warrington Collection* in 1772; and eleven, including these five, to *Rees and Kippis's Collection*, 1795. She was a sincere Christian, who bore the sorrows of her life without complaint, and who has illustrated her faith in her verses. As the friend of Dr. Doddridge, she comes within the scope of that charmed circle of hymnists who have made English hymnody illustrious. After an old age which was benignant and beautiful, she died March 9th, 1825, having attained to over fourscore years. By the side of this hymn, and as its fit commentary, we transcribe Mrs. Barbauld's lines on life, written when she was grown old, and so written as to obtain the admiration of Wordsworth the poet:

"Life! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part;
And when, or how, or where we met,
I own to me's a secret yet.
  Life! we've been long together,
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
  Choose thine own time;
Say not Good-night,—but in some brighter clime
  Bid me Good-morning."

The present hymn commences, "Sweet is the scene when virtue dies." It has five stanzas, and was composed about 1773.

How brightly shines the morning star.—Sloan, *tr.*

This is sometimes given as the translation by John Morrison Sloan from the hymn, "*Wie herrlich strahlt der Morgenstern,*" of Johann Adolph Schlegel. It is apparently, however, a free rendering, almost a paraphrase of the famous "*Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern,*" of Philipp Nicolai. A comparison of the stanzas with the original (in Schaff's *Deutsches Gesangbuch*, No. 311) will show correspondences too close for this version to belong to any other hymn than Nicolai's; and, at the same time, it will reveal a freedom which makes it almost a paraphrase, or transcription, of Nicolai's theme. The structure of the verse is the same in English as in German.

Philipp Nicolai was pastor in Unna, a town of Westphalia. About the year 1597 a terrible pestilence was raging. Fourteen hundred persons perished; and Nicolai, from his windows, saw the sorrowful processions passing by. He was thus led to meditate very deeply on death and the future life, and this hymn, as one of the compositions in which he expressed his emotion, was first printed in 1599. With it went another, both being appended to his book, which was a work of devout reflection, entitled

"*Freudenspiegel des Ewigen Lebens*;" or, "The Joy-glass of Eternal Life."

The companion piece commences, "*Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme,*" "Wake, awake, for night is flying;" or, "Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling." For these hymns Nicolai himself composed chorales. That for "*Wachet auf!*" has been introduced into Mendelssohn's oratorio of "St. Paul." There are other and closer renderings of the "Marriage Feast Hymn," as this present piece is called. One is,

> "O morning star! how fair and bright
> Thou beamest forth in truth and light,"

and is by Miss Winkworth. Another is, "How bright appears the morning star," a translation by Philip Pusey and Algernon Herbert; and still another, "How lovely shines the morning star," by Dr. H. Harbaugh.

It is also said that the melody of the chorales was suggested to Nicolai by well-known popular songs; and that the one borrowed by Mendelssohn was caught from the notes of the watchman's horn.

This hymn marks an era in German hymnody. Its music is a familiar feature of marriage ceremonies, and many bells chime it forth above the cities' noise. All critics of these verses notice their poetic fervor and personal faith. Indeed, these were of the nature of the man, for Nicolai was born August 10th, 1556, in Mengeringhausen, the son of a clergyman who devoted him "to God and the Church," and he became, after a thoroughly Lutheran education at Erfurt and Wittenberg, a pastor and preacher of notable piety and excellence. People flocked to hear him. He resisted Romanism on the one hand and Calvinism on the other. In 1601, he was addressing immense audiences in Hamburg. His *Christology* is his most celebrated work, but his hymns have been his lasting memorial. He died in Hamburg, October 26th, 1608.

How charming is the place.—S. STENNETT.

This hymn, by Dr. Samuel Stennett, is one of forty which he contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, and is therefore so dated. It has six stanzas.

General Sir Henry Havelock was accustomed to assemble his men for prayer in a chamber in one of the great pagodas in India.

with idols on every side. It was at Rangoon, during the Burmese war of 1824, that his men consequently obtained the name of "Havelock's saints." "Call out Havelock's saints," ordered Sir Archibald Campbell. "He is always ready, and his men are never drunk."

How condescending and how kind.—WATTS.

The Rev. J. Leifchild tells how he was once invited to preach in Berkshire, in a straggling village where there was very little of the Gospel ever heard. The rough element of the place were greatly against the service. Shouts and disturbance attended the opening of the meeting, and a large haystack, the property of his host, was set on fire. But Mr. L. persevered, and opened the service, with a somewhat motley crowd of hearers, by reading the Scripture in a solemn and earnest manner. Then he offered prayer, and felt as though he had secured somewhat of the sympathy of his audience. He next read this hymn, and especially emphasized certain words in its concluding stanza :

"Here we receive repeated seals
Of Jesus' dying love :
Hard is the heart that never feels
One soft affection move."

As he read he heard a dull noise near the door like that of a heavy weight falling. At the close of the meeting, he asked about it—when a man was pointed out who came forward and acknowledged that it was caused by a great stone which he had brought in his hand, in order to hurl it at the preacher when he announced his text. "But," he said, "the prayer of the minister, and particularly the hymn that was read, touched my heart, and no sooner, sir, had you uttered the words,

"'*Hard* is the heart that never feels
One soft affection move,'

than *down dropped the stone.*" With tears in his eyes he then stayed to converse with the clergyman, and at length became a truly devout person, and was even a religious teacher in later years.

The hymn which produced this result is the fourth of Dr. Watts's Book III. It has eight stanzas, and its title is, "Christ's dying Love ; or, our Pardon bought at a dear Price."

How did my heart rejoice to hear.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 122 C. M. It has six stanzas, and he entitles it, "Going to Church."

Old as these words are—they belong to the year 1719—they express ideas which are still fresh and new. David's language was not antiquated in Watts's day nor is Watts's hymn antiquated now. More than ever do we feel, at the present time, the value of the house of God as a haven and refuge for the soul. Christianity has a vital bearing on daily life. This has been so pointedly conceded by Robert Buchanan, the poet, in his novel, *The New Abelard*, 1883, that we quote his exact words:

> "He had refined away his faith until it had become a mere figment. Christ, the Divine Ideal, had been powerless to keep him to the narrow path, whereas Christ the living Lawgiver would have enabled him to walk on a path thrice as narrow, yea, on the very edge of the great gulf, where there is scarcely foothold for a fly. I who write these lines, though perchance far away as Bradley himself from the acceptance of a Christian terminology, can at least say this for the Christian scheme—that it is complete as a law for life. Once accept its facts and theories, and it becomes strong as an angel's arm to hold us up in hours of weariness, weakness, and vacillation. The difficulty lies in that acceptance. But for common work-day use and practical human needs, transcendentalism, however Christian in its ideas, is utterly infirm. It will do when there is fair weather, when the beauty of art will do, and when even the feeble glimmer of æstheticism looks like sunlight and pure air. But when sorrow comes, when temptation beckons, when what is wanted is a staff to lean upon and a divine finger to point and guide, woe to him who puts his trust in any transcendental creed, however fair!
>
> "It is the tendency of modern agnosticism to slacken the moral fibre of men, even more than to weaken their intellectual grasp. The laws of human life are written in letters of brass on the rock of Science, and it is the task of true Religion to read them, and translate them for the common use. But the agnostic is as short-sighted as an owl, while the atheist is as blind as a bat; the one will not, and the other cannot, read the colossal cypher, interpret the simple speech of God."

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.—KEITH (?)

This was first given to the Christian churches in Rippon's *Selection of Hymns from the Best Authors*, published in 1787. There appeared only the letter "K——" to fix the authorship. In later editions of that book, the sign was changed to "Kirkham;" but examination among the pieces of Thomas Kirkham, published in 1788, does not show this one. Neither is it the work of Caroline Keene, nor (as D. Sedgwick held) of Rev. William Kingsbury. The origin of the hymn is only conjectural; but now most compilers have agreed in crediting it to George Keith, a publisher and bookseller in London. He was the son-in-law of Dr. Jno. Gill, and, as the clerk, led the singing in the congregation for many years. A few critics, induced by Mr. Spurgeon's hymn-book, which assigns the piece to "Kirkham or Kennedy," are lately inclined to discredit even Keith. But Kennedy also eludes us entirely. Rippon marked four hymns with "K—."

In its original form the hymn was called "Precious Promises," and had seven stanzas. In the course of years the text has been much altered. One peculiarity is noticeable in the last line of the closing verse. The very singularly repetitious grouping of words reminds us that a similar style of expression is found in the passage of Scripture (Heb. 13 : 5) upon which the hymn is in some measure constructed. There are, in the Greek text, five negatives grouped in a single sentence. In our language, the rule says: "Two negatives are equivalent to an affirmative." Not so here; each adds its meaning with all the intensity of a cumulative force. "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee," as in the Common Version, is strengthened much in the New Revision, so that it stands: "I will in no wise fail thee, neither will I in any wise forsake thee."

"Once in the old Oratory at evening devotion in Princeton Seminary," as Dr. C. S. Robinson relates, "the elder Dr. Hodge, then venerable with years and piety, paused as he read this hymn, preparatory to the singing, and in the depth of his emotion was obliged to close his delivery of the final lines with a mere gesture of pathetic and adoring wonder at the matchless grace of God in Christ, and his hand silently beat time to the rhythm instead:

'I'll never—no, never—no, never—forsake!'"

In the *Western Sketch-Book*, by Rev. James Gallaher, he mentions a visit to General Jackson at the Hermitage in September, 1843:

"The old hero," says Mr. Gallaher, "was then very frail, and had the appearance of extreme old age; but he was reposing with calmness and confidence on the promise and covenant of God. He had now been a member of the church for several years." During the conversation which took place, General Jackson turned to Mr. G., and remarked: "There is a beautiful hymn on the subject of the exceeding great and precious promises of God to his people. It was a favorite hymn with my dear wife, till the day of her death. It commences thus: 'How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord.' I wish you would sing it now." So the little company sang the entire hymn in its seven stanzas.

How gentle God's command.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 340, "God's Care a Remedy for Ours.—1 Peter 5 : 7." It has four stanzas. In the last we read:

"His goodness stands approved
Down to the present day."

This is a good illustration of the prosaic lines which intrude into the very best of Doddridge's verse. It must be conceded that he has been improved, and not harmed, by the labors of the hymn-mender. He might appropriately have addressed his literary critics in the words of Milton:

"What in me is dark,
Illumine; what is low, raise and support."

How helpless guilty nature lies.—STEELE.

This hymn is found in the enlarged collection of Miss Steele's pieces, published by her friend, Dr. Caleb Evans, in three volumes, 1780, but it is not in the previous edition (two volumes, 1760). Dr. Evans also included it in six stanzas, in his own *Collection*. There is a short-metre modification of this hymn found in the present *Methodist Episcopal Hymnal*, which has been formed by obliterating two syllables in the first line of each stanza. It begins, "How helpless nature lies."

Antoninus, arguing with Rabbi Judah, said to him: "Cannot the soul, freed from the body at the day of judgment, lay the blame of its sin on the body? Can it not declare that the sin belongs to the body and no longer to it, since the body alone caused it to sin?" But Rabbi Judah answered: "There was a king who had a fine orchard of fig-trees. To guard it he placed two watchers, one blind and one lame, thinking that thus he would prevent them from being themselves tempted. But the lame man said to his companion, 'I see very fine figs. Carry me to the tree that we may partake of them.' So the blind man carried the lame man, and the figs were stolen. Then came the king and demanded what had become of his choicest figs. The blind man replied: 'I do not know; I cannot even see them!' And the lame man made answer: 'Neither do I know; I am lame and cannot even approach the tree!'

But the king was wise. 'Lo! I perceive,' said he, 'that the blind carried the lame.'" And he gave orders to punish them both.

"Thus it is with us," continued Rabbi Judah, "the soul and the body are but one man. Neither can one of them charge the commission of sin upon the other."

How pleasant, how divinely fair.—Watts.

The title given to this hymn is, "The Pleasure of Public Worship." It has seven stanzas, and is the version of Ps. 84, first part, L. M.

How pleased and blest was I.—Watts.

We have here Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 122, P. M. "Going to Church" is the title, and it is in five stanzas.

How precious is the book divine.—Fawcett.

This is from Rev. John Fawcett's *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*, 1782. It is suggested by the 105th verse of the 119th Psalm, "Thy word is a lamp unto my feet." The hymn receives an illustration from one of those old parables of which the ancient Hebrews were so fond.

A traveller, it is said, was passing through a gloomy forest in the night. He feared the robbers, and he could not see his way. Finally he discovered a torch, by whose light he went on without fear of pitfalls and wild beasts. But still he was in mortal dread of the robbers. At length he emerged into the highway, and then felt at ease. The darkness, so the interpreters add, is the lack of religious knowledge; the torch is God's precepts; the forest is the world; beyond the forest shines out the unclouded sun of divine love.

How sad our state by nature is.—Watts.

In Dr. Spencer's *Pastor's Sketches* occurs a very suggestive incident connected with this hymn. He had given out the piece to be sung, forgetting the possible application it might have to the case of a young woman then under deep anxiety of mind. The account proceeds:

"The next day she came to tell me that she had made a new discovery. 'Well,' said I, 'what is it that you have discovered?' 'Why, sir,' said she, 'the way of salvation all seems to me now perfectly plain. My darkness is all gone. I see now what I never saw before.'

"'Do you see that you have given up sin and the world, and given your whole heart to Christ?'

"'I do not think that I am a Christian; but I have never been so happy before. All is light to me now. I see my way clear; and I am not burdened and troubled as I was.'

"'And how is this? What has brought you to this state of mind?'

"'I do not know how it is, or what has brought me to it. But when you were reading that hymn last night, I saw the whole way of salvation for sinners perfectly plain, and wondered that I had never seen it before. I saw that I had nothing to do but to trust in Christ:

'A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.'

"'I sat all the evening just looking at that hymn. I did not hear your prayer. I did not hear a word of your sermon. I do not know your text. I thought of nothing but that hymn; and I have been thinking of it ever since. It is so light and makes me so contented. Why, sir,' said she, in the perfect simplicity of her heart, never thinking that she was repeating what had been told her a thousand times, 'don't you think that the reason that we do not get out of darkness sooner is that we don't believe?'"

Dr. Doddridge conversing one day with his pupils at Northampton on the various ways in which Christians met death, said: "I wish that my last words may be those lines of Watts:

'A guilty, weak and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.'"

How shall I follow him I serve?—CONDER.

This hymn breathes the sentiment most conspicuous in Mr. Josiah Conder's life. It is not a great hymn, but it is a very useful one, and has its commentary in the experience of Rev. William Kingsbury, author of "Let us awake our joys." That good man said:

"O my soul! preach all thy sermons repeatedly to thyself; that, while I caution others against counterfeits, I may not myself lose the reality." "I have found," he said, on another occasion, "that the edge of the soul has been so blunted by a single hour's unprofitable conversation, as to injure its peace and advancement for many days."

How shall the young secure their hearts?—WATTS.

This is Ps. 119—fourth part, C. M., "Instruction from Scripture." Of this Psalm Dr. Watts says that he has "collected and disposed the most useful verses . . . under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connection." The present piece is in eight stanzas.

How sweet and awful is the place.—WATTS.

This hymn is No. 13 of Book III., with the title, "Luke 14 : 17–22, 23. Divine Love making a Feast, and calling in the Guests." It has seven stanzas. It is a well-beloved communion hymn, and there are many persons who have associated it, beyond change, with the old tune "Dundee."

How sweet the name of Jesus sounds.—NEWTON.

It is probable that this hymn is an echo, or paraphrase, of the great Latin hymn of St. Bernard of Clairvaulx, for whom see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." In the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, it is entitled "The Name of Jesus," and has seven stanzas. The Scripture text is Solomon's Song 1 : 3.

A short time before his death, Rev. John Deck, a devoted servant of Christ, in Hull, England, asked that this hymn might be sung. There was a most pathetic appropriateness in the request when we remember that he had been a patient curate of St. Stephen's church, and that his missionary work was from door to door. and was environed with many hardships and privations.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight.—J. SWAIN.

The author is Joseph Swain, born in 1761, at Birmingham, England. He was early left an orphan and apprenticed to the trade of an engraver. It is reported of him that in his youth he was fond of wild and gay society, and that his gift of song was employed in the composition of such lyrics as would please his associates. He is said, also, to have written some plays. But after a time he came under the influence of serious thoughts, purchased a Bible, and, by reading the sacred words, was hopefully converted to a new and better life. His memoir, appended to the last edition of the *Walworth Hymns*, 1869, gives the date of his baptism by Rev. Dr. John Rippon, as May 11th, 1783. From this profession of his faith he never afterward departed, and he gradually developed into an active and useful Christian of more than ordinary abilities. This led to his entering the ministry, and, in 1791, he took charge of a mission field in East Street, Walworth, London. The *Walworth Hymns*, 1792, which included his previous pieces, and which consisted entirely of his own compositions, numbered one hundred and ninety-two. His labors were blessed, and his church-membership increased from twenty-seven to two hundred in a very short time. The building itself was enlarged on three occasions. But his feeble constitution yielded to the strain of this severe work, and after two weeks' illness he died, in his thirty-fifth year, April 14th, 1796.

When trouble and sorrow are the portion of God's people, and when the faint-hearted separate from their brethren, then, the Rabbins say, two angels come to the deserter. They lay their hands on his head and pronounce against him the solemn sentence: "This one shall not see the comfort of the congregation." For it was one of the finest of the old Jewish rules that no man had a right to go home and eat and drink "when trouble came to the congregation." And of Moses they were wont to remember that he sat neither on a chair nor a cushion, in the day of the battle with Amalek, but on a stone, as if he had said: "I will share somewhat of their hardship."

How sweet to leave the world awhile.—KELLY.

This hymn is found in Thomas Kelly's third edition, 1809, and that is about its date. It has six stanzas, and is based on Matt. 18 : 20. To which we may add Gen. 28 : 17.

How vain are all things here below.—WATTS.

We encounter this as the forty-eighth hymn of Dr. Watts's Book II. It has five stanzas, with the significant title: "Love to the Creatures is Dangerous." So it proved; for we are told that the hymn was written after he had been jilted by Miss Elizabeth Singer. There must have been some bitterness in the good Doctor's heart when he wrote,

"Each pleasure hath its poison too,
And every sweet a snare."

Miss Singer (1674–1737) became Mrs. Rowe, and has left a record as the friend of Bishop Ken, and as the author of some hymns published posthumously in 1739. Five of them are in C. Evans's *Collection* (fifth edition, 1786), including "Begin the high, celestial strain."

They are of the orotund variety, much befretted with adornments. Dr. Watts, on the contrary, wrote plainer verse, and remained a bachelor.

How vain is all beneath the skies.—D. E. FORD.

Rev. David Everard Ford is indebted, posthumously, to Rev. E. F. Hatfield, D.D., for rescuing him from religious uncertainty. It was not until the appearance of the *Poets of the Church*, 1884, that Mr. Ford was really established as a Congregationalist.

He was born at Long-Melford, England, a name indelibly impressed on the memory of any lover of George Borrow's *Lavengro* and *Romany Rye.* Here his father, Rev. David Ford, ministered for forty-two years. The son was the eldest of three brothers, and pursued his studies for the ministry at Wymondley College, Hertfordshire. He received his ordination October 11th, 1821, as pastor of the Old Town Congregational chapel, Lymington-on-the-Solent, overlooking the Isle of Wight. Here he remained twenty-two years, until November, 1843, when he accepted a call from a new church—Greengate chapel, Salford, Manchester.

Mr. Ford was a musician, and began in 1823 his publication of *Psalm and Hymn Tunes*, a matter which has occupied much of his attention. The date of the present hymn is given as 1828. It is one of the *Hymns on the Parables of Christ.*

One of the quaint legends of the Talmud relates that Alexander the Great once wandered to the gates of Paradise, and there demanded entrance. The guardian angel asked who was there. In reply, Alexander announced his name. "Who is Alexander?" inquired the angel. "Alexander the conqueror of the world," was the answer. "We know him not," said the angel; "this is the Lord's gate, which only the righteous can enter." Then Alexander prayed for a token that he had indeed reached the gate of Paradise, and he received a bone which was broken from a skull. When this was weighed in a balance against gold, silver, and jewels, it turned the beam in spite of their greater bulk. Then was it revealed to him that this was the bone from the eye-socket of a man, since nothing can satisfy man's desires until he rests in the dust.

I AM so glad that our Father in heaven.—BLISS.

Phillipp Bliss was born in Clearfield County, Pa., July 9th, 1838. His first name was spelled in this singular fashion, and, later on in life, he divided it, and wrote "Philip P. Bliss"—or, more frequently, "P. P. Bliss"—as his signature. When he was only twelve years old he joined, by immersion, the Baptist church of Cherry Flats, Tioga County, Pa. He was thrown much among the Methodists, however, and was early familiar with camp-meetings and revival services. He regarded William B. Bradbury as his instructor and pioneer in sacred song.

In 1864 he removed from Pennsylvania to Chicago, where he entered the service of Mr. George F. Root, and for nearly ten years conducted musical institutes and conventions in the West. The crisis of his life was reached when, in May, 1874, he was approached by Mr. Moody, Major Whittle, and others with a view to his engaging in evangelistic work. As a result, the names of "Whittle and Bliss" became almost as widely known as those of "Moody and Sankey." Indeed it was Mr. Bliss who was the sole author of *Gospel Songs.* His personal singing was one of the charms of any service in which he was engaged. The writer of these lines knew him, loved him and lamented him. It is a memory to be treasured when one has heard Mr. and Mrs. Bliss sing "Waiting and Watching for Me."

On Friday, December 29th, 1876, they left Rome, Pa., for Chicago. During the journey Mr. Bliss was busy with his Bible, and the notes of a new song which he was writing. But at Ashtabula, O., a bridge suddenly broke; the entire train was thrown into the stream below; the cars caught fire, and all that is known further is that Mr. Bliss escaped through a broken window, and lost his life, finally, by returning to save his wife.

At the memorial meeting held in Chicago after his death it was remembered that the last time he sang in that city he had said: "I don't know as I shall ever sing here again, but I want to sing this as the language of my heart." Then he sang: "I know not the hour when my Lord will come."

The present hymn was the rallying song of the Scottish revival. It was suggested to its author by the fact that we sang so much about our love to Christ and so little about *His* love to us.

Mr. Sankey relates that a little dying girl, one of his Thursday evening singing-class, bore beautiful testimony to the power of this hymn:

> "Don't you remember," she said, "one Thursday when you were teaching me to sing 'I am so glad that Jesus loves me,' and don't you remember how you told us that if we only gave our hearts to him he would love us? and I gave it to him."
>
> "What that little dying girl said to me," adds Mr. Sankey, "helped to cheer me on more than anything I had heard before, because she was my first convert."

A missionary of the American Sunday-school Union sang this song in a hamlet in Missouri, where he had just organized a Sun day-school. He then put the question : " Are *you* glad ? If not, why ?" when a young man in the deepest emotion rushed up to him, threw his arms around his neck, and besought his prayers. " Oh, that song !" he cried. " I could not get away from it, and it has saved me !"

I AM trusting thee, Lord Jesus.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This hymn is taken from her *Poems*, p. 255—" Trusting Jesus." It has six stanzas. Miss Havergal's date is 1874.

I ASK not now for gold to gild.—WHITTIER.

The date of this hymn is 1850. It is taken from the piece entitled " The Wish of To-Day," and is by the Quaker poet, John Greenleaf Whittier.

I BLESS the Christ of God.—BONAR.

This is from a hymn in twelve stanzas, found in Dr. Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, second series, 1861, with the title, " Not what these hands have done."

I BUILD on this foundation.—MASSIE, *tr.*

Mr. Massie has made this rendering of Paul Gerhardt's " *Ist Gott für mich, so trete.*" The first line is, " If God himself be for me," and there are eleven eight-line stanzas. Miss Winkworth has also offered a translation of this same piece, for a portion of which we refer the reader to " Here I can firmly rest."

I CANNOT tell if short or long.—KNOWLTON.

This hymn is by a lady, Miss H. O. Knowlton, who was a school-girl in Illinois at the time of its composition. Professor W. F. Sherwin received it from her, through the good offices of one of her teachers, a mutual friend. The author married, removed to Minnesota or Dakota, and disappeared from Mr. Sherwin's knowledge—as he writes under date of February 25th, 1884. Her name, merged in that of her husband, has also escaped observation.

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say.—BONAR.

The title of this hymn is, " The Voice from Galilee.—John 1 : 16." It appears in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, and is in three stanzas.

" The Almighty," says De Tocqueville, " does not generalize." The essence of this lovely hymn is that very thought. It is, "Come unto *me*." . . . "Lay down, *thou* weary one, *thy* head." And so the verses proceed: "*I* came . . . *I* found . . . He has made *me* glad." "Now the care of Christianity," says Bishop Warburton, "is for *particulars*."

I FEED by faith on Christ, my bread.—MONTGOMERY.

This is No. 130 of James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, 1853, in six stanzas, and is entitled "The Lord's Supper."

I HEAR my Saviour say.—MRS. HALL.

Mrs. Elvina Mabel Hall was born in Alexandria, Va., June 4th, 1818. This hymn was written in the spring of 1865 on the fly-leaf of the *New Lute of Zion*. Moreover, we are bound to add that the writer was in the choir gallery of a Baltimore church, and that the pastor was praying, while this poetic inspiration was expressing itself in verse. For some years Mrs. Hall resided, a widow, in Baltimore, Md., but a paragraph in the daily papers of September 10th, 1885, shows that we must now record her by another name and residence. She was married, near that date, to Rev. Thomas Myers, of Woodberry, Md., a gentleman of about eighty years of age.

I JOURNEY through a desert drear and wild.—MRS. WALKER.

Mrs. Mary Jane (Deck) Walker is a daughter of John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, England, and sister of James George Deck, the hymn-writer. She married, in 1848, the Rev. Edward Walker, rector of Cheltenham. Her hymns were mainly contributed to her husband's compilation of *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Social Worship*.

I KNOW no life divided.—MASSIE, *tr.*

This rendering is made from the hymn, "*O Jesu, meine Sonne*," of Spitta (1801–1859), 1833. We are indebted to Mr. Massie himself for much of the information which we possess regarding Carl Johann Philipp Spitta. Dr. Münkel (1861) has also given us a biography of his friend.

Spitta was of humble family. His father was French, and his mother a baptized Jewess. He was born in Hanover, August 1st, 1801, and his earliest years were marked by the presence in his character of gentle and pious traits. His father's death, when the child was but four years of age, threw his care and training entirely on his mother, who seems to have been a woman possessed of much more than ordinary intellect and good sense. The boy was sick from his tenth to his fourteenth year, and this prevented her cherished design of preparing him for the university. He was at length apprenticed to a watchmaker; but the confinement proved irksome, and he solaced himself with his Bible and the writing of hymns. In 1818 he renewed his original purpose of entering the ministry, and, on the death of his younger brother, he set about his preparation in earnest. At first he studied at home. He then was received into the highest class of the school, and in 1821 he was regularly enrolled at the University of Göttingen. From 1824 to 1828 he was a private tutor near Lüneburg—a place aways associated, in the mind of the writer of this notice, with Ernestus, its duke, who struck certain coins on which was the motto, *Aliis servens meipsum contero*—"In working for others I wear myself away." Here at Lüneburg, Spitta wrote many hymns; and in 1828 he began his labors as a Lutheran clergyman at Sudwalde, Hanover.

As might have been anticipated he proved to be a devoted pastor and an evangelical preacher—a man whose earnestness excited opposition as well as approval. In 1830 he assumed the chaplaincy of the reformatory and garrison at Hameln, in Hanover, and in 1833 he published his *Psaltery and Harp*, embracing sixty-six hymns. This sprang into immediate popularity, and in 1861 it had attained a twenty-third edition. Again, his zeal aroused jealousy and resistance, and he was removed in 1837 to Wechold in Hoya, Hanover.

He had been married, October 4th, 1837, to Joanna Mary Magdalene Hotzen, and was ultimately the parent of seven children. His home was the abode of peace and domestic enjoyment, and he was never so happy as when he was singing hymns with his daughters.

In 1843 a second collection of his pieces was issued, which had come to a seventh edition in 1869. He removed not long afterward (1847) to Wittingen, in Lüneburg, where he became superintendent minister. In 1853 he was made chief pastor at Peine, and two years later the University of Göttingen bestowed on him the degree of D.D. He was appointed to the church at Burgdorf, in 1859, and while visiting his district as rural dean was attacked by gastric fever, and died, September 28th, 1859, from a supervening disease of the heart. After his death his scattered unpublished pieces were collected under the title, *Nachgelassene Geistliche Lieder*. Dr. Huntington adds to our information concerning this writer that "most of his hymns were set to music, and that he often sang them at evening with his daughters, perhaps composing both hymn and tune together, as Luther did,—the harmony of the voices and the melody of the words being such that crowds of people used to gather under his windows to listen."

I KNOW that my Redeemer lives—C. WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. The original has twenty-three stanzas. It bears the title, "Rejoicing in Hope.—Rom. 12 : 12." The second line is, "And ever prays for me."

I LAY my sins on Jesus.—BONAR.

Dr. Bonar entitles this "The Substitute." It was published in his *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, in four stanzas. The inscription indicates that it was founded upon a portion of a Latin hymn of about the fourteenth century:

"Jesu plena caritate
Manus tuæ perforatæ
Laxent mea crimina."

This hymn of Dr. Bonar has been traced to the *Bible Hymn-Book*, 1844.

I LEFT it all with Jesus, long ago.—MISS WILLIS.

The name of Miss Ellen H. Willis, an English lady, belongs with this piece. It appears in the *Gospel Songs* of Bliss and Sankey.

I LOVE thy kingdom, Lord.—DWIGHT.

This is the composition of the author of the *Conquest of Canaan*, the Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., LL.D., who was born in Northampton, Mass., May 14th, 1752, and died in New Haven, Conn., January 11th, 1817, as President of Yale College. He had entered the college at the age of thirteen, and was graduated in the class of 1769. He next became a tutor, and, when he resigned this post at the age of twenty-five, the students were unanimous for his election as president. He was finally chosen in 1795, and held the office until his death. The interval between his tutorship and the presidency was spent as a chaplain in the Revolutionary army and as pastor of the Congregational church at Greenfield, Conn. Dr. Dwight is known by his *Theology*, which contains the views of a moderate Calvinist, and has been lately reprinted in England. His piety was pure and gentle, and this hymn expresses with admirable correctness the purpose of his life. He was, in fact, one of the broadest and most scholarly examples of American culture at that period, and his ability had no small share in determining the opinion of other nations in regard to the United States, and the trend of thought and education at home.

Dr. Dwight had been requested by the General Association of Connecticut, in 1797, to complete Watts's version of the Psalms, a task left unfinished by Joel Barlow, the American poet, whose book appeared in 1785. The work was approved in 1800, and consists of a revision of Dr. Watts's Psalms, with such other hymns and additions as Dr. Dwight found suitable. In the edition of *Dwight's Watts* now before us, this hymn is "Ps. 137, third part, S. M.," in eight stanzas.

Dr. Dwight is a wonderful example of energy and application under great physical disadvantages. His sight failed him after his recovery from small-pox, with which, in the barbarous manner of ancient days, he had been deliberately inoculated. For the greater part of forty years he was seldom able to read consecutively for fifteen minutes during the twenty-four; and for days and weeks together his eyes were often useless. The pain behind the eyeballs and in the frontal region of the brain was constant and agonizing. Yet, in defiance of all this, he achieved the results which we have but partially recorded.

I LOVE to steal awhile away.—BROWN.

Phœbe Hinsdale was the daughter of George Hinsdale, the reputed composer of the old tune that bears that name. She was born at Canaan, N. Y., May 1st, 1783, and was left an orphan at two years of age. Her opportunities for education were slight enough. She never, it is presumed, had more than three months of consecutive school instruction, and she was eighteen before she even learned to read. "As to my history," so she wrote to Rev.

Elias Nason, "it is soon told. A sinner saved by grace and sanctified by trials."

Always poor, and pressed by the daily cares of the house, she did not improve her worldly fortune by marriage with Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter, who took her with him to Ellington, Tolland County, Conn. Here she first began to use her pen. Here also she crept away at dusk from her children and her poverty to a grove near by, where she could meditate and pray. The gossips who observed these evening excursions did not fail to put their own coarse construction upon them. It was due to this unkindness that the persecuted woman replied, in the verses which we quote in their original form:

AN APOLOGY FOR MY TWILIGHT RAMBLES, ADDRESSED TO A LADY.

(*Ellington, August,* 1818.)

Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night, with banners gray,
Steals silently the glade along
In twilight's soft array,

I love to steal awhile away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In gratitude and prayer.

I love to feast on Nature's scenes
When falls the evening dew,
And dwell upon her silent themes,
Forever rich and new.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all God's promises to plead
Where none can see or hear.

I love to think on mercies past,
And future ones implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.

I love to meditate on death!
When shall his message come
With friendly smiles to steal my breath
And take an exile home?

I love by faith to take a view
  Of blissful scenes in Heaven ;
The sight doth all my strength renew,
  While here by storms I'm driven.

I love this silent twilight hour
  Far better than the rest ;
It is, of all the twenty-four,
  The happiest and the best.

Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
  May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour
  And lead to endless day.

The compression of this into the five stanzas which form our familiar hymn was effected by the Evangelist Nettleton in his *Village Hymns.* He found Mrs. Brown "in a very humble cottage," at Monson, Mass. Her own account of the origin of the hymn is as follows :

"I had, while living in East Windsor, kept a kind of diary, and continued it in Ellington, Conn. I wrote several scraps of poetry in Ellington, which were published by my brother, Nathan Whiting, in the *Religious Intelligencer*, at New Haven. It was in Ellington that I wrote the 'Twilight Hymn.' My baby daughter was in my arms when I wrote it. I had been out on a visit at Dr. Hyde's, and several were present. After tea one of my neighbors, who I had ever felt was my superior in every way, came and sat down near me, chatting with another lady, without noticing me. Just as I was rising to go home, she turned suddenly upon me, and said : 'Mrs. Brown, why do you come up at evening so near our house, and then go back without coming in ? If you want anything, why don't you come in and ask for it ? I could not think who it was, and sent my girl down the garden to see ; and she said it was you. That you came to the fence, but, seeing her, turned quickly away, muttering something to yourself.' There was something in her manner, more than her words, that grieved me. I went home, and that evening was left alone. After my children were all in bed, except my baby, I sat down in the kitchen, with my child in my arms, when the grief of my heart burst forth in a flood of tears. I took pen and paper, and gave vent to my oppressed heart in what I called 'My Apology for my Twilight Rambles, addressed to a Lady.' It will be found in its original form in an old manuscript among my papers. In preparing it (some years after) for Nettleton's 'Village Hymns,' some three or four verses were suppressed and a few expressions altered. In the original the first stanza was :

'I love to steal awhile away
  From little ones and care.'

This was strictly true. I had four little children ; a small, unfinished house ; a sick sister in the only finished room ; and there was not a place, above or below, where I could retire for devotion, without a liability to be interrupted. There was no retired room, rock, or grove where I could go, as in former days ; but there was no dwelling between our house and the one where that lady lived. Her garden extended down a good way below her house, which stood on a beautiful eminence. The garden was highly cultivated, with fruits and flowers. I loved to smell the fragrance of both (though I could not see them), when I could do so without neglecting duty ; and I used to steal away from all within doors, and, going out of our gate, stroll along under the elms that were planted for shade on each side of the road. And, as there was seldom any one passing that way after dark, I felt quite retired and alone with God. I often walked quite up that beautiful garden, and snuffed the fragrance of the peach, the grape, and the ripening apple, if not the flowers. I never saw any one in the garden, and felt that I could have the privilege of that walk and those few moments of uninterrupted communion with God without encroaching upon any one ; but, after once knowing that my steps were watched and made the subject of remark and censure, I never could enjoy it as I had done. I have often thought Satan had tried his best to prevent me from prayer, by depriving me of a place to pray."

The singular fact regarding this account is not that it is given by the author in simple and touching words, but that it comes to us from the Sandwich Islands. On the 27th of January, 1879, Dr. S. R. Brown, of Yokohama, Japan (Mrs. Brown's son), sent to Dr. Damon of the Sandwich Islands, in reply to his request, a long letter respecting his mother's life and writings. It was printed in *The Friend*, Honolulu, April, 1879, and the statement just given is taken from her autobiography, which is in manuscript, in the possession of her children. This personal history was written at their urgent entreaty in Chicago, in the year 1849.

Mrs. Brown lived at Monson for some thirty years, until about 1849–50. Subsequently, she removed to Henry, Ill., and there died, October 10th, 1861. Her son, who died recently, was the first missionary from America to Japan, and went out under the auspices of the Reformed (Dutch) Church. The autobiography and poems of Mrs. Brown were under the editorial care of Rev. Charles Hammond, who died before the completion of his task.

Dr. Brown in a letter to Dr. Damon gives an incident which will serve to show how deep and abiding have been the Christian influences which she set in motion.

"A month ago I received a sprig and clover-blossom from her grave, sent me by a gentleman in Walton (N. Y.), who always visits the spot when he goes to Monson, his birthplace, because he cannot forget his teacher, having been a member of an infant class she taught there for many years. It was a large class, and she prepared lessons for them that were published by the Massachusetts Sunday-school Society. . . . Her record is on high, and she is with the Lord, whom she loved and served as faithfully as any person I ever knew ; nay, more than any other. To her I owe all I am ; and if I have done any good in the world, to her, under God, it is due. She seems even now to have me in her hands, holding me up to work for Christ and his cause with a grasp that I can feel. I ought to have been and to be a far better man than I am, having had such a mother."

It may be interesting to add that this hymn, which is before us, was (so she told Dr. Wolcott) preserved in her portfolio for a long time unpublished, and was probably rescued by Rev. Lavius Hyde, husband of the hymn-writer, Abigail (Bradley) Hyde. It is also said that Nettleton was advised by Rev. Alfred Ely, D.D. (Mrs. Brown's brother-in-law and pastor of a church at Monson), to apply to Mrs. Brown for some hymns, and this and three others were given to him for his use.

The tune "Monson" was composed for this hymn by Rev. Dr. Samuel R. Brown, her son ; and the tune "Brown" was written for the same purpose by William B. Bradbury, and named in her honor. She contributed also to the *Parish Hymns*, compiled in Philadelphia by S. C. Brace, in 1843, and her pieces were designated in that collection by the reversed initials, "B. H. P."

I'LL praise my Maker with my breath.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 146, P. M. It is entitled "Praise to God for his goodness and truth," and consists of six stanzas. It was with the words of the opening line of this piece upon his lips that John Wesley rose, at the age of eighty-eight, for his last day upon earth. "I will get up," he said, and began singing the stanza. Seated in his chair, he murmured : "Lord, thou givest strength to those that can speak, and to those that cannot. Speak, Lord, to all our hearts, and let them know that thou loosest tongues." Then he started again to sing what proved to be his final song on this side of the City :

"To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree."

But his voice was exhausted, and after gasping a moment for breath, he said : "Now we have done ; let us all go." During the few hours that remained, he often tried to repeat this hymn, but could only manage to utter: "I'll praise—I'll praise." And at the end, he said nothing more, but—"Farewell."

I'M not ashamed to own my Lord.—WATTS.

This hymn is printed at the close of a sermon on 2 Tim. 1:12. It is No. 103 of Dr. Watts's first book of hymns, and has four stanzas, with the title, "Not ashamed of the Gospel."

In relating the account of a visit paid to a minister much broken in health, Dr. Leifchild says:

> "I found but the wreck and remnant only of what I had formerly known him to be. . . . He seemed wholly taken up with trifles, and was muttering a request for sweetmeats, as though he were in reality again a child. I was confounded and appalled at what I saw, and exclaimed: 'What, my old friend, do you not know me?' He gave no response, but simply repeated his former request. One of his daughters then said to me: 'Ask him something about the Scriptures or the Saviour, and you will soon see a vast difference.' Upon this I said to him as if complainingly: 'Well, I see you do not know *me;* do you know *Jesus*, whom I serve in the Gospel?' He started and looked as if just aroused from sleep; when, lifting up his eyes, he exclaimed:
>
> 'Jesus, my God, I know *his* name;
> His name is all my trust;
> Nor will he put my soul to shame,
> Nor let my hope be lost!'"

I NEED thee, precious Jesus!—F. WHITFIELD.

This hymn is found in the Rev. Frederick Whitfield's *Sacred Poems and Prose*, 1859. The author is the son of H. Whitfield, and was born at Threapwood, in Shropshire, January 7th, 1829. He was graduated at Dublin University in 1859; ordained deacon, 1859; ordained priest, 1860; curate of Otley, Yorkshire, 1859–61; rector of Kirkby-Ravensworth, 1861; and has been incumbent of St. John's, Bexley Heath, London, and vicar of St. Mary's, Hastings. He has also been Secretary for Irish Church Missions, and has some repute as an author and poet. This hymn is based on the words, "Unto you who believe, he is precious."

I SEE a man at God's right hand.—BONAR.

In Dr. William Reid's *Praise Book* (third edition, 1873) this hymn is first found. It was taken from the first edition and printed by Rev. J. H. Brookes, D.D., in his *Gospel Hymns*, St. Louis, Mo., 1871. Dr. Reid, in an autograph letter to Dr. E. F. Hatfield, which we have seen, declares that he has included in the *Praise Book* "everything that was singable" of Dr. Bonar's hymns. The author of the *Blood of Jesus*—that wonderful little tract—might well appreciate and introduce his friend's verses.

I SAW one hanging on a tree.—J. NEWTON.

This is part of the illustrious hymn, "In evil long I took delight," and is Book II., No. 57, "Looking at the Cross," in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779. It has eight stanzas.

The life of Rev. John Newton was written by the pious and scholarly Rev. Richard Cecil, and revised by Mr. Newton's own hand. It may therefore be considered as the most accurate account which we possess, as it certainly is one of the most readable. The second edition of this work, London, 1808, is our authority for any statements in the present notice. There is also a later and fuller biography, but the facts which we require are unaltered by it.

John Newton was born in London, July 24th, 1725 ("old style" —*i.e.*, August 4th, of our present reckoning). His parents were "respectable though not wealthy," and his father was for many years the master of a vessel in the Mediterranean trade. In 1748 he entered the Hudson's Bay Company's service, became "governor" of their Fort York, and died in 1750. His wife, Newton's mother, was a godly woman and a Dissenter. She was in feeble health, and of consumptive habit, loving retirement and the care of her only child. She constantly prayed and earnestly hoped for his salvation, and Newton was told that from his birth he had been devoted to the ministry. It was intended that he should receive an education suited to this end, but before he was seven years old his mother died.

The child was rather thoughtful and sedentary, and learned to read (hard names excepted) when he was only four years of age. He also knew the Westminster Catechism with all the appended Scripture texts, and had by heart Dr. Watts's *Child's Catechism*, and all the hymns for children which that father of English hymnody composed. The bearing of these facts on his own future career can easily be estimated.

Newton's father shortly married again, and a step-brother soon "engrossed the old gentleman's notice," as Newton quaintly told Cecil. Hence, with no decided religious teaching at home, and being free to run loose with other wild lads, the boy was in a fair way to become bad himself. He had but two years of schooling—though he educated himself marvellously well, later on—and this period was between his eighth and tenth years. His father was not really neglectful, nor was his step-mother unkind, but somehow the discipline was too severe. Fear of his schoolmaster also, he says, nearly made him "a dolt." He presently lost whatever good his own mother had taught him.

On his eleventh birthday he went on board his father's ship, and made five voyages with him to the Mediterranean. During the last of these voyages he was left at Alicant, in Spain, with a merchant, a particular friend of his father, and could have been settled in a good business. But he was both careless and vicious, and "being his own enemy he seemed determined that nobody should be his friend."

In 1742 his father left the sea, but Newton made one more voyage to Venice, before the mast. On his return he was impressed on board of the "Harwich" man-of-war, and there and then he appears to have abandoned every virtuous principle. It may be that his *Narrative* is, like the great mass of similar productions, rather overdrawn. Very few penitent sinners can preserve themselves from the desire to paint their previous lives as black as possible. And Newton has been more than once criticised for this *Narrative*, which he certainly intended as an ample and honest confession of his past misconduct.

Mr. Cecil's judicious treatment of such a mass of information brings out of it the assurance that Newton's conscience was never completely at ease. "He took up and laid aside a religious profession three or four different times, before he was sixteen years of age." But during all this protracted struggle he confesses that his heart was insincere. He might be, and he was, a Pharisee in rigid performance of duty, but he was only going about to establish his own righteousness. It sounds strangely when one is told that this wild and dangerous scapegrace often fasted and frequently spent a great deal of time in reading the Bible and in prayer. For two years he once held to such a course. "But," he adds, significantly, "it was a poor religion."

About the date when his father gave up his seafaring life, Newton was affected by infidelity. He read Shaftesbury, and liked him. And somewhere in the neighborhood of 1742 he fell violently in love with a lady (a Miss Mary Catlett), who had been destined, strangely enough, both by her mother and his own for his future wife. It was a notably romantic affair. He was so reckless in respect to delaying at her home as to lose an important business opportunity, and when he again visited her in 1743 he did much the same thing. Finally, his impressment on the "Harwich" was caused by his thoughtless wearing of a checked shirt, and so drawing attention to the fact that he was a sailor.

The captain of the "Harwich," at the instance of Newton's father, promoted him to a midshipman's berth. This put him among the gentlemen, but, as a war with the French was threatening, it was the best that could be done, and there was no hope of his release. His delight was now to talk virtue and practice vice —a feature of his character which must have rendered him severe enough in later life, both upon himself and on others. Such is always the outcome of this experience. Augustine is an excellent example.

Newton's habit in those days was "never to deliberate," but to act on the moment's impulse. Hence he deserted at Torbay, but was caught and brought back, like a felon, to Plymouth. He was kept two days in the guard-house—then sent on board ship, stripped and whipped, and degraded from the rank of midshipman to his old place in the forecastle.

As he had been very overbearing to the men he now suffered the natural consequences. He was miserable enough, and full of "eager desire, bitter rage, and black despair." He even plotted suicide. His only restraint was his love for the girl whom he afterward married.

At length he had the chance to be exchanged on board of a Guinea trader, and it all came about through a midshipman having maliciously cut down his hammock and dropped him to the deck! On such slight events turns our fate—as though Ezekiel's flying wheels of Providence rejoiced to whirl upon the slenderest of axles! And now Newton was embarked on that well-known career of wickedness which landed him among the slavers of Sierra Leone. Here he literally was famished, and no one gave unto him. He was reduced to so low an ebb that he was thankful, not exactly for the husks of the swine, but for what may well stand as their equivalent, the food of "the slaves in the chain," who did not even dare to be seen giving it. He received also an abundance of scorn and contempt, for he had landed from the vessel with nothing but the clothes on his back, and was practically a slave to the Portuguese master who employed him.

He appears, moreover, to have had a bitter enemy in his master's black wife, who would visit him in his illness to insult him, and would set her attendants to mock him, mimic his actions, and pelt him with limes and even with stones. This disastrous malignity, whose cause we do not know, wrought out another result. The master was persuaded that his servant cheated him—about the only sin, perhaps, of which that poor wretch could *not* have been convicted! So it goes, always, and the way of this transgressor was only another proof that the Bible has pictured truly the fate of the evil-doer in all its "hardness." But he was unchanged in heart, remaining simply "a tiger tamed by hunger."

Strange as it may appear, he found diversion amid this dreadful suffering in studying mathematics, and mastered Barrow's *Euclid*, drawing the diagrams of the first six books with a stick on the sand. His miserable condition can best be told in his own words:

> "Had you seen me, Sir, then go so pensive and solitary in the dead of night to wash my one shirt upon the rocks, and afterward put it on wet, that it might dry upon my back, while I slept; had you seen me so poor a figure, that when a ship's boat came to the island, shame often constrained me to hide myself in the woods, from the sight of strangers; especially, had you known that my conduct, principles, and heart were still darker than my outward condition—how little would you have imagined, that one, who so fully answered to the *στυγητοὶ καὶ μισοῦντες* ['hateful and hating one another'] of the Apostle, was reserved to be so peculiar an instance of the providential care and exuberant goodness of God."

The nature of his wickedness can be better appreciated when we find him speaking of his "vile, licentious life," and yet referring to his love for the girl he had left behind him in England, as the only good desire he possessed.

After a while Newton was transferred to another trader on the same island—the largest of the three *Plantanes*, near the mouth of the Sherbro River. Here he was treated decently, trusted, and grew almost happy and Africanized. But in the mean time some of his letters had reached England and his father had sent out to ransom him by a vessel then on her voyage to the coast. Here, again, Providence interfered, for the captain, landing at Sierra Leone, discovered that Newton was far away, and troubled himself no more on the subject. In reality the poor fellow was then at Kittam, scarcely a mile from the ship, and, in a restless mood, he and a fellow servant used often to walk on the beach, crossing the narrow neck of land from the inland river. In February, 1747, they saw a vessel passing. Others had gone by and never slackened sail, but this one unexpectedly answered their smoke signal, which they made for trading purposes. The wind was fair, and the captain at first was disinclined to stop ; but, when he rounded to, Newton and his companion took a canoe and went off. It was the very ship whose captain had the order for his return. Half an hour later they would have failed to stay her course. Notwithstanding which, the unrepentant prodigal, being now well-fed and clothed, heard the news with indifference. The captain, however, having got him would not lose him, and contrived an ingenious fiction—every word being a falsehood—to the effect that Newton had come into £400 per annum, and that he had orders to redeem him at the cost of half his cargo, but unfortunately he had lost the packet of papers which he was to deliver. This seemed plausible, especially when it was combined with the hope of seeing Mary Catlett, whom he finally married February 1st, 1750.

At this time, then (1747), he suddenly accepted the captain's offer, and abruptly left Kittam. Homeward bound he was lodged in the cabin, and treated with the utmost kindness, and having little to do and nothing to read, he came upon Stanhope's *Thomas à Kempis*. Like hundreds of the deepest and most devout Christians, he, too, was affected by the *Imitation of Christ*, and asked himself if it could be true. The voyage was interrupted by a severe storm. The ship was in danger of sinking, and to the awakened conscience of Newton every word and circumstance had a spiritual fitness. When, at length, the peril was practically ended, he arrived at that day in his life which he commemorated with the profoundest gratitude ever afterward. It was the 10th of March, "old style" (or, as we would say, the 21st), 1748. [The new style came in in 1752.] He was at the pumps from three in the morning until noon, and being utterly exhausted lay down in his berth. Called in about an hour, he could only muster strength to steer. This he did till midnight, and there, at the wheel, God's mercy reached his heart. He thought of "those awful passages, Prov. 1 : 24–31 ; Heb. 6 : 4–6 ; and 2 Pet. 2 : 20." He felt himself doomed by the divine wrath. And when at six in the evening he heard that the ship was free from water, and that there was some hope, he began to pray. His prayer was "like the cry of the ravens, which yet the Lord does not disdain to hear." He remembered Jesus, whom he had "so often derided." And now he wanted evidence ; he desired to believe. Light did not come at once, but this was the earliest streaking of the dawn, and hence he always observed this day as that of his spiritual birth.

Our space will not permit any further enlargement of this story. Suffice it that Newton turned eagerly to the New Testament, and that, after great hardship, they reached their port. He found himself freed from the habit of profane swearing, and felt a sincere sorrow for his past life. To all appearance he was a new man, and the ship-owner, whose vessel brought him home, took him into his service. This was important, as the elder Newton had just gone to America, where he died, but not without learning of his son's reformation.

It was only this and nothing else—a *reformation*, which took him to church and externally improved him, but which did not prevent his going again in the Guinea trade and purchasing slaves whom he sold in the West Indies. Mentally, though, as well as morally, he advanced. He had several hair-breadth escapes—in which any one who reads of them can see that ordinary luck or good fortune will not quite explain his preservation from death.

Subsequent to his marriage he made several voyages as captain, trading to the African and West Indian ports. After six years of morality he then experienced the power of true godliness through the aid of a pious captain whom he met at St. Christophers. For nearly a month they spent alternate evenings in each other's cabins. This good friend brought him to his knees in social prayer, taught him the love of Christ indeed, and, when he reached Liverpool, August, 1754, he was for the first time a regenerated man.

At this point God put forth his hand in a marked manner. Newton fell in a fit at his own table, and the physicians declared him unfit for a new voyage. He resigned the command of his vessel; the man who went in his place died, as did many others; and Newton, through his friend the captain, became acquainted with a circle of religious people. His wife was taken ill. His means ran low. By degrees he was brought to consecrate everything to Christ, and to hope that he might be called into his service. He became temporarily a "tide-surveyor," visiting the arriving ships at Liverpool and inspecting those in dock. He had fifty or sixty persons under his control. Once, when slightly behind time—an unusual occurrence—the vessel to which he was being rowed blew up just before he reached her. Five minutes sooner would have lost him his life along with those on board, who all perished.

During this period he was studying Greek as well as Latin, and although disappointed in his first application for a position in the ministry he succeeded, December 16th, 1758, and was appointed to a curacy in the Church of England. But the irregularity of his entrance was an obstacle, and the Archbishop of York, Dr. Gilbert, declined to ordain him. The refusal, curiously enough, came through the archbishop's chaplain, whose name also was Newton.

In 1764 he was offered the curacy of Olney, and Dr. Green, the Bishop of London, examined him and ordained him as deacon, at Buckden, April 29th, 1764. The next year he was made a priest. The Olney people were evangelical, and had been under an excellent vicar, Rev. Moses Brown, whose duties Mr. Newton now undertook. A Mr. Thornton also became his friend, not only as a Christian but in temporal affairs, too; and this generous patron gave him, first and last, little short of £3000 ($15,000), during his stay at Olney. This enabled Newton to extend his benevolence beyond what would have been otherwise possible.

Here at Olney he met William Cowper, the poet. And while there is no doubt that Newton's almost ascetic earnestness was likely to foster the morbidness in Cowper's character, it is equally clear that the robustness of the sailor was of great use to the fragility of the poet. Few persons realize that Cowper was over fifty years of age when he published his first poems, and that the *Olney*

Hymns were among the earliest developments of his poetry as well as of his religion. He was born in 1731, came to Olney in 1767, and the hymns were printed in 1779; whereas "John Gilpin" only saw the light in 1782, and the "Task" appeared in 1784.

In 1779 Newton became rector of the united parishes of St. Mary-Woolnoth and St. Mary-Woolchurch-Haw, in Lombard Street, London. Here he labored faithfully, and died in peace on the 21st of December, 1807. His epitaph, written by himself, deserves to stand as the peroration of this account:

JOHN NEWTON, CLERK,
Once an Infidel and Libertine,
A servant of slaves in Africa,
Was, by the rich mercy of our Lord and Saviour
JESUS CHRIST,
Preserved, restored, pardoned,
And appointed to preach the Faith
He had long laboured to destroy,
Near 16 years at Olney in Bucks;
And . . . years in this church.

"And I earnestly desire," he added, "that no other monument, and no inscription but to this purport, may be attempted for me." Yet his services as a hymn-writer would of themselves and alone preserve his memory among the precious things of the Church.

I SING the almighty power of God.—WATTS.

From the *Divine and Moral Songs for the Use of Children.* It is the second number, and is entitled "Praise for Creation and Providence." It has eight stanzas.

I STAND on Zion's mount.—J. SWAIN.

This hymn, written probably at some date in the neighborhood of 1790, represents the confident trust of a Christian soul. When Mr. Swain was converted he was filled with such joy and trust that he expressed himself in many similar verses. A friend overhearing him as he sang them to himself, ascertained their meaning, and took him, for the first time, to hear Gospel preaching. Not long afterward he was admitted to the ministry of the Baptist Church. It did not then require any greater preparation for such a service than what was found in earnest piety and a "gift" in prayer and exhortation, all of which Swain eminently possessed.

I'VE found the pearl of greatest price.—J. MASON.

This well-known hymn—much altered in Bliss and Sankey's *Gospel Hymns*—is found in Whitefield's *Collection* (eighteenth edition, 1773), whence it has come into general use in one form or another. The author was John Mason, who wrote the *Spiritual Songs*, 1683, and who is commended by George MacDonald in *England's Antiphon*. He was contemporary with Bunyan and Baxter, Ken and Dryden, Tate and Brady. We do not know when he was born, but his school-days were spent in Strixton, near Northampton, England. He entered Clare Hall, Cambridge, 1660, and was graduated as B.A., 1664, and M.A., 1668. His ministry began as curate at Isham, Northamptonshire; next he became vicar of Stanton-Bury, Buckinghamshire, October 31st, 1668, where he remained about five years. January 28th, 1674, found him presented to the rectory of Water-Stratford, where the Lord gave him satisfaction in days of famine, and rest in the midst of troublous times round about, for twenty years. He died there in 1694.

This was the man whom Richard Baxter styled the "glory of the Church of England." His grandson, Rev. John Mason, edited his *Select Remains*.

Of his personal character it is enough to say that he was an eccentric and even enraptured man, who declared that he had visibly "seen the Lord." He has a remarkable purity of spiritual expression, and his hymns undoubtedly affected Watts, Pope, and the Wesleys. His is that fine Sabbath hymn—whose first line suggests George Herbert's poem:

"Blest day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days."

His, too, is that other hymn, "Now from the altar of my heart." Daniel Sedgwick reprinted the *Spiritual Songs*—and they are well worthy of it.

IF human kindness meets return.—NOEL.

The Hon. and Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel, the second son of Sir Gerard Noel-Edwardes, Bart., and Diana, the daughter and heiress of Charles Middleton, first Baron Barham, was born December 2d, 1782. He had the first Earl of Gainsborough for an elder brother, and his younger brother was the celebrated Rev. Baptist W. Noel. The studies of Gerard Noel were prosecuted at Edinburgh and Cambridge Universities. His degrees (of B.A., 1805, and M.A., 1808) were received from Trinity College, Cambridge. He then entered the ministry and became curate of Radwell, Hertfordshire; then vicar of Rainham, Kent, and curate of Richmond, Surrey. His final positions were canon of Winchester cathedral, 1834, and vicar of Romsey, 1840, where he died, February 24th, 1851.

In 1820 he published a *Selection of Psalms and Hymns*, which passed to at least three editions (third edition, 1820), and in which several hymns are his own. Others were amended and corrected by his hand. The present piece, which has secured general favor, is from the conclusion of *Arvendel; or, Sketches in Italy and Switzerland* (second edition, 1813).

IF God is mine, then present things.—BEDDOME.

The other form of this hymn is, "If Christ is mine, then all is mine." The date is 1776.

IF you cannot on the ocean.—MRS. GATES.

We have included this hymn because it has a history, and because, while it has its own associations, it serves as a suggestive commentary on other pieces found in these pages. Strictly, one would not call it a "hymn," and yet none who have heard Philip Phillips sing it will doubt its fitness to be a "sacred song."

It came into notice through the admiration felt for it by President Lincoln, but for a long time its authorship was not known. The composer is now identified as Mrs. Ellen Huntington Gates, of Elizabeth, N. J., a sister of Mr. C. P. Huntington, a prominent financier of New York City. Her account of its origin is as follows:

> "The lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon in the winter of 1860. I knew, as I know now, that the poem was only a simple little thing; but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings, and would fly into sorrowful hearts, uplifting and strengthening them."

This has been fulfilled. Many "may forget the singer," but they "will not forget the song."

The most appropriate comment upon the piece itself was Abraham Lincoln's own life. Mr. F. B. Carpenter, the artist, in his volume of reminiscences, tells this interesting story, to show how firmly the colored people believed in him as God's chosen messenger and in his "mission" to their race :

> "On a certain day, when there was quite a large gathering of the people, considerable confusion was created by different persons attempting to tell who and what 'Massa Linkum' was. In the midst of the excitement the white-headed leader commanded silence. 'Brederin,' said he, 'you don't know nosen' what you'se talkin' 'bout. Now, you just listen to me. Massa Linkum, he eberywhar. He know eberyting.' Then, solemnly looking up, he added : '*He walk de earf like de Lord!*'
>
> "When this story was told to the President he did not smile, but rose from his chair and walked in silence two or three times across the floor. Then he said: 'It is a momentous thing to be the instrument, under Providence, of the liberation of a race.'"

And this is the hymn—"Your Mission," in the author's text, 1886 :—

"If you cannot on the ocean
Sail among the swiftest fleet,
Rocking on the highest billow,
Laughing at the storms you meet,
You can stand among the sailors,
Anchored yet within the bay,
You can lend a hand to help them,
As they launch their boats away.

"If you are too weak to journey
Up the mountain, steep and high,
You can stand within the valley,
Where the multitudes go by.
You can chant in happy measure,
As they slowly pass along ;
Though they may forget the singer,
They will not forget the song.

"If you cannot, in the harvest,
Gather up the richest sheaves,
Many a grain both ripe and golden,
Oft the careless reaper leaves—
Go and glean among the briars
Growing rank against the wall,
For it may be that their shadow
Hides the heaviest wheat of all.

"If you have not gold and silver
Ever ready to command ;
If you cannot toward the needy
Reach an ever open hand ;
You can visit the afflicted,
O'er the erring you can weep,
With the Saviour's true disciples,
You a patient watch may keep.

"If you cannot in the conflict
Prove yourself a soldier true,
If, where fire and smoke are thickest,
There's no work for you to do,
When the battlefield is silent,
You can go with careful tread,
You can bear away the wounded,
You can cover up the dead.

"Do not, then, stand idly waiting
For some greater work to do ;
Fortune is a lazy goddess,
She will never come to you.
Go and toil in any vineyard,
Do not fear to do or dare,
If you want a field of labor,
You can find it anywhere."

If through unruffled seas.—Toplady.

This hymn is made from Toplady's "Your harps, ye trembling saints" (*c.* 1772). Its entire sixteen stanzas are in Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*. The first stanza of our piece has been prepared by another hand, but the fifth, eighth, and tenth stanzas of the original have been modified until they form this fine lyric in *Laudes Domini*.

In all my Lord's appointed ways.—Ryland.

The origin of this hymn is somewhat singular. The author, Dr. John Ryland (born 1753), was a celebrated Baptist divine, who at the date of its composition was settled in Northampton. It was his practice to be at the inn when the stage-coaches changed horses, as it was not far from his house. Thus he would meet many clergymen, some of whom he would often induce to remain and preach for him. Once he thus captured a brother minister who consented, very reluctantly, to stay and give a sermon. The text chosen was "Hinder me not" (Gen. 24 : 56), and Dr. Ryland sat in the desk below the pulpit to "read the hymns," as was then customary. While the discourse proceeded, the hymn-writer below was turning the heads of it into verse. This, at the close of the sermon he read, and some of it was sung. The hymn had nine stanzas and originally began :

"When Abraham's servant to procure
A wife for Isaac went."

It is under this title-line that Dr. Rippon's *Selection*, 1787, contains it.

In all my vast concerns with thee.—Watts.

This is Ps. 139, first part C. M., "God is Everywhere." It has ten stanzas, with a "pause" after the fifth. The hymn, "Lord, where shall guilty souls retire," is this same piece, from the "pause" onward. It has a fine stanza—the eighth of the present arrangement :

"If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest."

In heavenly love abiding.—Waring.

The text of this hymn, as approved by Miss Waring, appears in three double stanzas in the *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1881.

Mr. Joseph Williams, a devout layman of Mr. Fawcett's congregation, in Kidderminster, wrote (April 23d, 1753) to his sister in this wise :

"If we look only with eyes of flesh there is no happiness without health and strength ; but if the eye of faith be clear, we may be happy without either. . . . It is more than time that I should 'weep as though I wept not.' I do not want many months of the age of our dear and much-honored father, when his stronger constitution was worn out by pains and cares. How long I am to sojourn in this tabernacle I know not, neither do I wish to know; as Mr. Baxter sings:

'It is enough that Christ knows all.'"

This Joseph Williams, born November 16th, 1692, was a hymn-writer of some note. He wrote, "To thy great name, O Prince of peace" (which appears in Dobell), and "This thought transporting pleasure gives"—a hymn on the resurrection of the body. Four of his stanzas (November, 1737) fitly accompany the present hymn:

* * * * *

"'Thou art my portion, Lord,' I cry;
'Oh, let my cry be heard!
Thy favor is the light of life,
Thy providence my guard.'

* * * * *

"I find no certain dwelling-place,
But wander here and there;
I'm but a pilgrim here below
As all my fathers were.

"But there remains for me a rest,
A house not made with hands,
A mansion on the heavenly plains
Where my salvation stands.

* * * * *

"There is a region all serene,
No cloud infests the sky;
Storms never roar, or gather round
The saints that dwell on high."

This excellent and spiritually-minded man—largely wealthy and as largely benevolent—could say in his latest hours: "I can cast myself at his feet, and say (I think, with my whole heart) as holy Baxter did—'Lord, what thou wilt, when thou wilt, how thou wilt.'" He died after a short illness, December 21st, 1755. His "Diary" (revised edition, 1826) has much in it which we regret not to be able to quote.

In the cross of Christ I glory.—Bowring.

Sir John Bowring published *Matins and Vespers*, which is still in print. *Hymns by John Bowring*, 1825, has been long out of print, but the *Memorial Volume*, by Lady Bowring, 1873, contains the best religious poetry in this and the other collection.

The author was born in Exeter, October 17th, 1792; educated at the grammar school of Moreton, Hampstead; and then employed by his father in his trade, which was the manufacture of coarse woollens for China and the Spanish peninsula. His linguistic ability was remarkable. In French only had he any master to instruct him. He acquired Spanish, Italian, Portuguese, German and Dutch by his own efforts, before he reached the age of sixteen.

One part of his experience is too useful not to be detailed in Lady Bowring's own words:

> "He found that the great art of language-learning is to get rid of the notion of verbally translating the phrase; that the same thought takes another shape when expression is given, and it is in another tongue; that the real and exact synonyms of language are few; and that dictionary aid, at least, in the beginning of study, is rather pernicious than useful."

Subsequently to this mercantile life, young Bowring essayed the political, and soon became the associate of Jeremy Bentham, and also a contributor to the *Westminster Review*. Still keeping up his study of languages, he first acted as Bentham's literary executor and the editor of his collected works, and then published translations from various Continental sources.

He gave specimens from the lyrics of the Bohemian, Bulgarian, Sclavonic, Russian, Servian, Polish, Slovakian, and Illyrian tongues. To these he added Teutonic, Esthonian, Dutch, Frisian, Lettish, Finnish, Hungarian, Biscayan, French, Provençal, Gascon, Italian (and its dialects), Spanish, Portuguese, Catalonian, and Gallician. Among these renderings the magnificent *Oda Bog* of Derzhavin, the Russian poet, claims the foremost place for felicity and power in its English dress. But the acquirements of Bowring are little less than marvellous. To parody Praed's rhyme:

> "You would have sworn as you looked at them
> He had fished in the Flood with Ham and Shem."

He seems to have touched the very nerve centres of language, and to have comprehended by a supreme instinct the essence of the poet's thought.

From this period dates the diplomatic and literary career of this wonderful man. In 1828 he received the degree of LL.D. from the University of Groningen. His versatility and scholarship impress us at every turn.

In 1835 he was elected as a Radical from Kilmarnock, and entered the House of Commons, and, in 1841, he was returned from Bolton on a similar issue. He prided himself in never having voted against the Whigs except when the Whigs had voted with the Tories.

His labors for foreign nations were only recognized after a time. In 1849 he became British Consul at Canton, afterward Superintendent of Trade and Minister Plenipotentiary to China, 1853, and finally Governor, Commander-in-Chief, and Vice-Admiral of Hong Kong and its dependencies, and Superintendent of Trade east of the Ganges.

In 1854 he was knighted, and from this date the decorations and orders bestowed upon him are quite beyond our enumeration in the space allowed by these limits. Siam, the Philippine Islands and Italy had some of his best endeavors for their advancement. His mind was always vigilant, and, in spite of weakness induced by the attempted arsenical poisoning of himself and family in China, he toiled on incessantly until a week or so before his death. He was accustomed to reply to every remonstrance : "I must do my work while life remains to me ; I may not long be here." In all benevolent and Christian enterprises he was indefatigable. He was a strenuous advocate of Prison Reform. But deep beneath all else ran the undertone of Christian praise. At eighty years of age he was frequently known to begin the day with some new song of adoration and thanksgiving.

He loved to take young men of promise and start them for a virtuous and befitting career. "You are now launched," he would say, "your fortune rests with yourself. I trust that by steadiness and diligence you will do credit to my recommendation."

Theoretically, Sir John Bowring was a Unitarian. Practically, he was a devoted and evangelical believer. He died in peace and hope, November 23d, 1872. His tombstone bears the appropriate words of his own hymn : "In the Cross of Christ I glory."

His best-known hymns are :

"How sweetly flowed the Gospel's sound," 1823.
"From the recesses of a lowly spirit," 1823.
"Thy will be done! In devious way," 1823.
"God is love! His mercy brightens," 1825.
"Watchman, tell us of the night," 1825.
"In the Cross of Christ I glory," 1825.

IN the hour of trial.—MONTGOMERY, *altered.*

This hymn has been much improved by Henry Wollaston Hutton, who changed the last two stanzas to the form which appears in the text. The original, as found in Alford, reads:

"If with sore affliction
Thou in love chastise,
Pour thy benediction
On the sacrifice;
Then upon thine altar
Freely offered up,
Though the flesh may falter,
Faith shall drink the cup.

"When in dust and ashes
To the grave I sink,
While heaven's glory flashes
O'er the shelving brink;
On thy truth relying
Through that mortal strife
Lord, receive me, dying,
To eternal life."

The reason for the alteration is the excess of consonants, which makes the verses difficult to sing. It is a righteous and poetical judgment upon a man who was always prating about "hymn-menders," and who yet, with "good Mr. Cotterill" to help him, cut and slashed the verses of others in a most merciless fashion!

In the *Original Hymns*, 1853, Montgomery's form is found as No. 193, in four stanzas, and with the title "Prayers on a Pilgrimage."

IN the dark and cloudy day.—RAWSON.

We have here another hymn by George Rawson, the "Leeds Layman." It will be welcomed by many who are in the midst of that peculiar experience which is better recognized than described; the soul does not know exactly what it wants, but something must come speedily, or hope will fail.

"There is always," says Dr. C. S. Robinson, in one of his discourses, "a certain amount of help in human courage, cool temperament, and dauntless will. But in times of perplexity there is no real unfailing reliance save in divine interposition and God's powerful aid. And especially at the last, when nerves are racked with pain; when usual fortitude gives way before unusual strain; neither one's own brave heart nor the sustaining sympathy of friends is enough to hold us up. At the last extremity, the eye must look, not within or around, but simply up. God meets the glance with reassurance. 'A living hope,' said good Bishop Leighton, 'lives in death itself. The world dares say no more than *Dum spiro, spero;* but the children of God can add, *Dum expiro, spero.*'"

IN thy name, O Lord! assembling.—KELLY.

This hymn was written in 1815, and is in the edition of 1820, in three stanzas. The appended text of Scripture is, "Speak, for thy servant heareth.—1 Sam. 3 : 10."

Is there ambition in my heart.—WATTS.

This is Ps. 131, C. M., according to Dr. Watts's version. Its title is, "Humility and Submission," and it has three stanzas.

IT came upon the midnight clear.—SEARS.

If "My faith looks up to thee" can claim to be the most spiritual, and "Stand up, stand up for Jesus," the most stirring of the greater American hymns, this may surely be classed as the most lovely. Wedded to its appropriate tune—W. B. Bradbury's "Ball" or R. S. Willis's "Carol," both of them American compositions—it almost sings itself. Bradbury's tune is older and almost obsolete, but a little comparison will convince the inquirer that the later work of Mr. Willis has, either consciously or unconsciously, been affected by that of the "sweet singer" of Bloomfield. The hymn itself is worthy, as poetry, to outrank almost anything else of its kind and day.

Edmund Hamilton Sears was born in Sandisfield, Berkshire County, Mass., April 6th, 1810; educated at Union College, 1834; and at the Cambridge Divinity School, 1837. He was first settled over the First (Unitarian) church of Wayland, Mass., 1838; then in Lancaster, Mass., 1840; and again, 1847, was in charge of a church at Wayland. His health was at this time quite impaired. In 1865 he removed to Weston, near Concord, to be the minister of the Unitarian church at that place. From 1859 to 1871 he was associated with Rev. Rufus Ellis in the editorial care of the *Monthly Religious Magazine.* In this publication the majority of his hymns and poems have been printed. His death occurred in 1876.

Of the present piece, Rev. Dr. Morrison, of Milton, wrote to Dr. Putnam that:

> "Sears's second Christmas hymn was sent to me as editor of the *Christian Register;* I think in December, 1849. I was very much delighted with it, and before it came out in the *Register* read it at a Christmas celebration of Dr. Lunt's Sunday-school in Quincy."

The hymn, adapted to the tune "Ball," is frequently sung in Wellesley College chapel.

IT is not death to die.—BETHUNE, *tr.*

This hymn is from the French of the distinguished Swiss preacher, Dr. Cæsar Malan, the friend of Charlotte Elliot and the author of a collection of three hundred hymns called "*Chants de Sion,*" from which this is taken. Its French original commences, "*Non, ce n'est pas mourir.*"

It was this hymn also which was sung at Dr. Bethune's funeral in 1862. Miss J. E. Arnold (1866) translated many of Malan's hymns.

With a superabundance of animal spirits, a great inclination for angling and hunting, and a full enjoyment of the rich and delightful side of this present life, Dr. Bethune was never forgetful of his duties and relations to his fellow-men. His eloquence and earnestness are still recalled with profound pleasure by those who were privileged to be of the number of his congregation.

Nothing proves this better than the hymn below, which was composed the day before his death. It was with such feelings that he preached for the last time; and then, stricken with mortal disease, sank away into his final sleep, April 28th, 1862. The following lines were found in his portfolio:

"When time seems short, and death is near,
And I am pressed by doubt and fear,
And sins, an overflowing tide,
Assail my peace on every side,
This thought my refuge still shall be,
I know my Saviour died for me.

"His name is Jesus, and he died,
For guilty sinners crucified;
Content to die, that he might win
Their ransom from the death of sin.
No sinner worse than I can be,
Therefore I know he died for me.

"If grace were bought, I could not buy;
If grace were coined, no wealth have I;
By grace alone I draw my breath,
Held up from everlasting death;
Yet, since I know his grace is free,
I know the Saviour died for me.

"I read God's holy Word, and find
Great truths which far transcend my mind;
And little do I know beside,
Of thought so high, and deep, and wide.
This is my best theology,
I know the Saviour died for me.

"My faith is weak, but 'tis thy gift;
Thou canst my helpless soul uplift,
And say: 'Thy bonds of death are riven,
Thy sins by me are all forgiven,
And thou shalt live, from guilt set free;
For I, thy Saviour, died for thee.'"

Of the author of the original of the present piece it may be said that his full name was César Henri Abraham Malan. He was born at Geneva, Switzerland, July 7th, 1787; studied theology there, and was ordained 1810, but does not seem to have been truly converted, owing to the prevalence of the French infidelity of Voltaire, until 1817. This vital godliness which now inspired him brought him in collision with dead orthodoxy, and he was prohibited from preaching. He gathered his adherents, however, and without leaving the Established Church, held service with them in his own house and afterward in a small chapel. They were styled *Les Mômiers*. From 1830 he made missionary journeys also to other parts of Switzerland, and to Germany, Holland, France and Scotland. He died May 14th, 1864, and his life has been written (1868) by one of his sons.

IT is no untried way.—OFFORD.

This was contributed to the New York *Observer*, February 1st, 1883, as noted under, "Jesus, heed me, lost and dying."

JEHOVAH God! thy gracious power.—J. THOMSON.

Rev. John Thomson, who composed this hymn, studied at Manchester, in England, was a Unitarian minister, and then a physician. He was born in 1782, and died in 1818. The hymn appeared in *Aspland's Collection* in 1810. Probably we may identify this author with a treatise entitled, *Facts in Favor of the Cow-pox.* This was issued in 1809, and would show him to have been a man of breadth of opinion and positiveness of speech in the early day of a great medical reform. The discovery made by Jenner dates from 1798.

The hymn itself is full of the gentle devotion which many religious people of the liberal school seem to possess. Their eyes see, and their hearts feel, the love of God as a Father, and they often lead God's people up into higher experiences of communion with him through their appreciation of nature. Surely there is enough for us all to notice in these later years.

> "Everything," says Hugh Miller, "is writing nature's history, from pebble to planet. The sketches of the rolling rock, the channels of the rivers, the falling rain, the buried fern, the footprint in the snow, and every act of man, inscribes the map of her march. The air is full of sounds, the sky is full of memoranda and signatures which are more or less legible to the intelligent."

JERUSALEM, my happy home.—"F. B. P."

This hymn is found in a thin quarto, numbered 15,225, in the British Museum, and marked on the back "Queen Elizabeth." The contents are miscellaneous, but there are several other pieces of poetry, evidently by Roman Catholics (one being by Thewlis, killed at Manchester, 1617), then comes this one, entitled "A song by F. B. P. to the Tune of 'Diana.'" It is by some person holding to Romanism, and probably by "Francis Baker, Priest." It is unquestionably the free translation of "*Beata urbs Hirusalem,*" for notes on which the reader may consult "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." Our hymn appeared in a "broadside" form as a ballad, between 1650 and 1670.

The entire hymn is found appended to Rev. Albert Barnes's *Notes on Revelations* (*sic*) edited by Rev. E. Henderson, and published by Knight & Son, London, 4to. See *Littell's Living Age*, Vol. 28, pp. 333–336. Also W. C. Prime's monograph, *Jerusalem, my Happy Home;* also the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1850,

p. 582. We may dismiss the conjecture of D. Sedgwick that the author was "Francis Baker *Porter*."

A fine study of the subject made by J. A. Picton in 1875, together with a laborious compilation on our own account, gives the following particulars:

The date is about 1616. Wodrow, the biographer of Rev. David Dickson (1583–1662) attributes this hymn to his pen. This conflicts with the authorship of "F. B. P." There is a notable resemblance in style to "Chevy Chace" and similar ballad poems. In 1852 Dr. H. Bonar published it in Dickson's form, and in 1863 Sir Roundell Palmer (Lord Selborne) included fourteen of the twenty-six stanzas in his *Book of Praise*.

As to the original Latin of which this is a free reproduction there is a hymn, found in Mone: *Hymni Latini Medii Ævi*, etc., which commences, "*Jerusalem luminosa*," and which bears close resemblance to the English. Dr. Neale has reprinted this Latin in his *Joys and Glories of Paradise*, 1865. The tune of "Diana" is not earlier than 1566. Dr. Neale's ritualistic sympathy with "F. B. P." must not, however, be allowed to obscure the just rights of David Dickson, nor to induce us to believe that the latter has "impudently appropriated to himself and mixed up with a quantity of his own rubbish" what belonged to another man.

All this is the meagrest and most unsatisfactory record of one of our finest hymns. Its original form must be seen in order that it may speak to the eye in its own quaintness. The latest information on the subject comes from Rev. James King's *Anglican Hymnology*. The date assigned by him is *circa* 1617. That David Dickson expurgated the hymn of "F. B. P." and offered his own version in "O Mother dear, Jerusalem," is also established, with the date, 1649. Thirty years later, Rev. W. Burkitt, vicar of Dedham, reprinted "F. B. P.'s" piece, with changes of his own.

Dr. Belcher relates that a young Scotchman, on his deathbed in New Orleans, was visited by a Presbyterian clergyman. For some time he was obdurate and repelled the advances of his kind friend. At last the good man turned away, and hardly realizing what he did, began to sing, "Jerusalem, my happy home." The hard heart was touched. "My dear mother used to sing that hymn," exclaimed the lad. And once more the song of the prisoner had brought deliverance to the captive.

A SONG BY F. B. P. TO THE TUNE OF DIANA.

(*Published by Dr. Bonar from MSS. in the British Museum.*)

Hierusalem, my happy home!
When shall I come to thee!
When shall my sorrowes have an end,
Thy joyes when shall I see?

O happie harbour of the saints!
O sweete and pleasant soyle!
In thee noe sorrow may be found,
Noe greefe, noe care, noe toyle.

In thee noe sickness may be seene,
  Noe hurt, noe ache, noe sore;
There is noe death, nor uglie Devill,
  There is life forevermore.

Noe dampish mist is seene in thee,
  Noe colde nor darksome night;
There everie soule shines as the sunne,
  There God himselfe gives light.

There lust and lukar cannot dwell,
  There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heate, nor colde,
  But pleasure everie way.

Hierusalem! Hierusalem!
  God grant I soon may see
Thy endless joyes; and of the same
  Partaker aye to bee.

Thy walls are made of pretious stones,
  Thy bulwarkes diamondes square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearle,
  Exceedinge riche and rare.

Thy turrettes and thy pinnacles
  With carbuncles doe shine;
Thy verrie streets are paved with gould,
  Surpassinge cleare and fine.

Thy houses are of yvorie,
  Thy windows crystal cleare,
Thy tyles are made of beaten gould,
  O God! that I were there.

Within thy gates nothinge doth come
  That is not passinge cleane,
Noe spider's web, noe durt, noe dust,
  Noe filthe may there be seene.

Ah! my sweete home Hierusalem,
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy ioyes that I might see.

Thy saints are crowned with glorie great,
  They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still reioice,
  Most happie is their case.

Wee that are heere in banishment,
  Continuallie doe moane;
We sigh and sobbe, we weepe and weale,
  Perpetuallie we groane.

Our sweete is mixt with bitter gaule,
  Our pleasure is but paine;
Our ioyes scarce last the lookeing on,
  Our sorrowes stille remaine.

But there they live in such delight,
  Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand yeares
  Doth seeme as yesterday.

Thy vineyardes and thy orchardes are
  Most beautifull and faire;
Full furnished with trees and fruits,
  Most wonderful and rare.

Thy gardens and thy gallant walkes
  Continually are greene;
There grow such sweete and pleasant flowers
  As no where else are seene.

There is nectar and ambrosia made,
  There is muske and civette sweete;
There manie a faire and daintie drugge
  Are trodden under feete.

There cinomon, there sugar grow,
  There narde and balme abound;
What toungue can tell, or harte containe,
  The ioyes that there are found.

Quyt through the streetes with silver sound,
  The flood of life doe flowe;
Upon whose bankes on everie syde,
  The wood of life doth growe.

There trees for evermore beare fruite,
  And evermore doe springe;
There evermore the angels sit,
  And evermore doe singe.

There David stands with harpe in hand,
  As Master of the Queere;
Tenne thousand times that man were blest
  That might this musicke heare.

Our Ladie singes Magnificat,
  With tunes surpassinge sweete;
And all the virginns beare their parte
  Siting above her feete.

Te Deum doth Saint Ambrose singe,
  Saint Augustine doth the like;
Ould Simeon and Zacharie
  Have not their songes to seeke.

There Magdalene hath left her mone,
  And cheerfullie doth singe
With blessed saints, whose harmonie
  In everie street doth ringe.

Hierusalem! my happie home!
  Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
  Thy joyes that I might see!

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me.—Boden (?).

In 1801 this appeared in the *Collection* of Williams and Boden. The assignment of the piece is to the *Eckington Collection*, and as Rev. James Boden, one of the compilers, who also wrote hymns himself, lived and died near Eckington, Yorkshire, it is not impossible that this is his adaptation of "F. B. P.'s" hymn.

Rev. James Boden was born at Chester, April 13th, 1757, in the house formerly occupied by Matthew Henry the commentator. Chester had fallen under Arian influence, and the commentator's church was at this time quite deserted. But there lingered traditions of him in the town, and the boy James Boden often played in the summer-house, where much of the commentary was written. At sixteen years of age young Boden united with the small and feeble Congregational church of Rev. Mr. Armitage, the mere remnant of Matthew Henry's former Presbyterian flock, driven by stress of poverty and misfortune into cramped quarters in an upper room on Common Hall Street. Here the vigorous new life in the lad made itself felt. He was soon a leader among his companions, and presently went to study at Homerton by the suggestion of the church. Four years later he was put in charge of a congregation at Hanley, among the Staffordshire potteries, where he founded a prosperous Sunday-school.

He next succeeded the hymn-writer, Rev. Jehoiada Brewer, in 1796, at Sheffield. Here he met an energetic opposition from a party in the church who "made up for their insignificancy by their boldness, and gave him considerable trouble." They told him, at a church-meeting: "Either you must remove, or we must." Boden quietly answered: "Well; we must wait, and see which it will be." It was not Boden; and it does not appear that the minority felt obliged to fulfil their threat.

Mr. Boden was a warm friend of the Missionary Society. He continued this interest during his long pastorate, which he resigned after forty-three years of active labor, in 1839. In his dying moments—which soon followed, in 1841—he was greatly consoled by Dr. Watts's hymn, "How sweet and awful is the place," and bore his final sufferings with Christian patience. A beautiful incident is recorded in connection with his illness. The sun was shining brightly on the last Sunday morning of his stay on earth, and some one remarked the fact. Mr. Boden instantly replied:

> "*He* is my Sun, though he forbear to shine,
> I dwell for ever on his heart, for ever he on mine."

Thus, on the 4th day of June, 1841, in his eighty-fifth year, he went up the path of the shining light. He passed, even as the old Egyptians fabled that their pious dead were wont to pass, "into the disk of Amun-Ra, the Sun-god," the Osiris of eternal life, and was "swallowed up in light." And so he "shined more and more unto the perfect day."

JERUSALEM on high.—CROSSMAN.

Samuel Crossman. Prebendary of Bristol cathedral (1624–1683), wrote this as a part of a hymn of fourteen stanzas, commencing,

> "Sweet place, sweet place alone!
> The court of God most High."

It was published in "a little book of nine poems" entitled, *The Young Man's Meditations; or, Some Few Poems on Select Subjects.* Lord Selborne, speaking at the York Church Conference, 1866, called attention to it, and the choir of the cathedral sang it to a tune by Dr. Croft.

D. Sedgwick reprinted the "book of nine poems" in 1863. Anthony a' Wood, in his *Athenæ Oxonienses* (1721, II., 730) gives these particulars as to the writer:

> "Samuel Crossman, Bachelor of Divinity of Cambridge, and Prebendary of Bristol, son of Samuel Crossman of Bradfield Monachorum, in Suffolk. He hath written and published several things, as *The Young Man's Monitor*, etc. (London, 1664, 8vo), and several sermons. . . . He died, February 4th, 1683, aged 59 years, and was buried in the south aisle of the Cathedral church in Bristol."

JERUSALEM the golden.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is a portion of the paraphrase made by Dr. Neale in 1851 from the hymn of Bernard of Cluny, *c.* 1130. It begins at the line, "*Urbs Syon aurea,*" etc. The cento from Bernard's three thousand lines furnished an English poem of four hundred and forty-two, which, when it was published in 1859, immediately became popular. It has had a wonderful success, and from it are taken the familiar hymns:

> "Brief life is here our portion" ["*Hic breve vivitur*"], "For thee, O dear, dear country" ["*O bona patria*"], "Jerusalem the glorious" ["*Urbs Syon inclyta*"].

For the history of the Latin hymn and its author, see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." In 1861, Dr. Neale's preface to the third edition records that in fourteen new hymnals more or less of the verses had found a place. In 1865 he could add to this ever-increasing number the Scotch book, the Swedenborgian collection, and that for the American Lutheran Church. In 1885 it was the seventh in rank of all the favorite English hymns. But that which seems to have gratified its author most of all was to learn that a little child, a great sufferer, became so fond of the hymn that he would lie "without a murmur, or motion, while the whole four hundred lines were read to him."

The biographical sketch of Dr. Neale, in the *Schaff-Herzog Cyclopedia*, furnishes us the condensed story of his life. John Mason Neale was born in London, January 24th, 1818, and graduated at Cambridge, 1840. He then entered the ministry of the Church of England. We may mention in this connection the striking fact that on eleven occasions he gained the Seatonian prize poem.

Dr. Neale soon became an advanced Ritualist. By this and by his ecclesiastical studies and histories he was known—and frequently with disfavor—throughout England. His literary labors were excessive, and his piety was not less exhausting. He devoted himself to founding, in 1856, the Sisterhood of St. Margaret, which was really a training-school for the best class of nurses and attendants upon the sick. He was struggling also with poverty, and his stories for children were written to furnish him with the means of livelihood. He was indeed "inhibited" for fourteen years, and forbidden to exercise any ecclesiastical function. *The Farm of Aptonga*, *The Egyptian Wanderers*, *The Followers of the Lord*, *Lent Legends*, *Tales of Christian Heroism and Endurance*, and *The Quay of the Dioscuri* are wonderful examples of his power to popularize history. The only objectionable feature is their Romanizing views.

In his hymn-writing Dr. Neale has headed a new movement. He has attracted the Church to her oldest stores of praise as they are treasured in the Greek and Latin tongues. He wrote also a good deal that was original. One hundred and six of these productions were composed for the sick and for children. But his *Mediæval Hymns*, *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, and his book of

Sequences have settled and fixed in Christian hearts the love of these old lyrics as he translated them.

He died as Warden of Sackville College, East Grinstead, August 6th, 1866.

Jesus, and didst thou condescend.—Wakeford.

This is a hymn which is stated to be by Mrs. (?) Amelia Wakeford. It first appears in *Ash and Evans's Collection*, 1769. The hymn now lies before us in the fifth edition of *Evans's Collection*, 1786. It is No. 224, in five stanzas, and is signed "Am—a;" in which it does not require much ingenuity to perceive also the word "*Am*erica," as well as "*Am*elia."

Jesus, and shall it ever be.—Grigg.

This hymn is found in a small pamphlet published by a young man named Joseph Grigg, whom Dr. Belcher calls a "laboring mechanic." Two of the nineteen hymns were this one and that other, equally well known and loved, "Behold a stranger at the door." Mr. Grigg wrote this, which is one of his best hymns, at the early age of ten. Later, he entered the ministry, and from 1743 to 1747 was co-pastor of the Presbyterian church in Silver Street, London. In 1747, at the death of Mr. Bures, his associate, Mr. Grigg resigned his pastorate, married a widowed lady of some means and went to St. Albans to reside. He continued to issue works in prose and verse, principally religious, and including a number of hymns. The present hymn, written about the year 1730 and in five stanzas, appeared in the *Gospel Magazine* for April, 1774. Its title there was, "Shame of Jesus Conquered by Love; by a Youth of Ten Years."

It was anonymous, and was authenticated by the Rev. Benjamin Francis. Mr. Grigg died at Walthamstow, near London, in 1768.

The "History and Antiquities of Dissenting Churches and Meeting-Houses in London, Westminster and Southwark," etc., 1810, has been quoted by Dr. Hatfield to the following effect:

> "After the removal of Mr. Gibbons, Mr. Joseph Greig was, for a short time, assistant to Mr. Bures, at Silver Street; but, upon the death of the latter, he retired from this service. Mr. Greig married a lady with considerable property, the widow of Colonel Drew. After this, he retired to St. Albans, and lived upon his estate, without any ministerial charge; but he assisted his brethren occasionally, and preached most frequently for Dr. Fordyce. Mr. Greig died, we believe, at Walthamstow, on the

29th of October, 1768. He was a man of considerable talents, possessed of a lively genius, and had a turn for poetry. The late Mr. Joseph Fawcett, the pulpit orator, was his nephew."

Mr. Grigg's productions are found between 1744 and 1766. His book bears date, 1756. The conjectural date for his birth is 1720. The present hymn is regarded as the "altered" form in which Francis sent the verses to the press. D. Sedgwick's reprint contains forty hymns, and seventeen "Serious Poems."

JESUS, and didst thou leave.—STEELE.

This is the fourth stanza of a hymn of nine stanzas. It commences, "Jesus, in thy transporting name," etc., and appears as a "Hymn to Jesus" in Miss Steele's *Poems*, 1760.

JESUS, at thy command.—DE COURCY. (?)

Another of the galaxy of hymn-writers surrounding Lady Huntingdon was Richard De Courcy, whose hymn, given above, has been attributed to Toplady. He was born in Ireland in 1743 or 1744, and we are indebted to good, gossipping Gadsby for much that we know about him.

De Courcy was a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, but was too Calvinistic for the bishops to ordain him. He therefore left Ireland for England, and on his arrival sought out Whitefield. When he told who he was and whence he came, Whitefield took off his cap and showed De Courcy a scar on his head, saying: "I got this wound in your country for preaching Christ." He alluded to the time when he had been nearly stoned to death by the Roman Catholics.

Lady Huntingdon interested herself for De Courcy, and had him ordained by the Bishop of Lichfield. He then joined the "Connexion" and preached in many of her ladyship's chapels. He was a good exegetical preacher, making much of the Scriptures in all his discourses. Finally he associated himself with Lady Glenorchy in Edinburgh, and in 1770 was appointed to the curacy of Shawbury, near Hawkstone, in Shropshire. After some four years he was made vicar of S. Alkmund's, Shrewsbury, by the Lord Chancellor. It is reported that a controversy on baptism was conducted in 1776 between De Courcy and Rev. Benjamin Francis, and that another controversial performance from his pen was *Christ*

Crucified, a discourse directed against the Unitarian views of Dr. Priestley.

On the fast-day, 1803, De Courcy contracted a heavy cold. When the physician came to him he said: "I am almost spent. It is a hard struggle, but it will soon be over. I shall not recover, but Christ is mine. He is my foundation. He is the Rock I build upon." When the doctor had examined into his condition he left the room to procure certain medicines. De Courcy thereupon exclaimed: "Thanks be to God for my salvation!" and instantly expired. This was on the 4th of November, 1803.

The present hymn is thought to have been written to commemorate the departure of Mr. Whitefield for America. Gadsby says of its authenticity:

> "It did not appear in De Courcy's first edition, 1775, but in a third edition, in which two hundred and three hymns were added, most of them by other authors; and as Toplady published it in his selection in 1776, before De Courcy issued his third edition, I incline to the opinion that it was not De Courcy's but Toplady's."

Dobell assigns it to *Huntingdon's Collection* [where it is No. 179], and gives it entire in seven stanzas. Rippon, 1787, gives six stanzas, but no authorship. Whitefield's visits to America were paid in 1738, and on six subsequent occasions. On his latest visit he died in Newburyport, September 30th, 1770. The bearing of these dates on the question before us can easily be seen.

JESUS, at whose supreme command.—C. WESLEY.

From *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It also appeared in the *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, and is entitled, "Before the Sacrament."

JESUS calls us, o'er the tumult.—C. F. ALEXANDER.

Mrs. Alexander, wife of the Bishop of Derry, wrote this hymn in 1853. It has five stanzas in the Irish *Church Hymnal*. As a hymn "for St. Andrew's Day" it was first used in the S. P. C. K.'s *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, 1853.

JESUS came, the heavens adoring.—THRING.

Rev. Godfrey Thring wrote this hymn in 1862. The form preferred by the author is that in *Hymns Congregational and Others*, 1866. Mr. Chope altered those—of which the present is one—which he admitted into his collection.

Jesus comes, his conflict over.—Kelly.

This hymn commences, "Hark, ten thousand voices cry," and is based on 1 Cor. 15 : 54. It has five stanzas, of which the introductory one is usually omitted. It was first published in 1806, and is sometimes entered—as in the Irish *Church Hymnal*, 1881—under the line, "Hark! ten thousand voices sounding."

Jesus, guide our way.—A. T. Russell, *tr*.

Like the hymn of Adam Drese, this piece, by Count Zinzendorf, commences, "*Seelen bräutigam*," etc. The stanzas here translated begin, "*Jesu geh voran.*" The difference between Zinzendorf's and Drese's hymns is that the former has "*O du Gotteslamm*," and the latter "*Jesu, Gotteslamm*," as the second line. The present version is by Arthur Tozer Russell. There is another, "Jesus, still lead on," in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, quoted in the *Book of Praise* and in *Christ in Song*. Still another rendering is, "Jesus, day by day." For the original see Schaff's *Deutsches Gesangbuch*.

Nicholas Lewis, Count and Lord of Zinzendorf and Pottendorf, was born May 26th, 1700, at Dresden. His father, a pious man, had been prime minister at the Saxon Court, and died not long after his son's birth. The child's godfather was the devout Spener, a man eminent as the head of the "Pietists" in Halle, and as a composer and inspirer of hymns. The young Zinzendorf consequently grew up surrounded by religious influences, and when his mother remarried he was placed under his grandmother's care—an excellent and godly woman, who gave attention to his education in the principles of the Gospel.

He was always remarked for his piety. As a mere child he was in the habit of writing little notes to the Saviour, which he confidingly threw out of the window so that the Lord might find them as he passed by. When he was only six years old a band of soldiers, who entered the house demanding money, found him preaching to a congregation of chairs, and were so amazed that they stayed to listen to his discourse. He gave away his money to the poor, and he delighted above all things in collecting other children together and praying with them.

From the age of eleven to that of sixteen he studied under the direction of Augustus Hermann Franke (another hymn-writer) in the Royal School, at Halle. Franke frequently said of him: "This youth will one day become a great light of the Church." The difficulties which Zinzendorf encountered there—from harsh tutors and gibing scholars—only confirmed him in his wish to serve the Lord.

His guardian also was rather against this "pietism," and sent him off, in 1716, to Wittenberg to study law. This he performed faithfully, but devoted his odd hours to theology and hymn-writing. In 1719 he departed for a tour through Holland, France and Switzerland, accompanied by a private tutor. It was on this journey that he saw the *Ecce Homo* at Dusseldorf with its inscription, "This have I done for thee; what doest thou for me?" which so powerfully affected his mind and character.

At Utrecht he prosecuted the study of the law, and was also instructed in the English language. Next he went to Paris. But he now turned sharply aside from everything like pleasure, and even in the gay capital he sought out the humble followers of Jesus Christ. Travel had enlarged his ideas. He rejoiced in true Christianity wherever he found it, and in 1721 he announced his desire to be a missionary to the heathen.

Being a Lutheran, this seemed out of accord with his social station and hereditary belief. Therefore his relations secured him the office of Judicial Councillor at Dresden. He accepted the position, but contrived to obtain the consent of the clergy to the religious meetings which he conducted in his house, and to the weekly paper, *The German Socrates*, which he published at his own cost.

The story of his marriage, September 7th, 1723, illustrates his character. He had been attached to the Countess Theodora of Castel, but finding that the mother of his intimate friend, Count Reuss, wished her son to marry this lady, he relinquished his suit. He then devoted himself to the Countess Erdmuth Dorothea, the sister of Count Reuss, and finally married her—to their lasting happiness. Doubtless the calm German temperament of all these excellent young people was of a sort to submit to authority, to suffer disappointment with fortitude, and to be content with the dispensations of Providence.

Not long afterward Zinzendorf encountered some of the "scattered and peeled" remnants of the old Hussite faith. Elsewhere we have treated of their opinions at some length. The few survivors of this persecuted Church excited the deepest sympathy in the breast of the good count. They had been driven from Moravia, and for their sake he bought an estate named Berthelsdorf, in Upper Lusatia, Saxony, on which he suffered them to settle. As this village was at the foot of a hill call Hutberg—"Shelter Mountain"—they designated it as "Herrnhut," the *Lord's Shelter*. It soon passed under the actual superintendence of Zinzendorf. May 12th, 1724, witnessed the laying of the corner-stone for a meeting-house. And in 1727, Zinzendorf, resigning his Dresden appointment, removed to Bethelsdorf to devote himself to the interests of what was now called the "Brethren's Church."

The missionary zeal of this revived organization has proved to be one of the remarkable features of a most self-denying and earnest body of Christians. The Moravians have diligently sought out the poor and neglected of the earth, and wherever a Greenland, a Labrador, a Patagonia, or a down-trodden West Indian island offered a place for Christian effort there they have planted their missions. An examination of the history of evangelization will reveal this wonderful story—so wonderful that it entitles them to outrank any other sect of Christendom in their fervent sympathy with the oppressed and the benighted. And, as might be expected, it has drawn upon them the same reproach that fell upon the simple-hearted, self-sacrificing believers in the days of the early Church.

Count Zinzendorf was exposed to the contempt and scorn of the rationalists and infidels to such an extent that he was forced to leave Herrnhut and purge his orthodoxy (of all places!) at Tübingen. Here he took regular orders in 1734, being examined in theology and found to be sound in the faith. Returning to Berlin he secured the king's good-will, and labored among the nobility with so much success that forty-two carriages were once counted waiting at his door during a religious service.

In January, 1737, he made his memorable visit to London; and, as a result, John and Charles Wesley with their adherents were for a time among the Moravians. Doctrinal differences, however, separated them, and on the 20th of May, 1737, the count, being again in Berlin, was consecrated as bishop. The ceremony was performed by Jablonsky, the oldest of the Moravian bishops, but Zinzendorf did not hold the office beyond 1740, owing to the false accusations of his enemies, "which he wished," says Kübler, "to bear alone without involving the Moravian Church." In October, 1738, he visited the West Indies. In 1741 he was in the United States (or what was to be the United States), and preached in Philadelphia and also among the American Indians. Whether he held those people (as Weems does in his very peculiar *Life of William Penn*) to have been the remainder of the Lost Ten Tribes, does not appear. The services were blessed of God, and in April, 1743, the preacher was again at home in Herrnhut—but not to remain, since it was not before 1747 that he secured the formal permission which enabled him to reside among his flock. In 1749, the Moravians, who had regularly adopted the Augsburg Confession of 1530 as their standard of faith, were, and have ever since been, publicly recognized as an evangelical body. The United Brethren's Church in England was also "confirmed as a Protestant Episcopal Church" by Act of Parliament dated May 12th, 1749. In 1748, and again in 1751, Zinzendorf was in London. On the latter visit he remained for four years.

His son, Christian Renatus—a bright and promising young man, and the author of two hymns in the *Brethren's Hymn-Book*—died May 28th, 1752. The countess—herself a person of culture and piety, and author of a hymn—died June 19th, 1756. A year later Count Zinzendorf married Anne Nitschmann, one of the Herrnhut sisters, and spent the greater part of his closing years in that peaceful retreat. On the 5th of May, 1760, he fell ill of fever, which rapidly exhausted his strength. He only lingered four days, dying on the 9th of May.

To his son-in-law he said: "Now, my dear son, I am going to the Saviour. I am ready; I am quite resigned to the will of my Lord. If he is no longer willing to make use of me here I am quite ready to go to him, for there is nothing more in my way." Nearly a hundred of the members of the community had assembled in and near his bed-chamber. He looked on them with cheerfulness; spoke words of consolation and encouragement, and died as his son-in-law closed his prayer with "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." As the word "peace" was uttered he ceased to breathe. On his tombstone are the words, "He was ordained that he should go and bring forth fruit, and that his fruit should remain."

Of his hymns much can be said. "Jesus, thy blood and righteousness," is John Wesley's tribute of admiration, and the translation is fit to stand beside the original, "*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit.*"

Kübler gives the list-numbers of Zinzendorf's hymns in the Moravian collection in current use in 1865. He considers the best period of the count's hymn-writing to have been between 1720 and 1740—to which date belongs the hymn, "Heart and heart together bound" ("*Herz und Herz vereint zusammen*").

He evidently depends on the life of Zinzendorf, by Spangenberg, translated by Jackson, for his dates. And he also very properly reprobates the tendency of the Moravians between 1744 and 1750 to religious sentimentalism.

We must ourselves call attention to that wonderful list of German hymn-writers with whom the name and work of Zinzendorf are connected. Here are Spener and Augustus Hermann Franke, whom we have mentioned. Here are also Friedrich von Hardenberg ("Novalis"—for whom see Curwen's *Sorrow and Song*); Augustus Gottlieb Spangenberg, Zinzendorf's biographer; Henrietta Louisa von Hayn, a sister of Herrnhut and author of "I am Jesus' little lamb"; Christian Gregor, who remodelled the Moravian burial-hymn, "Christ will gather in his own"; Christian Lewis Edeling, a former tutor of the young count while at his grandmother's; Gottfried (not Caspar) Neumann, a dear personal friend; and Johann Andreas Rothe, a valued associate, and one to whom several of Zinzendorf's hymns have been incorrectly assigned. This German hymn-ganglion is therefore worthy of more notice than our space affords.

Jesus, heed me, lost and dying.—Offord.

This hymn, and another, "It is no untried way," were contributed to the *New York Observer*, by Rev. R. M. Offord, then and now an editor of that paper. They appeared, respectively, January 25th and February 1st, 1883, and at the request of Dr. Robinson were abbreviated and somewhat altered for use in *Laudes Domini*, 1884. Mr. Offord has recently written occasional hymns for *The Observer*, of which these seem to us the most successful, though others have been also commended. Of himself he says, modestly: "I am not a poet—and hardly a hymn-writer"—but if he had the experience given by a large comparison of the hymns of the Church he would know that to compose a good and catholic and permanent hymn is indeed to be a poet of no mean standing.

We are indebted to Mr. Offord's personal kindness for the facts of his life. He was born at St. Austell, Cornwall, September 17th, 1846. His father, Rev. John Offord, was an open-communion Baptist. After his death, in 1869, Mr. Offord, in 1870, came to this country. Not accepting the views of the Baptist brethren whom he met, he was led to study the subject of immersion, with the result that he joined the Protestant Methodists and preached in their pulpits. But here, again, he had a question of belief; and, being a Calvinist rather than an Arminian, he entered the Reformed (Dutch) Church, and was received by the Classis of Paramus, September 17th, 1878. He then spent some six years as pastor at Lodi, N. J., but his editorial work gradually engrossed more and more of his time. He had been connected with *The Witness*, and afterward with *The Observer*, and ultimately resigned his charge owing to the increased demands upon him. It is to him that the religious public owes its reports of the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting—the first daily noonday meeting in the United States, and one which is still sustained.

It is almost pathetic for Mr. Offord to describe himself as "a literary 'hack.'" When one remembers the vast army of reporters and anonymous journalists whom the busy world grinds down, wears out and forgets, he can realize the meaning of a hymn that arises from such a life. Except in some moral particulars the requirements of a religious and of a secular journal are not very divergent. Sometimes the men and women of the staff are recognized, but more often they are coral-insects—builders without a name. Yet some of the best-known literary people of modern times have been proud to be "hacks" in journalism, and their "songs in the night" have been wrung from them by the need for a Saviour's help in the midst of an exhausting occupation.

JESUS, hail, enthroned in glory.—BAKEWELL.

This is a part of the well-known hymn, "Hail, thou once despiséd Jesus." Bakewell's family always asserted his authorship of this hymn, which appeared in *Madan's Collection*, 1760, and was altered by Toplady in 1776. This stanza formerly began, "Soon shall we, with those in glory."

Jesus, I love thy charming name.—Doddridge.

An old minister, quite feeble in mind from long illness, was quickly aroused when some assertions were made regarding the divinity of Christ and his inferiority to God. "Stuff! poison!" he exclaimed. "Oh, let it not come unto your minds!" and quoted with vigor and emphasis this hymn of Dr. Doddridge. He dwelt especially upon the words:

> "Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
> My transport and my trust;"

and then relapsed into that state of quiescent indifference from which nothing but the name and fame of Christ had power to awaken him.

Jesus, I my cross have taken.—Lyte.

In Mr. Lyte's own language, he was "jostled from one curacy to another." His education had been obtained at the cost of a severe struggle, and his Brixham congregation were in many points very uncongenial to him. Yet he bore every cross nobly, and such a hymn as the present may well be taken as the deep and true utterance of the singer's own soul.

We are indebted to Dr. Belcher for the identification of this hymn with its author's name. Previous to 1859 it was credited to Montgomery, to the Hon. Miss Grant, or to her brother, Lord Glenelg, or her other brother, Sir Robert Grant. Dr. Belcher pointed out the fact that it appeared in Lyte's *Poems, Chiefly Religious*, 1833.

Henry Francis Lyte was born June 1st, 1793, at Kelso, a place made memorable to the Christian world by the residence there, from 1837 to 1866, of Dr. Horatius Bonar. His first school was at Protoro, and thence he went to Trinity College, Dublin. During his collegiate course he three times obtained the prize for English poetry, and the money thus gained was an important addition to his finances, which were meagre enough. He then entered the ministry of the Church of England, having given up his original intention of studying medicine. His ordination dates from 1815, and he was given a curacy near Wexford, whence he removed to

Marazion in 1817. Up to this period he was apparently a total stranger to vital godliness, but in 1818 he was suddenly called to the death-bed of a neighboring clergyman, who knew that he was dying but felt utterly unfit for the great change. In the darkness of that Valley of the Shadow the dying man and his equally distressed comrade turned to the writings of St. Paul. Together they found light and peace ; and the poor fellow, whose summons had been so like a call from the unseen world, "died," says Lyte, "happy under the belief that, though he had deeply erred, there was One whose death and sufferings would atone for his delinquencies, and be accepted for all that he had incurred." He adds : "I was greatly affected by the whole matter, and brought to look at life and its issue with a different eye than before ; and I began to study my Bible and preach in another manner than I had previously done."

He went in this affair much further than ordinary sympathy, for he took charge of the family of his departed friend ; and so increased his own responsibilities and anxieties that his ill health can be largely attributed to this cause. In 1819 he was settled at Lymington, Hampshire, and composed at that place some *Tales on the Lord's Prayer*, which, however, were not published until 1826. In 1823 he became the "perpetual curate" of Lower Brixham, Devonshire. He had now married, and his wife was the daughter of the Rev. W. Maxwell, D.D., of Bath. It was here at Brixham that Lyte fully entered into the spirit of his own hymn. He relinquished society, culture and everything, to follow Jesus. He took up the cross of this hard labor, and carried it—successfully, too—until his death, which occurred at Nice, November 20th, 1847.

The date assigned to this hymn is generally given as 1833. But we have found it copied from *The Home Missionary Magazine* into the *Religious Magazine* for March, 1829. The *probable* date is 1824.

JESUS, in thy dying woes.—POLLOCK.

Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock is a graduate of Trinity College, Dublin, where he became B.A. in 1859, and M.A. in 1863. He took the vice-chancellor's prize for English verse in 1855. After becoming deacon in 1861 and priest in 1862, and serving awhile as curate, he received the rectory of Pluckley, Kent, in 1869. In

1873 he was given the position of archdeacon in Chester cathedral, and has been well known as a scholar and author. In 1883 he was in charge of the church of St. Alban Martyr, Birmingham. He has been connected as curate with the churches of St. Luke, Leek, Staffordshire and St. Thomas, Stamford Hill, Middlesex.

Archdeacon Pollock was born in 1836, and has published translations of Æschylus, Sophocles, etc.

This hymn on the "Seven Words of Christ upon the Cross," 1874, has for its six other divisions:

"Jesus, pitying the sighs."
"Jesus, loving to the end."
"Jesus, whelmed in fears unknown."
"Jesus, in thy thirst and pain."
"Jesus, all our ransom paid."
"Jesus, all thy labor vast."

JESUS invites his saints.—WATTS.

This is Hymn No. 2 of Book III., of Dr. Watts's hymns, with the title, "1 Cor. 10 : 16, 17., Communion with Christ and with Saints." There are six stanzas.

JESUS is God! The glorious bands.—FABER.

This is from the hymn, "Jesus is God," in seven double stanzas.

JESUS is gone above the skies.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's hymns this is No. 6, of Book III., with the title, "John 16 : 16, Luke 22 : 19, John 14 : 3. The Memorial of our absent Lord." It has six stanzas.

JESUS, Jesus! visit me.—DUNN, *tr.*

This is a translation by Rev. Professor Robinson Potter Dunn, D.D., from the German of "Angelus Silesius" (Johann Scheffler), 1660. The hymn has six stanzas.

Professor Dunn was born in Newport, R. I., May 31st, 1825, and entered Brown University in his fifteenth year. He was graduated with the first honors in 1843, and continued in the University for two years as an instructor in French and as librarian. He then took a theological course at Princeton, N. J., and was ordained November 1st, 1848, as pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Camden, N. J. In 1851 he was called to the chair of Rhetoric and English Literature at Brown University, from which he received also the degree of Doctor of Divinity in 1864. During a vacation which he was spending at Newport with his parents he was attacked with erysipelas, and after five days' illness he died there, August 28th, 1867. He left behind him not merely a fine reputation as a scholar and instructor, but also—which is more to our present purpose—several very beautiful hymns. The piece before us is one of them; and there were other versions from German and Latin sources. The hymn, "No, no, it is not dying," was taken by him from the German of Albert Knapp, "*Nein, nein, es ist kein sterben.*"

This has been also rendered into French by Dr. Cæsar Malan, from whom it was translated into English by Dr. Bethune.

JESUS, Lamb of God, for me.—PALMER.

This hymn was written by Dr. Ray Palmer, in Albany, N. Y., in 1863, and is based on Matt. 26 : 28.

JESUS lives, no longer now.—F. E. Cox, *tr.*

In Miss Cox's *Sacred Hymns* this is a "Hymn for Easter Day," with a reference to Rom. 8 : 11. The German is by Christian Fürchtegott Gellert, and commences, "*Jesus lebt, mit ihm auch ich.*" It has six stanzas.

Gellert was born in Haynichen in Erzgebirge, Saxony, July 4th, 1715. He was the son of the pastor, and studied theology under many difficulties at Leipzig. He was never strong and well enough to preach, but lectured at Leipzig on eloquence and natural philosophy, and won the reputation of being a man of pure taste and excellent scholarship. Goethe was one of his pupils. His writings were admired and highly esteemed—but it is as a poet, and especially as a Christian poet, that the German people love him. Many of his pieces have a truly classic merit. In his final illness his friends told him, in answer to his question, that the struggle might continue for an hour longer. He lifted his hands, and with a cheerful countenance exclaimed: "Now, God be praised, only an hour!" And then turning on his side, his eyes bright with joy, he gently breathed his last, December, 1769. It had been his wish to die "like Addison."

Many incidents are related as to the response which his writings awoke. Once, when Gellert was exceedingly poor, and even in want of the necessaries of life, a peasant brought a load of firewood to him as a tribute of gratitude for the pleasure derived from his fables. His hymns—first published in 1757, and fifty-four in number—bridged the gulf between the old and the new hymnology of his native land. They were marvellously blessed. High and low, rich and poor, sang them—and even kings and princes paid him visits of respect. On a certain occasion, having gone to church in a gloomy mood, he heard one of his own hymns sung. It made him weep bitterly, for he said : " Is it you who composed this hymn, and yet you feel so little of its power in your own heart?"

When a rumor spread that he had hanged himself he sent word to the people of Coburg, quoting part of a stanza from Gerhardt :

> "I hang and shall be hanging
> Forever on my Lord."

Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox, the translator, was born in Oxford, England, the daughter of G. V. Cox, M.A. Her *Sacred Hymns from the German* (London, 1841, and second edition, revised and enlarged, 1864) was one of the earliest attempts to place the German lyrics in an English dress. Her " Earth has nothing sweet or fair," from " Angelus Silesius" (Johann Scheffler) has enjoyed great approval. She was largely indebted to Baron Bunsen's personal suggestions in her selection of pieces to be translated.

JESUS, Lord of life and glory.—CUMMINS.

The present hymn is taken from *Hymns, Meditations, and Other Poems*, by James J(ohn) Cummins, London, 1849. Two of Mr. Cummins's other hymns are, " Shall hymns of grateful love," 1849, and " Jesus, Lord, we kneel before thee," 1849. He wrote *Seals of the Covenant Opened in the Sacraments of the Church*, 1839. He died in 1867.

JESUS, lover of my soul.—C. WESLEY.

There is scarcely any hymn which, for wide usefulness and acceptance can dispute the supremacy with this. Of itself it would have immortalized its author, but, being itself, it was a pledge that many more verses would accompany it from the same pen. Charles Wesley wrote it in 1740, and it is found in *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742, in five double stanzas.

We have attempted—but only superficially—to do for this hymn what could well be performed in another shape and as a volume by itself. This is to group the incidents relating to it, so far as they bear any evidence of authenticity.

It is related of Thomas Hartwell Horne, the author of the "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Holy Scriptures," that he was convinced of sin under the preaching of Rev. Joseph Benson, and united himself with the Methodists. He came under the religious care of Dr. Adam Clarke, and was finally ordained in the Church of England. His services as a scholar and theologian were eminent, but in his honored old age nothing comforted him like the lines:

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee."

He died January 27th, 1862, aged eighty-two.

Few hymns have been more extensively blessed in the dying hours of believers. It would be possible to compile a volume of incidents "of considerable dimensions" (to quote G. J. Stevenson's words) from Methodist sources alone, under this heading.

Henry Ward Beecher once said, after a reference to his father, Dr. Lyman Beecher's, death, and his love for this hymn:

> "I would rather have written that hymn of Wesley's:
>
> 'Jesu, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,'
>
> than to have the fame of all the kings that ever sat on the earth. It is more glorious. It has more power in it. I would rather be the author of that hymn than to hold the wealth of the richest man in New York. He will die. He *is* dead, and does not know it. He will pass, after a little while, out of men's thoughts. What will there be to speak of him? What will he have done that will stop trouble, or encourage hope? His money will go to his heirs, and they will divide it. It is like a stream divided and growing narrower by division. And they will die, and it will go to their heirs. In three or four generations everything comes to the ground again for redistribution. But that hymn will go on singing until the last trump brings forth the angel band; and then, I think it will mount up on some lip to the very presence of God."

The late President Finney, of Oberlin, O., was walking about his grounds not long before his death. In the church where he had preached for forty years the evening service had just begun. Presently he heard this hymn floating to him from the distance. He caught it up, sang with the invisible congregation, and joined in their praises to the end. Before the next morning he had joined the choir about the throne.

The following incident has been frequently told, and we are glad to have it in an apparently authentic shape :

"Several years ago a ship was burned near the English Channel. Among the passengers were a father, mother, and their little child, a daughter, not many months old. When the discovery was made that the ship was on fire, and the alarm was given, there was great confusion, and this family became separated. The father was rescued and taken to Liverpool ; but the mother and infant were carried overboard by the crowd, and, unnoticed by those who were doing all in their power to save the sufferers still on the ship, they drifted out of the Channel with the tide, the mother clinging to a fragment of the wreck, with her little one clasped to her breast. Late in the afternoon of that day, a vessel bound from Newport, Wales, to America, was moving slowly along in her course. There was only a slight breeze, and the captain was impatiently walking the deck when his attention was called to an object some distance off, which looked like a person in the water. The officers and crew watched it for a time, and as no vessel was near from which any one could have fallen overboard, they thought it impossible to be a human being. The captain sent a boat, which was watched with deepest interest from the ship. As the boat approached the object floating, suddenly the sound of a gentle voice was heard so softly singing, and the sailors listened to the words of the first verse : 'Jesu, lover of my soul.' Soon the rescued mother and child were safe on board the ship, and ultimately reached America. The father joined them four months afterward."

It is said that an excursion of Sunday-school teachers and scholars on Lake Winipiseogee was saved from panic and disaster during a storm by the singing of this hymn. It almost seemed as though the clouds broke and the wind allayed while the verses were being sung.

"Mr. Gould," says Dr. Belcher, "mentions the influence of singing on the mind of a minister in Vermont. He was a stranger, called to officiate for a Sabbath in a cold and dreary church. When he entered it, the wind howled, and loose clapboards and windows clattered. The pulpit stood high above the first floor. There was no stove ; but a few persons in the church, and those few beating their hands and feet to keep them from freezing. He asked himself : 'Can I preach ? Of what use can it be ? What shall I do ? Can these two or three singers in the gallery sing the words if I read a hymn ?' 'I concluded to make a trial, and read :

"Jesus, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly."

"'They commenced, and the sound of a single female voice has followed me with an indescribable, pleasing sensation ever since, and probably will while I live. The voice, intonation, articulation and expression seemed to me perfect. I was warmed inside and out, and for the time was lost in rapture. I had heard of the individual and voice before ; but hearing it in this dreary situation made it doubly grateful. Never did I preach with more satisfaction to myself. And from this incident I learned a lesson : Never to be discouraged by unfavorable appearances, but, where duty calls, go to work cheerfully, without wavering !' "

Mr. Spurgeon declares that the selection of psalms and hymns for divine worship is no trifle. "An ungodly stranger," he remarks, "stepping into one of our services at Exeter Hall, was brought to the Cross by the words of Wesley's verse, 'Jesu, lover of my soul.' 'Does Jesus love me ?' said he : 'then why should I live in enmity to him ?' "

Dr. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass., calls this a "sailor's hymn." It may well be, for sailors have always loved it. A coasting vessel once went on the rocks in the English Channel. Her captain and crew abandoned her and were lost in the boats. But the vessel stood out the storm, and those who boarded her found on the captain's table a hymn-book with the pencil in its leaves, and this stanza marked—as if it was among his latest thoughts. The traditional origin of the hymn is that Wesley was seated at his desk when a bird pursued by a hawk flew into the open window. The baffled hawk did not dare to follow, and the poet took his pen and wrote this immortal song.

In *The Story Lizzie Told* [by Mrs. Prentiss] Westminster Abbey appears as a "big church" "just as full as it could hold."

"Then, all of a sudden, they burst out a-singing. Father showed me the card with large letters on it, and, says he, 'Sing, Lizzie, sing !'

"And so I did. It was the first time in my life. The hymn said :

'Jesu, lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly,'

and I whispered to father, 'Is Jesus God ?' 'Yes, yes,' said he. 'Sing, Lizzie, sing !' "

A Mrs. Lewis, of Norwich, England, many years ago went to hear Mr. Hook preach at the Tabernacle, being under great distress of mind. She had determined to attend divine service once more, and if she obtained no peace she intended then to drown herself. The first hymn which the preacher announced was, "Jesu, lover of my soul," which so startled her and suited her condition that she supposed that he "had made this hymn for her sake,'' for she had no doubt that some one had informed him of her state of mind. As a result of this experience she was hopefully converted.

Of Rev. Benjamin Parsons, the English social reformer, born at Nibley, October 16th, 1797, it is related that '' he knew he was dying, but he enjoyed a Greek criticism. He could discuss the doctrine of Whewell's book ' On Plurality of Worlds.' He was interested in the war.'' He, too, was one of those who sang '' Jesu, lover of my soul '' in the dying moment.

Mr. James Maitland Hog, a man of distinction and influence in Christian work, was born in 1799, and was the friend and associate of men like Dr. Chalmers and Dr. Duff. At the Disruption he shared, as an elder, the fortunes of the Free Church, and was eminent for piety and usefulness until the year 1858, when he yielded at last to the inroads of a painful disease. His speech was affected so that he could not converse with any ease. His right arm was also powerless, and needed to be lifted upon the table and a pen placed between the fingers. But with the help of the left hand he could still write, and often composed a couple of dozen folio pages. As his strength decreased he was unable to avail himself of even this slight advantage, and could neither speak nor write. But by the help of a small tube or reed held in the mouth he pointed to the letters of a printed alphabet, and slowly spelled out these words : '' I am looking to the Saviour ; my only hope is in Jesus.'' Then, at his request, the hymns, '' Jesu, lover of my soul,'' and '' Just as I am, without one plea,'' were read to him, and at dawn of day, on Sunday, August 1st, 1858, he entered peacefully into rest.

In the winter of 1872 Mr. Charles Trumbull White, being engaged in hospital work of a religious character, visited Bellevue Hospital, New York City. He was specially urged by the attendants to see an English sailor in one of the wards who was near death. The man was found to be fast going, and unable to articulate. Mr. White, therefore, leaned down and repeated, so that he might hear them, the words of this hymn. To all appearance they were uttered to the '' dull, cold ear of death,'' and he departed, feeling as though he had failed to secure the least response.

About midnight, however, of that same night, this unknown sailor seemed to arouse. He sat up in his cot, and with a clearly audible voice he spoke the words :

> "Jesu, lover of my soul,
> Let me to thy bosom fly,"

and continued until he had repeated the entire hymn. He then added other verses of hymns for several minutes, but ceased suddenly, fell back, and was dead. Who can tell how great a bridge had been thrown by those familiar words across the gulf of memory, and how great a comfort they may have brought to his dying hour. The circumstances were precisely as we have given them, and no explanation was ever obtained.

Dr. George Duffield (the author of "Stand up, stand up for Jesus") writes :

> "One of the most blessed days of my life was when I found, after my harp had long hung on the willows, that I could *sing* again ; that a new song was put into my mouth ; and when, ere ever I was aware, I was singing 'Jesu, lover of my soul.' If there is anything in Christian experience of joy and sorrow, of affliction and prosperity, of life and death —that hymn is *the* hymn of the ages !"

JESUS, Master, hear me now.—ANON, 1842.

The earliest publication of this hymn seems to have been in the Presbyterian (O. S.) *Devotional Hymns*, Philadelphia, 1842. Compare with this Frances Ridley Havergal's "Jesus, Master, whose I am."

JESUS, Master, whose I am.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This hymn is from Miss Havergal's *Poems* (p. 429) : "Whose I am and whom I serve.—Acts 27 : 23." It has six stanzas ; three to each part of the text. It does not appear in *Songs of Grace and Glory*.

JESUS, my all, to heaven is gone.—CENNICK.

John Wesley has recorded that,

> "On Friday, March, 1739, I came to Reading, where I found a young man who had in some measure known the powers of the world to come. I spent the evening with him and a few of his serious friends, and it pleased God much to strengthen and comfort them."

This was John Cennick, whose career was afterward somewhat checkered by disagreements and doctrinal differences with his old associates. He had been a wild and reckless lad, of warm feelings and somewhat headstrong character. Grace did not wholly drive out this crab-stock nature, though the graft always kept uppermost. And Cennick's history—written, as it happens, mostly by those who are partisans of Wesley—does not incline us to think that anything worse than impulsiveness can be charged against him. It is another instance of the amenities of hymnology that he afterward declared it was like being "in the midst of the plague" to be with the Wesleys. And Charles Wesley, who once delightedly corrected and encouraged the early efforts of the young hymnist, spoke twenty years later of "that weak man, John Cennick" and his "strange doctrines." Probably no one stops to ask, however, how much refuse stuff has gone into the root of the rose when the flower is in full bloom—and inasmuch as John Cennick is chargeable with no immorality or heterodoxy, it may be as well not to be uncharitable. He had come of Quaker lineage, his grandparents having been persecuted and imprisoned. He had strong tastes in the direction of asceticism, and once subsisted for a time on a mongrel diet of "acorns, leaves of trees, crabs [the small sour natural apples] and grass," and would have brought himself down still further if he could, being ambitious in the direction of roots and herbs. This was a character to be very susceptible to an enthusiasm which might readily run into fanatical extremes.

The hymn before us belongs to the neighborhood of the year 1743; is the outcome of a subjective experience, and originally contained nine stanzas.

To be more particular as to the man's personal history, we may say that John Cennick was born December 12th, 1718, at Reading, Berkshire, of a family who, on the father's side, were followers of George Fox. Until his thirteenth year he was strictly brought up, but his visits to London to seek an opportunity to learn some trade had the bad effect on his morals which has been mentioned.

The full history of the "Rise and Progress" of poor Cennick's doctrinal difficulties extends from the time when, in 1738–9, he went to Oxford to meet Mr. Kinchin, of the "Holy Club," until he broke off from everybody and affiliated with the United Brethren in 1745. His ecclesiastical history shows him to have been a Wesleyan in 1739; then to have seceded from that body, because of their "Free Grace" doctrines, and to have founded a society of his own with twenty-four members in 1741. When Whitefield returned from America he gathered in Cennick, and had his help in London; and, also, as an evangelist, in the west of England. His labors were abundant—six sermons a day being sometimes recorded—and much persecution also attended his progress, along with equally marked success. Cennick's Bohemian ancestry, however, turned him away from Whitefield, and he carried many of his friends with him when he went over to the United Brethren. Much of the remainder of his life was spent in the north of Ireland. He returned, however, to London, June 28th, 1755, in a feeble condition of health, and died there, July 4th, 1755, at the early age of thirty-seven.

In personal appearance Cennick was "rather below the middle stature" and "of a fair countenance." His sincere and spiritual piety have always been acknowledged by every one who has commented on his life. His sermons show real 'unction.'

Cennick's earlier hymns were contributed to the use of the Wesleys—who amended them, as Charles Wesley admits—and afterward these and others were collected by himself into separate volumes. At Bristol (which has a great name for literary intolerance and proficiency in hymn-books) he printed his *Sacred Hymns*, Part I., in 1743. In Part II. Mr. Joseph Humphreys had six pieces, one of which is, "Blessed are the sons of God." This was followed by Part III., London, 1744, and he also published two more volumes, leaving at his death a good deal of manuscript material of the same sort. In 1742 he said:

> "I would not have any, who read these hymns, look to find either good poetry or fine language, for indeed there is none." "It was the truth," says Dr. Hatfield, dryly. "The few hymns from his pen that are now used have been considerably modified to fit them for the 'service of song,' and are known, at present, almost wholly, in these altered forms. They cannot well be restored."

All who are aware of Dr. Hatfield's strong sentiments on the subject of "the author's text" will feel that poor Cennick fares rather badly under this scathing review. But such was his fire, and such was his spiritual fervor, that his ram's-horn music has become a well-beloved strain in our modern oratorio.

Jesus, my great high-priest.—Watts.

This is from Dr. Watts's *Hymns*, Book I., No. 150, "On the offices of Christ," and is the same as the version of the 148th Psalm.

JESUS, my Lord, my God, my all.—COLLINS.

This "Rev. Henry Collins" must not be confused with a person of the same name, curate of High Laver, Ongar, in 1860. The author of this hymn, written 1852, is Henry Collins, a graduate of Oxford University (M.A. 1854). After being ordained as deacon and priest he left the Church of England for that of Rome in 1857. He published a tract to defend his course—the usual proceeding—and was taken into the Cistercian Order in 1860. In 1866 he printed a history of the order, and is supposed to be still in connection with it. Beside this piece and "Jesu, meek and lowly," Mr. Collins has written no other hymns. These were published in an Oxford collection about 1854.

JESUS! name all names above.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is a translation from Theoctistus of the Studium in Dr. Neale's *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. It is the *’Ιησοὐ γλυκύτατε* of this friend of St. Joseph of the Studium, who died *circa* 890, A.D. The version is made from a cento taken from his "Suppliant Canon to Jesus."

"JESUS only!" in the shadow.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This is taken from Miss Havergal's *Poems* (p. 44): "Jesus Only.—Matt. 17 : 8." It is in two stanzas. The author's date is 1870.

JESUS, our Lord, how rich thy grace.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's *Hymns* this is No. 188, "Relieving Christ in his poor Saints.—Matt. 25 : 40." It has four stanzas.

JESUS only, when the morning.—NASON.

Rev. Elias Nason was born at Wrentham, Mass., April 21st, 1811. His education was received at Brown University, whence he was graduated in 1835. He then became a teacher, and from 1840 to 1849 was in Newburyport, Mass., having previously spent some years in Georgia. He next entered the ministry of the Congregational denomination, but has been largely engaged in literary work, which has generally taken the shape of biographies. The *Gazetteer of Massachusetts*, 1874, is his compilation.

Among hymnologists he is known by his *Congregational Hymn Book*, 1857, and by the *Songs for Social and Public Worship*, 1863, in which he was associated with Dr. Edward Kirk. In this latter volume the present piece appeared. It was written at Natick, Mass., in the neighborhood of the year 1856, and was published first in the "Wellspring," a juvenile paper of Boston, with the author's own music attached.

Dr. Nason still resides at North Billerica, Mass.

JESUS, Saviour, pilot me.—HOPPER.

Rev. Edward Hopper, D.D., has for many years been pastor of the Church of Sea and Land, New York City. He has kindly communicated the incidents connected with his hymn.

It was first published in the *Sailors' Magazine*, New York, in 1871. In 1880 Rev. Samuel N. Hall, D.D., of Newark, the Secretary of the Seamen's Friend Society, asked Dr. Hopper for an anniversary hymn. The latter selected this piece and gave him the first two and last two stanzas. They were printed and sung by the congregation in the Broadway Tabernacle (Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., pastor) May 10th, 1880. To the author's knowledge this was their earliest use as a hymn, but a few days later he was informed by Rev. C. S. Robinson, D.D., that he had already included them in his *Spiritual Songs*, 1878, and was glad to know the authorship. The piece had been transferred from a forgotten hymn-book, and it stood as "Anonymous." At a large gathering of ministers and teachers in the Memorial Church, held not long afterward, Dr. Robinson noticed Dr. Hopper in the audience, gave out this hymn and announced its author's name. It has six stanzas. These are the first, fifth and sixth. The hymn has proved unusually popular —surpassing (how often this happens!) other cherished efforts of its composer. Dr. Hopper was born in New York City in 1818. His mother was of Huguenot descent, and his father, Mansfield Hopper, was a prosperous merchant of the old school. The lad was educated and had his being in the metropolis. He was first instructed at Nash and Mann's school in the then up-town region of Bleecker Street. He next was graduated from the University of the City of New York, and in due course from Union Theological Seminary (also in New York City) in 1842. The Third Presbytery of New York licensed him to preach in 1843. He was able after this to go as far away as Sag Harbor, Long Island, where he was pastor for eleven years. But manifest destiny drew him back to this city, where, for more than sixteen years he has been pastor of the Church of the Sea and Land. His degree of D.D. was received from Lafayette College in 1871.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 72, Second Part, L. M., "Christ's Kingdom among the Gentiles." It has eight stanzas. This hymn was used in 1862, when five thousand natives of Tonga, Fiji and Samoa exchanged heathenism for Christianity.

Jesus, Shepherd of the sheep.—H. Cooke.

This hymn, found in the *Canadian Presbyterian Hymnal*, 1881, is the composition of a man far more notable as a scholar and a polemic than as a hymn-writer. Indeed, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, of New York, his pupil and personal friend, did not know he had ever composed a hymn.

The author, Rev. Henry Cooke, D.D., LL.D., was born in County Londonderry, Ireland, May 11th, 1788. The exact place was Grillagh, near Maghera, and he came of the veritable Puritan stock, being the descendant of an English family who had emigrated from Devonshire to County Down.

Dr. Cooke was educated at the University of Glasgow, and was ordained, 1808, as pastor of Duneane (Presbyterian) church, County Antrim, where he remained two years. From 1811–15 he was pastor at Donegore, near Templepatrick, in County Antrim; then at Killyleagh, County Down, from 1818–29. The interval from 1815–18 he spent in study in Glasgow University and Trinity College, where he was finding and forging the weapons for his battle with Arianism. From 1829 he became—and has since been usually called—"Cooke of Belfast." With this congregation in May Street he remained until his death, resisting a flattering offer to place him as professor, in 1847, in the Assembly's College at Belfast, where he would have held the chair of Sacred Rhetoric.

Dr. Cooke's illustrious work was that of destroying the Arian heresy which paralyzed the vital powers of the Irish Presbyterian Church. For half a century his life was coeval and co-extensive with the most important energies of the religious and political history of his native land. He had immense memory, great tact, genuine eloquence, a bright wit, ready powers of retort, and undaunted courage. It is traditional of him that he once held the floor in a debate for several hours while forces, duly expected but still delayed, were making their way to the arena; and it is said that he did this on the spur of the moment, and mostly by scriptural quotations.

The conflict thus waged was essential to the future of the Church of his choice, and he had given three earnest years to the preparation for it. Not merely were men's opinions lax, but they were wholly infidel and irreligious. The campaign was a real thirty years' war, during which Dr. Cooke never met a single defeat, and at the end of which he was able to see the fruits of permanent victory. "The fight he waged," says one account, "reads like a romance." "In every battle," says another chronicler, "he was victorious. He freed the Church of his fathers from Arianism, and gave a new impulse to religious life and work in Ireland."

The actual results took the form of eradication. The General Assembly, the colleges and the congregations of the Presbyterian Church in Ireland were purged from the leaven of heresy—and this by the exercise of full as much worldly prudence and skill as of dogmatic authority. Three times did Dr. Cooke receive the remarkable honor of being Moderator of the General Assembly; and if one may judge by the devotion of those who have come from the May Street church into the American Presbyterian churches, he was worthy to be loved as well as followed. He was simple, unostentatious, gentle and agreeable in manner. His life was truly spiritual, and his temper—polemic as he was—was that of his Master. To such a man properly belongs such a hymn as this which we are considering. On Sunday, December 13th, 1868, Dr. Cooke died in Belfast. His biography has been admirably written by Dr. Porter.

JESUS spreads his banner o'er us.—R. PARK.

The Rev. Roswell Park, D.D., was born October 1st, 1807, at Lebanon, Conn., and received a military education at West Point; being finally graduated in 1831, however, from Union College, N. Y. He was at first a lieutenant in the Military Engineer Corps, 1831–36, and afterward, on his resignation from the army, he was appointed Professor of Natural Philosophy and Geometry in the University of Pennsylvania, at Philadelphia. Dr. Park was one of those ambitious scholars who have essayed a *Survey of Human*

Knowledge, which he published in 1841. He also wrote a volume of poems, 1836, and a history of West Point, 1840.

In 1843 (his mind having been turned in that direction) he was ordained to the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and received the rectorship of Christ Church, Pomfret, Conn. Three years later he was additionally in charge of Christ Church Hall, a school connected with his parish. In 1852 he went to Europe, and on his return was made President of Racine College, Wisconsin, to which dignity the additional title of Chancellor was added in 1859. The versatility of his mind appears from his *Handbook for American Travellers in Europe*, issued in 1853. From Racine College he removed to Chicago; established Immanuel Hall, a literary and scientific school, and continued in charge of this, being both rector and proprietor, until his death, July 16th, 1869. Dr. Park was "a vigorous writer and a good scholar;" though he is seldom included in collections of American literature. This hymn is dated in 1836.

JESUS, still lead on.—MISS JANE BORTHWICK, *tr.*

The original is the

"Jesu, geh voran
Auf der Lebensbahn"

of Count Zinzendorf.

Nicholaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, the distinguished leader of the Moravians, wrote this in September, 1721. It has become familiar to the greater part of Evangelical Germany, and Miss Borthwick's version was published in her *Hymns from the Land of Luther*. The true commencement is,

"Seelen Bräutigam,
O du Gotteslamm,"

which John Wesley presumably rendered into

"O Thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light."

As to this latter hymn, there has been some doubt. Its original has been ascribed to Gerard Tersteegen, and another very similar hymn,

"Seelen Bräutigam,
Jesu, Gotteslamm!"

is attributed to Adam Drese, about 1690. John Wesley's fine lyric has undoubtedly a Moravian origin, for on his voyage to Georgia he spent much time in versifying their songs of praise.

JESUS, the sinner's friend, to thee.—C. WESLEY.

This hymn, based on Gal. 3 : 22, has thirteen stanzas, and is from *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. It displays in its original form much boldness of expression. The twelfth stanza, for instance, closes with this couplet :

> "I give up every plea beside,
> Lord, I am damned--but thou hast died."

Whitefield, once, was so scandalized by the horrid ribaldry of a clown who mocked him during an open-air service, that he appealed to the crowd whether he had wronged human nature by saying with Bishop Hall that "man, when left to himself, is half a fiend and half a brute," and in agreeing with William Law that humanity was a "motley mixture of beast and devil."

JESUS !—the very thought is sweet.—NEALE, *tr.*

A version by Dr. Neale, 1851, of the "*Jesu, dulcis memoria*" of St. Bernard.

JESUS, these eyes have never seen.—R. PALMER.

This hymn was written in 1858, in Albany, N. Y., and is based on 1 Pet. 1 : 8. It is Dr. Palmer's favorite piece, if we except "My faith looks up to thee." Rev. Dr. Buckingham, Rev. Dr. Eddy and other clergymen have almost made it classic as a Sunday-evening hymn. It has also a particularly interesting history, as related by the venerable author, October 14th, 1884, to the present writer :

> Dr. Palmer was seated at his study desk preparing a sermon which had Christ for its special theme. Needing a volume from his closed bookcase he rose and opened the door, when the book appeared just at his hand. At once it occurred to him that in some such way the face of Christ would be unveiled to us, and the thought so filled his heart that he turned to his desk and composed the hymn.

JESUS, the very thought of thee.—CASWALL, *tr.*

This is from Rev. Edward Caswall's almost unapproachably fine translation of St. Bernard of Clairvaulx's hymn, "*Jesu, dulcis memoria,*" of which the full account can be found in "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." Caswall's rendering is in fifty stanzas, and first appeared in his *Lyra Catholica*, 1849. It is in this hymn that the great theologian and scholar, and preacher of crusades, has set the key for modern hymnody. No one can fail to recognize how its spirit has gone into the German and English lyrics. Mr. Caswall's hymn has comforted at least one soul in the dying hour :

Rev. Thomas (Canon) Sing, a Roman Catholic priest, and a man of great spirituality, was well known as the ecclesiastic in charge of St. Mary's church, Derby, England. At the age of seventy he was only able to continue his duties at Grantham by the help of an assistant. He said mass on Sunday, October 22d, 1882, and returned to his house seriously ill. On Tuesday he was dying. His assistant, Mr. Sabela, repeated to him the words of this, his favorite hymn. He followed each line eagerly, and at the end exclaimed : " Amen !" In a very few moments he was dead.

JESUS, thou art the sinner's friend.—BURNHAM.

Rev. Richard Burnham, born in Guildford, Surrey, England, in 1749, was called from Staines, Middlesex, to London, where he was pastor of a Baptist church, and afterward of another congregation of the same faith in Grafton Street, Soho. In these two churches he passed thirty years of ministerial labor, varying between extreme popularity and great discomfort, owing to matters in his private conduct which invited criticism.

This hymn first appears in his *New Hymns on Divers Subjects*, 1783, which he dedicated to his people. In his preface he says : " Your pastor is willing to own that he is the unworthiest of the unworthy ; yet, unworthy as he is, he humbly trusts, through rich grace, he has in some measure found that the dear bosom of the atoning Lamb is the abiding-place of his immortal soul." He was buried in Tottenham Court chapel, London, having passed away in peace, October 30th, 1810.

This hymn has a twin-lyric, in the same measure, and with the same chorus. It is by Rev. T. Haweis, and was printed in the *Evangelical Magazine*, 1802. It commences :

" O thou from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to thee."

JESUS, thou joy of loving hearts.—R. PALMER, *tr.*

Dr. Palmer wrote this hymn in 1858 in Albany, N. Y., and it is taken from the great hymn of St. Bernard of Clairvaulx, for whom see " The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." This present piece is a translation of selected verses, and has been exceedingly popular in the Church of England.

JESUS, thou everlasting King.—WATTS.

This is the second stanza of Dr. Watts's hymn, "Daughters of Sion, come, behold." It is No. 72 of Book I., and is entitled, "The Coronation of Christ, and the Espousals of the Church.—Sol. Song 3 : 11." It has, in all, six stanzas.

JESUS, thou source of calm repose.—C. WESLEY.

The hymn before us is disguised from ordinary recognition. In the original form it begins :

> "Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
> Thou all-sufficient Love Divine."

It has been greatly changed. The couplet at the close of the first stanza reads, for example :

> "And lo ! from sin, and grief, and shame,
> I hide me, Jesus, in thy name."

Instead of "Our life in death, our all in all," we have "My life in death ; my heaven in hell." Nearly every line has been altered. The date is 1741.

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness.—J. WESLEY, *tr.*

This is John Wesley's paraphrase from the German of that prolific hymn-writer, Count Zinzendorf. It is positively assigned to John Wesley on the authority of Count Zinzendorf's own book, privately printed at Chelsea, in which the names of translators appear.

The original hymn is the "*Christi Blut und Gerechtigkeit*," which was composed somewhere between February and April of 1739, during a voyage from the West Indies to England. In the course of this voyage the count's attention was specially drawn toward Church history. He was physically weak, but with characteristic generosity he had given up his stateroom to a Portuguese Jew named Da Costa, who was travelling with his wife to Amsterdam and besought the count to take him on the vessel. This protégé, it must be added, waited on him faithfully, and, indeed, "displayed nothing Jewish but his zeal for his religion." Reading of the honors awarded to holy men in the past, Zinzendorf records at this time : "If I am faithful I hope to tread, by God's grace, in the steps of these brethren, whose example is so beneficially set before me by the Holy Spirit." One can readily trace feelings such as these in the hymn, particularly in one stanza which is usually omitted, but which Whitefield placed in his *Collection :*

"Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim :
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am."

John Wesley must have met with the verses very soon after the count's arrival in England, but his rendering, in ten stanzas, fine as it is, is only a free and abridged version of the original, which has thirty stanzas in all. It is not generally known that the first two lines of these thirty stanzas are conveyed literally from a hymn by P. Eber (d. 1569), which is very popular in Germany, and begins, "*In Christi Wunden schlaf ich ein.*"

The largeness of the faith which composed this hymn speaks in the lines :

"*Ich glaube, dass Sein theures Blut*
Genug für alle Sünden thut,
Und dass es Gottes Schätze füllt
Und ewig in dem Himmel gilt."

"Lord, I believe, were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made."

This was the sacred song to whose solemn strains the body of Rowland Hill was laid in the tomb. Luther's hymn had been sung, and then Rev. Thomas Russell gave out this, which was a favorite hymn with Mr. Hill.

The father of Rev. James Smetham, one of Wesley's associates, was converted (as, indeed, Smetham himself was) through the prayers of a son, who saw father and mother and brothers all brought into the kingdom. At his death, this son, whose name was John, was wonderfully helped and encouraged by this hymn. And when his father was near his own end he spoke of the fact, adding : "I have had such a sight of my own defects and unfaithfulness, and such a view of the purity and holiness of God, as almost made me despair of finding mercy at the last." Remembering, however, that his son John had been greatly comforted by a hymn, he asked for the book, and, on taking it, it opened to this very stanza : "All my fear, doubt and distress vanished,'' said he, "when, at the reading of that verse, I cast my soul on the Atonement; and since that time I have enjoyed perfect peace."

Queen Christiana of Prussia having seen a beautiful little child, a daughter of one of her gardeners, playing in the grounds, had her brought to the palace and placed in a chair next to herself at the dinner. She pleased herself with thinking how delighted the little one would be, but they were no sooner seated than the child, observing the ceremonious pause, quietly repeated, by way of a grace, the words:

"Christ's dear blood and righteousness
Be to me as jewels given,
Crowning me when I shall press
Onward through the gates of heaven."

No one spoke. The innocent child had supposed that they were waiting for her to ask her blessing on the food as she did at home. And this was the Queen's best thanks, in its solemn and refreshing simplicity, for an act of impulsive kindness. She had, as it were, given the cup of cold water, and she had not lost her reward.

This "grace before meat" was really from the hymn of the poor hunchback, Eber. That is worth translating, and here is our literal version of it:

I rest in Christ, who died for me,
Whose blood from sin hath set me free;
Yes, Christ's dear blood and holiness
Is my attire and glorious dress.

In this, to God I dare draw near,
When in his heaven I shall appear;
With joy and freedom there to be
A child of God eternally.

Be thanked, O death! my help thou art!
Thus, to immortal life, my heart
With Christ's dear blood shall pardoned be—
Lord Jesus! lift my faith to thee!

JESUS, thy boundless love to me.—J. WESLEY, *tr.*

This translation, from Paul Gerhardt's "*O Jesu Christ, mein schönstes Licht,*" is like the most of John Wesley's work of this character, a sort of inspired paraphrase, which almost reaches the dignity of an original production. Gerhardt's hymn, 1653, in its turn, is based on a meditation and prayer by Arndt in his *Paradiesgärtlein.* Wesley's rendering has sixteen stanzas, and appears in the *Hymns and Sacred Poems,* 1739.

JESUS, thy Church with longing eyes.—BATHURST.

Mr. Bathurst's title for this hymn is "The Second Coming of Christ," with a reference to Rev. 22 : 20. It appeared in his *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use,* 1831.

JESUS ! thy love shall we forget.—MITCHELL.

Rev. William Mitchell, the author of the hymn before us, was born at Chester, Conn., December 9th, 1793. He entered Yale College and was graduated in the class of 1818, subsequently taking a theological course at Andover, and being ordained October 20th, 1824. He was pastor at Newton, Conn., 1825–31 ; pastor at Rutland, Vt., 1833–47 ; stated supply, Wallingford, Vt., 1847–51. He then became the agent, successively, of the Vermont, New York and New Jersey Colonization Societies—that scheme of deporting our negroes to Africa from which Liberia sprang, and in which President Lincoln was so greatly interested—and he continued in this work from 1853 to 1858. He then went to Texas, where he became a resident of Corpus Christi. He was afterward acting pastor of the Presbyterian church of Casa Blanca from 1858 to 1862. He returned to Corpus Christi in 1866, and died in that place, August 1st, 1867.

This hymn was written for the *Christian Lyre,* 1830, of which Dr. Joshua Leavitt was editor. It is entitled "Can we forget?" has six stanzas and a chorus, and is signed "W. M." The tune to which it is adapted is called "Grateful Memory."

JESUS, to thy table led.—BAYNES.

In *Lyra Britannica* the entire hymn is printed in seven three-line stanzas. The date is 1863. The author, Rev. Robert Hall Baynes, was born at Wellington, Somersetshire, England, March 10th, 1831. After a preliminary education at Bath he studied at St. Edmund's Hall, Oxford, whence he was graduated. He took the degree of M.A. in 1859. He then entered the Episcopalian ministry, and became curate of Christ church, Blackfriars, London. In 1858 he was appointed to the living of St. Paul's, Whitechapel. In 1862 he became the incumbent of Holy Trinity, Maidstone. In 1868 he was vicar of St. Michael's and All Angels, Coventry, and was subsequently offered the bishopric of Madagascar, but declined. He is known by his *Lyra Anglicana*, and has edited a fine collection of *English Lyrics*. He is also the editor of the *Canterbury Hymnal*, 1863.

JESUS, we look to thee.—C. WESLEY.

The title given to this hymn is, "At Meeting of Friends." It is taken from the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

JESUS, we thus obey.—C. (?) WESLEY.

From *Hymns on the Lord's Supper*, 1745, by John and Charles Wesley. It is for use "Before the Sacrament."

JESUS, where'er thy people meet.—COWPER.

This is Book II., No. 44, of the *Olney Hymns*, in six stanzas. The occasion of this and of the previous hymn by Newton, "O Lord, our languid souls inspire" (better known by its second stanza, "Dear Shepherd of thy people, hear"), was the removal of the prayer-meeting at Olney. It was taken to the "Great House" in 1769, and Cowper sometimes assisted in its services by offering prayer in public.

JESUS, who knows full well.—NEWTON.

This commences, "Our Lord, who knows full well," and is the 106th hymn of the *Olney Hymns*, Book II. It is based on Luke 18 : 1–7, and has a reference to Cowper's piece, "What various hindrances we meet." It is an excellent illustration of the views of John Newton, who always ascribed his conversion to his mother's importunate prayers. He would frequently employ David's language, and exclaim : "O Lord, truly I am thy servant ; I am thy servant and the son of thine handmaid ; thou hast loosed my bonds."

Newton's own personal influence was remarkable enough, and is worth tracing in this connection. He was instrumental in the conversion of Claudius Buchanan, who went to India as a missionary, and there wrote *The Star in the East*, which drew Adoniram Judson on the same errand to the same place. Thomas Scott, the commentator, was another of Newton's pupils, for he testifies that he was an unconverted man when ordained to the ministry, and that Newton gave him his first ideas of vital godliness. In connection with Doddridge, Newton could also lay claim to the arousing of William Wilberforce, the philanthropist. Thus the ex-slave-captain had remotely a share in the great emancipation movements of our own day. Of his influence on Cowper, especially in the matter of hymns, we need not speak.

The good which Newton began has not ceased even to the present time. Two currents seem to have met in Wilberforce. For Bunny's *Resolutions* had awakened Richard Baxter and Sibbs's *Bruised Reed* brought him to Christ. Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* was given in by a beggar at Philip Doddridge's door, and God blessed it to the salvation of the man who was destined to write the *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul.* This was the treatise which arrested the attention of Wilberforce. Wilberforce in his turn wrote *The Practical View of Christianity*, and this was the work which was blessed to Legh Richmond and to Thomas Chalmers. The pupil of Chalmers who has most carried forward his teacher's instructions is Dr. Horatius Bonar—and here, again, we come into the region of hymns and songs of praise. Legh Richmond wrote *The Dairyman's Daughter*, and this inspired Rev. George Duffield, who wrote *The Pastor and Inquirer*, one of the most profitable and valuable of American tracts, in Bloomfield, N. J., about the year 1851. We shall never know, this side of eternity, where a good book ceases to have its effect on the heart and conscience, or where and how its spiritual offspring are produced. This has received many examples. Luther was inspired by perusing the life of Huss. So was Rev. Joseph Wolff, the missionary, by reading of Xavier's wonderful career. William Carey found in Captain Cook's *Voyages* the impulse to his own energy of missionary travel. Benjamin Franklin avowed that Cotton Mather's *Essays to do Good* had greatly affected him, and Samuel Drew confessed his indebtedness to Franklin's *Poor Richard's Almanac.* Xavier himself was aroused by Loyola, and Loyola had been awakened to zeal by the *Lives of the Saints*, which he perused when wounded at Pampeluna. The stimulus received from a noble biography, or the story of a great undertaking is like that which Correggio felt when he beheld the work of Michael Angelo, and exclaimed: "I, too, am a painter!"

JESUS, who on Calvary's mountain.—ANON., 1855.

This was probably an original hymn, first published in H. W. Beecher's *Plymouth Collection*, 1855, where it appears in four stanzas.

JESUS, who on his glorious throne.—NEWTON.

This hymn appears in the *Olney Hymns* as Book I., No. 69. It is based on Lamentations 3 : 24, and the present hymn begins with the second stanza. The first is, "From pole to pole let others roam," etc. There are six stanzas in all.

JOY to the world ; the Lord is come !—WATTS.

This is Ps. 98 of Dr. Watts's version, Second Part, C. M., "The Messiah's Coming and Kingdom." It has four stanzas.

Such a song of praise it is that the whole creation uplifts unto God. But it is man alone who can truly praise. The Esthonians realized this when they formed their legend of the origin of song. The god of song, they said, descended on the Domberg, where was a sacred wood, and there he played and sang. Around him stood the creatures, and each learned its own portion of the celestial strain. The tree discovered how to rustle its leaves, and the brook how to murmur along its bed, and the wind and the bird and the beast alike caught the parts assigned to them. Man only, of them all, was able to combine everything, and therefore man alone can rightly praise.

JUST as I am, without one plea.—C. ELLIOTT.

When Dr. Cæsar Malan visited Miss Elliott's father at Brighton, May 9th, 1822, he found her trying to work out her own salvation, and unwilling to trust entirely in Christ. "Dear Charlotte" (he is reported to have said), "cut the cable ; it will take too long to unloose it ; cut it, it is a small loss ; the wind blows, and the ocean is before you—the Spirit of God and Eternity." So it proved ; and for forty years Dr. Malan's correspondence continued to be of the greatest value to her and to her sister, until his death, May 8th, 1864.

There is a French version of this hymn which can be found in Schaff and Gilman's *Library of Religious Poetry*. The translator is unknown, but the following incident is connected with it :

A foreign lady, in mourning, passed through Geneva, Switzerland, in September, 1857. She knew no one in the city, and, wishing to find a certain person with whose name she was acquainted she was additionally unfortunate in failing of an interview with him. She left, however, eighty francs at his house, partly to print and distribute this translation, and partly for a work of charity ; as she did not wish, she said, to visit Geneva without some such tribute of esteem. Dr. Malan was still alive, and a resident of Geneva, for he died there, as we have stated, in 1864. It is quite probable that this visit was paid to his house, for the author of three hundred of the best French hymns could not be indifferent to the verses of his English friend when rendered into his own tongue. And Dr. Malan's name was also better known than that of any other Christian of Geneva in the days of the great awakening of 1857.

This hymn of Miss Elliott's bears the date 1836. It has seven stanzas, and has been frequently translated into Latin verse.

A little street waif once came to a New York City missionary and held up a torn and dirty piece of paper, on which this hymn was printed: "Please, sir," said he, "father sent me to get a *clean* paper like that." The missionary learned that the child's sister had loved to sing it, and that this copy had been found in her pocket after her death. The father wanted now to obtain a clean set of the verses that they might be framed.

The son-in-law of the poet Wordsworth once wrote to Miss Elliott, thanking her for the hymn, and saying that it had afforded comfort to his wife on her dying-bed.

> "When I first read it," he states, "I had no sooner finished than she said, very earnestly: 'That is the very thing for me.' At least ten times that day she asked me to repeat it, and every morning from that day until her decease, nearly two months later, the first thing she asked for was her hymn. 'Now, my hymn,' she would say, and she would often repeat it after me, line for line, in the day and night."

Of Torquay, in Devon, from which the hymn comes, Mr. Christophers presents this lovely picture:

> "If anybody wishes to enjoy, within the limits of a few days' ramble, one of the richest interminglings of balmy air, and bright blue, of hill and dale, copsy knoll and ferny hollow, villa-crowned heights and cottages in dells, noble cliffs and terraced gardens, mountain-paths, and quiet, sparkling beaches, weedy rocks and whispering caverns, ever-varying, ever-harmonizing scenes, amid which, above, beneath, around and everywhere, grandeur is melting into beauty—he must be a quiet sojourner for a little while in the neighborhood of Torquay."

It is, indeed, delightful for us to get this hymn from the same region which nourished those "Worthies of Devon" whose splendid galaxy is led by the courtly figure of Sir Richard Grenvile, Raleigh's cousin, discoverer of Virginia, captain of the "Revenge," and the bravest of English sailors. It was on the north shore that Charles Kingsley got the inspiration for his *Amyas Leigh.* Here, on the south coast, across Tor Bay, is Brixham, where that gentle and scholarly poet, Lyte, wrote his exquisite hymn, "Abide with me, fast falls the eventide." As there arise before the thought two such promontories as Torquay and Brixham, on which stand such ever-burning lights as these two hymns, one cannot wonder that Keble could write in his own superb lyric:

> "Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be
> As more of heaven in each we see."

Miss Elliott's physician once brought to her a leaflet on which the hymn was printed, but without her name. "I know," he said, "that this will please you." He had very accurately judged her state of mind, if the authorship was, indeed, unknown to him.

The Rev. Henry Venn Elliott always considered this hymn of his sister to have outweighed in Christian value all his own efforts as a pastor.

KEEP us, Lord, oh, keep us ever.—KELLY.

This hymn is in Thomas Kelly's fifth edition, 1820, but not in the third, 1809. It has four stanzas, and is based on Ps. 119 : 35.

"I was once on my way to the Antipodes," said a voyager, who had gone around the world several times. "The vessel was a transport, and we had a large number of troops on board. So multitudinous a companionship was not exactly to my taste on the high seas ; but one must make the best of circumstances ; and, on the whole, my cabin life was as pleasant as could be in such a case. All went on very safely till one night, the horrors of which will live to play discords on my nerves as long as nerves are a part of my inheritance. I had got into my berth and was fast asleep, when about the middle of the night I was startled by a shock, and then alarmed by a strange hubbub of creaking timbers, shuffling feet, and hoarse voices striving with the whistling, roaring wind, and then my senses were scarcely clear from sleep when there came a thundering crash, down went the vessel on her beam-ends, and down came the rushing sea, all but filling the cabins, and at once putting out the lights. There was an awful hush for a moment, and then the first voice that broke it came from an officer, who leaped out of an adjoining berth with imprecations that made my blood run chill, and cried : 'This is like hell when the fire is put out!'

"One felt for an instant as if he were engulfed in hell itself, but just then some gentle spirit seemed to touch my tremulous heart ; there came a sweet calm over my soul. I quietly lay in my berth and felt as if voices from the better land were singing to me that beautiful hymn :

"'Why those fears? Behold, 'tis Jesus
Holds the helm and guides the ship;
Spread the sails and catch the breezes,
Sent to waft us through the deep,
To the regions
Where the mourners cease to weep.

"'Led by Him, we brave the ocean;
Led by Him, the storm defy;
Calm amidst tumultuous motion,
Knowing that our Lord is nigh.
Waves obey Him,
And the storms before Him fly.

"'Safe in His most sure protection,
We shall pass the watery waste;
Trusting to His wise direction,
We shall gain the port at last,
And, with wonder,
Think on toils and dangers past.

"'Oh, what pleasures there await us!
There the tempests cease to roar;
There it is, that they who hate us
Shall molest our peace no more:
Trouble ceases
On that tranquil, happy shore!'

"We lived to outride the storm, but as long as I live I shall feel that the experience of that night forever hallowed to me the memory of Thomas Kelly. His long life (from 1769 to 1855, begun and ended in Dublin) was not spent in vain if that hymn alone had been all its fruit."

KEEP silence, all created things!—WATTS.

This occurs in *Horæ Lyricæ*, Book I., under the title of "God's Dominion and Decrees," and is in twelve stanzas.

LEAD, kindly light! amid the encircling gloom.—NEWMAN.

John Henry Newman, D.D., was born in London, England, February 21st, 1801. His father, John Newman, was a banker, and a man apparently of deep religious convictions. "I was brought up from a child," says Dr. Newman, "to take great delight in reading the Bible." After a good preliminary education the lad was sent to Oxford, where he was graduated at Trinity College in 1820. He was afterward a Fellow of Oriel College in 1822, and in 1825 was given the vice-principalship of St. Alban's Hall, by Dr. Whately. In this position he continued about a year, and was then selected as a tutor in Oriel College, where he remained until 1828.

At this period began his intimacy with Richard Hurrell Froude, of which the outcome was a most remarkable religious movement in the English Church. In 1828, Dr. Newman was the incumbent of St. Mary's, Oxford, and was also chaplain at Littlemore. His friends were such men as John Keble and Edward Bouverie Pusey, and his ministrations at St. Mary's had a powerful influence on the students of the university.

A visit to the Continent intervened in this time of literary and religious activity. During that absence from home the tendencies toward Romanism which he had already manifested seem to have firmly fixed themselves, as permanent principles, in his mind. He had begun, in the city of Rome, to write the *Lyra Apostolica*, a volume of verses intended to express the low state of the English Church, and in which he was assisted by several of his friends.

It was on his return from Zante and Corfu that the verses beginning "Time was I shrank from what was right" were written:

"Time was I shrank from what was right,
From fear of what was wrong;
I would not brave the sacred fight,
Because the foe was strong.

"But now I cast that finer sense
And sorer shame aside;
Such dread of sin was indolence,
Such aim at heaven was pride.

"So, when my Saviour calls, I rise,
And calmly do my best;
Leaving to Him, with silent eyes
Of hope and fear, the rest.

"I step, I mount, where He has led;
Men count my haltings o'er;—
I know them; yet, though self I dread,
I love His precept more."

These lines really originated the "Oxford movement" in the Anglican Church—an agitation which continued for ten years, and has not, even now, entirely abated.

After leaving Cardinal Wiseman the author first went to Sicily. There, at Leonforte, he was very ill with malarial fever. "My servant," he says, "thought I was dying, and begged for my last directions. I gave them as he wished; but I said: 'I shall not die, for I have not sinned against light, I have not sinned against light!' I never have been able to make out at all what I meant." Later on, in the course of the disease he became much depressed and sobbed bitterly. His servant, asking what ailed him, could only obtain the reply: "I have a work to do in England." At last he was able to "get off in an orange boat," but was becalmed a full week in the Straits of Bonifacio, between Corsica and Sardinia. Here it was that this hymn—the most famous of all his productions—was written. Its sincerity of feeling and purity of expression have made it universally acceptable. Its original title was "The Pillar of the Cloud." It was first published in the *British Magazine*, and then in *Lyra Apostolica*, 1836, in three stanzas, with the motto, "Unto the godly there ariseth up light in the darkness."

The statement of Dr. Newman himself fixes the date of composition as June 16th, 1833, and the voyage, begun at Palermo, terminated at Marseilles. The circumstances can be read by any inquirer in the *Apologia pro Vita Sua*, 1864, pp. 35–119 (London edition of 1875). "I was writing verses," he there says, "the whole time of my passage." There is a further reference to the same facts in the *Parochial Sermons*, Vol. II., Sermon 2.

In July, 1833, he was again at home. With his Oriel College friends he now commenced the issue of the *Tracts for the Times.* Keble's sermon on *National Apostasy* was preached in Newman's pulpit, July 14th, 1833. Thus the "movement" sprang into existence, and an "association" was formed in September. Newman then followed up the publication of the tracts by travelling through the country and personally urging clergymen to join himself and his friends in their "high church" agitation.

Of the Oxford Tracts, Nos. 1, 2, 6, 7, 8, 10 and 11, were written by Newman. Of the smaller tracts he wrote Nos. 19, 20, 21, 34, 38, 41, 45 and 47. After the accession of Dr. Pusey to the ranks in 1834-5, Newman wrote tracts 71, 73, 75, 79, 82, 83, 85 and 88. His Tract No. 90 was one which excited great controversy. Its aim was to remove the lines of difference between the Church of Rome and the Church of England.

In 1836 the *Lyra Apostolica* appeared. Its writers were known at first only by their signatures, each having chosen a Greek letter. They were as follows:

(α) Mr. J. W. Bowden, Trinity College, Oxon., Commissioner of Stamps and Taxes.
(β) Rev. Richard Hurrell Froude, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon.
(γ) Rev. John Keble, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon.
(δ) Rev. John Henry Newman, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon.
(ε) Rev. Isaac Williams, Fellow of Trinity College, Oxon.
(ζ) Rev. Henry William Wilberforce, Fellow of Oriel College, Oxon.

The drift of Dr. Newman's mind was, by this date, very apparent. In 1842 he presided over the monastic community which he had organized at Littlemore, and as the coadjutor and compeer of Dr. Pusey he became increasingly prominent. In October, 1845, he took the logical and final step of entering the Roman Catholic Church, where he was immediately recognized and honored. He received, as his first duty, the charge of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Birmingham. In 1854 he became rector of the new Roman Catholic University in Dublin, holding this position until 1858. At this latter date he removed to Edgbaston, near Birmingham, and started a school for the sons of Roman Catholic gentlemen. His cardinal's hat was received in 1879. It would be tedious to enumerate the publications of Dr. Newman. Of them all there are none which have attracted so much attention as his *Apologia*, 1864, and his *Collection of Poems*, 1868—in the last of which appears that remarkable composition, "The Dream of Gerontius." As a collector and translator of the Latin hymns

Dr. Newman deserves the highest praise. The *Hymni Ecclesiæ*, 1838, are invaluable to the student. In this volume are to be found those texts from the Paris, Sarum, Roman and other breviaries which will be sought in vain in the pages of Daniel or Mone.

An exhaustive and brilliant sketch of Dr. Newman's life appeared in the *Century Magazine* for June, 1882.

LET me but hear my Saviour say.—WATTS.

We find this hymn after a sermon on II Cor. 12 : 7, 9, 10, in five stanzas. Its title is, "Our own Weakness, and Christ our Strength," and it is No. 15 of Book I. of Dr. Watts's Hymns.

LEAD us, O Father, in the paths of peace.—BURLEIGH.

The author of this hymn, Rev. William Henry Burleigh, was born in Woodstock, Conn., February 2d, 1812—the fourth son of Rinaldo Burleigh, a graduate of Yale College and successful classical teacher. He married a lady who was a lineal descendant of Governor William Bradford of the "Mayflower," and their children grew up on the farm at Plainfield, being used to hard work and plenty of open air.

William early showed a taste for poetry, and as soon as he was able he evinced the spirit of a reformer. In the anti-slavery and temperance movements he was prominent, and in 1837 he published the *Christian Witness* and afterward the *Temperance Banner*. He also edited the Abolition journal at Hartford, Conn., called the *Christian Freeman*, the name being subsequently changed to the *Charter Oak*. At Syracuse, N. Y., from 1849, he served for five years as agent of the New York State Temperance Society—being editor, lecturer and secretary, according to the demand. A part of this time he lived in Albany, where he edited the *Prohibitionist*. Governor Clark, of New York, who was his friend, appointed him Harbor Master of New York City. He accepted the position, removed to Brooklyn, and died in that city, March 18th, 1871.

In personal appearance and power of public address he was a man of mark. His wife, Mrs. Celia Burleigh—"pastor of the Unitarian Church at Brooklyn, Conn."—wrote his life and added to it a number of his poems. Mr. Burleigh's verses possess both vigor and melody. The present piece is found, in four stanzas, in *Lyra Sacra Americana*, 1868, accompanied by ten other hymns, and with the statement by Professor Cleveland that " most of these beautiful hymns of Mr. Burleigh's were given me in manuscript, by the author, for this work."

LET party names no more.—BEDDOME.

This good old unsectarian hymn is worthy of being reprinted in a volume like the present. It was written by Benjamin Beddome in 1769—and Benjamin Beddome was a Baptist minister.

> " Let party names no more
> The Christian world o'erspread :
> Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
> Are one, in Christ, their head.
>
> "Among the saints on earth,
> Let mutual love abound ;—
> Heirs of the same inheritance,
> With mutual blessings crowned.
>
> " Thus will the Church below
> Resemble that above ;
> Where streams of endless pleasure flow,
> And every heart is love."

As a comment, here is Rowland Hill's *Epitaph on Bigotry*, published in 1796 :

> " Here lies old Bigotry, abhorred
> By all that love our common Lord ;
> No more his influence shall prove
> The torment of the sons of love.
>
> " We celebrate with holy mirth
> This monster's death, of hellish birth ;
> Ne'er may his hateful influence rise
> Again, to blast our sacred joys.
>
> " Glory to God, we now are one,
> United to one Head alone ;
> With undivided hearts we praise
> Our God for his uniting grace.
>
> " Let *names* and *sects* and *parties* fall,
> Let Jesus Christ be all in all ;
> Thus, like thy saints above, shall we
> Be one with each as one with Thee."

And here is a story, which, if it be not true, is certainly well told :

John Wesley was once troubled in regard to the disposition of the various sects, and the chances of each in reference to future happiness or punishment. A dream, one night, transported him, in its uncertain wanderings, to the gates of hell. "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" asked the thoughtful Wesley. "Yes," was the reply. "Any Episcopalians?" "Yes." "Any Presbyterians?" "Yes." "Any Congregationalists?" "Yes," again was the answer. "Any Baptists?" "Yes." "Any Methodists?" asked the pious Wesley, by way of a clincher. "Yes," to his great indignation, was answered. In the mystic way of dreams, a sudden transition—and he stood before the gates of heaven. Improving his opportunity, he again inquired: "Are there any Roman Catholics here?" "No," was replied. "Any Episcopalians?" "No." "Any Presbyterians?" "No." "Any Congregationalists?" "No." "Any Baptists?" "No." "Any Methodists?" "No." "Well, then," he asked, lost in wonder, "who are they inside?" "*Christians!*" was the jubilant answer.

It would be almost worth our while to add a "Gospel sonnet" from Erskine to the same purport. One finds it—along with "While shepherds watch their flocks by night"—at the end of old Dobell. But it must yield its place and space to this devout and exquisite petition, which appropriately closes our annotation on the theme which Beddome has put before us:

> "O God, who hast knit together all who have been baptized in the name of thy Son Jesus Christ into one mystical body, bless, we beseech thee, the one body of the one Lord. Carry each member of it safely through his appointed trial and discipline. Replenish it with all heavenly gifts and graces. Heal its dissensions and divisions. Let the power of Thy Spirit be manifest in all its holy offices and ministries; that so taught and guided and governed by Thee, we may all come, in the unity of the faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ. So shall we evermore offer unto Thy Holy Name the incense of true praise, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*"

LET saints below in concert sing.—C. WESLEY.

This is a cento from Charles Wesley's long poem on the "Anticipations of Eternity," and is found among the larger *Funeral Hymns*, 1759. The present piece begins with the second half of the first stanza, "Let all the saints terrestrial sing," etc.

LET the Church new anthems raise.—NEALE, *tr.*

Dr. Neale made this translation from St. Joseph of the Studium, and it appears in *Hymns of the Eastern Church*, 1862. This is the *τῶν ίερῶν ἀϑλοφόρων*, "a Cento from the Canon for SS. Timothy and Maura; May 3d." It has four stanzas.

Let us awake our joys.—Kingsbury.

The Rev. William Kingsbury is the author of this hymn and of that other which begins, "Great God, of all thy churches hear." These were contributed to *Dobell's Collection*, 1806, and we do not know that Mr. Kingsbury wrote more than these two pieces.

He was born July 12th, 1744, in Bishopsgate Street, London. His early education was obtained at the Merchant Tailors' School, and at Christ's Hospital School. According to Dr. Belcher, he was a student at the college at Homerton also. Up to this time he had felt no special interest in religious things, but now the sublime allegory of grand old John Bunyan attracted him with mighty power, taught him his sin, and led him to the foot of the cross. It is recorded that on the 7th of October, 1760, he was "filled with joy and peace in believing."

He then pursued his studies for the ministry, and was ordained at the age of twenty-one. His forty-five years of pastoral life were spent in one pulpit, at Southampton, a place memorable for its association with the name of Isaac Watts. He also deserves to be remembered for his efficient benevolences, as well as for his long and prosperous pastorate. For he introduced Sunday-school instruction at Southampton, and was present at the origin of the London Missionary Society.

Dr. Morrison, who wrote the biography of the founders of that society, has given an account of the life of Mr. Kingsbury, its first chairman.

From 1800–1809 he had the assistance in his pastorate of the Rev. George Clayton and the Rev. Henry Lacy. A paralytic stroke compelled his resignation, July 29th, 1809, and he retired to Caversham, near Reading, where he died, February 18th, 1818. His biographer, Mr. Buller, tells us that he was confined to bed for only one day before his death. He suffered but little pain.

> "On the Sunday before he died, when his son said: 'How do you do, sir?' he replied, 'Well; for I have peace with God.' He expressed an earnest wish to obtain his dismission, and frequently was heard to say: 'When will he come? Oh! when will he come?' One of his attendants, supposing him to inquire after his son, Mr. Thomas Kingsbury, who was hourly expected from London, said: 'We look for him every minute.' He shook his head, saying: 'No, no; when will MY BELOVED COME?' His senses were retained to the last moment of life. He kissed the hand of his affectionate and only remaining daughter; he made a sign that his

son Walter should offer prayer. During the prayer he raised his hands and eyes, drew a long breath, and gently expired."

LET us love, and sing, and wonder.—NEWTON.

This hymn is in the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 82, and is entitled, " Praise for Redeeming Love." It has six stanzas, and there is a reference in the third to Rev. 2 : 10, and in the fourth to Rev. 5 : 9.

When Isabella Graham was dying she quoted to her pastor, Dr. Mason, this hymn. It was one of her greatest favorites, and was sung at her funeral. Indeed, Dr. Mason made it the conclusion of his sermon.

The law of God was compared by Rabbi Eleazar—so the Talmud relates—to an ox-goad. " The goad," he said, " causes the ox to draw a straight furrow, and a straight furrow brings forth plenty of food. So the law of God keeps man's heart straight, that it may bring forth fruit to life eternal."

LET worldly minds the world pursue.—NEWTON.

We find this in the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 59, with the title, " Old Things are Passed Away." It has six stanzas.

LET Zion and her sons rejoice.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 102, Second Part, C. M., vv. 13–21 : " Prayer heard and Zion restored." It is in six stanzas.

LIFE of the world ! I hail thee.—R. PALMER.

We have here a translation from the Latin of St. Bernard of Clairvaulx, for whom see " The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." It is the portion addressed to the feet of Christ—the entire hymn having reference to his crucified body. Dr. Palmer published this rendering in the *Christian Union* (N. Y.), April 13th, 1881, in eight double stanzas.

LIFT up to God the voice of praise.—WARDLAW.

The date assigned to this hymn, by Dr. Ralph Wardlaw, is 1803.

This beautiful legend, which seems apposite to the present piece, comes from the Talmud :

" When God was about to create man the angels gathered about Him. Some of them said : ' Create, O God, a being who shall praise Thee from earth, even as we sing Thy glory in the heavens.' But others said : ' O

Almighty King, create no more! Man will but destroy the glorious harmony of the heavens.'

"Then spoke the Angel of Mercy: 'O Father, create Thou man in Thine own image. Then will I fill his heart with heavenly pity and with sympathy for every living thing. Thus shall they praise Thee through him.'

"Then spoke the Angel of Peace: 'O God, create him not. He shall disturb the peace of Thy earth. Bloodshed shall attend upon his steps. Thy justice shall be mocked in the midst of mankind.'

"Then spoke the Angel of Justice: 'But Thou shalt judge him, O God, and he shall be subject unto my rule.'

"And then appeared the Angel of Truth, saying: 'Create him not! For with him Thou sendest falsehood upon earth.'

"Then all the angels were silent, and out of the depth of the majestic stillness came the Bath Kol—the marvellous Voice—and it said: 'Man shall be created, but thou, O Truth, must go with him to the earth. Between earth and heaven thou shalt be the messenger. Thou shalt link man to us and us to him.'"

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire.—C. WESLEY.

The title of this hymn is, "For those that wait for full Redemption." It is from the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1749.

LIGHT of the lonely pilgrim's heart.—DENNY.

Sir Edward Denny's hymns are mostly of a plaintive character. The present is one of the *Millennial Hymns*, 1839, and is in six stanzas. Its title is, "The Heart Watching for the Morning," and it is headed by a quotation from Cowper's "Task":

> "Thy saints proclaim thee King: and in their hearts
> Thy title is engraven with a pen
> Dipp'd in the fountain of eternal love."

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling.—C. WESLEY.

This piece is from the *Nativity Hymns*, 1744, and is in three eight-line stanzas.

LIKE sheep we went astray.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 142, Book I., "The Humiliation and Exaltation of Christ," and is first found, in six stanzas, after a sermon on Isa. 53 : 6–12.

Lo! God is here! Let us adore!—J. WESLEY, *tr.*

Rev. John Wesley made this translation from the German of Gerhard Tersteegen, during the time of his Georgia voyage. He has recorded that the hymn expressed the peculiar circumstances of his life at that period, and that he chose it for translation on this account. The original is based, no doubt, on the words of Jacob, Gen. 28 : 16, 17. It is the well-known "*Gott ist gegenwärtig.*" The change in the form of stanzas in the English rendering is due to the omission of the refrain with which Mr. Wesley originally closed each of them.

It is related of two missionaries to India, Dr. Coke and Rev. Benjamin Clough, that the former once said to his companion : " My dear brother, I am dead to all but India." It was a thought which at once cheered the spirit of the young recruit, and he began to sing a stanza of this hymn, which, although now omitted from almost all the modern collections, is quite worthy of the rest :

> " Gladly the toys of earth we leave;
>   Wealth, pleasure, fame, for thee alone:
> To thee our will, soul, flesh, we give,
>   Oh, take, oh, seal them for thine own!
> Thou art the God, thou art the Lord;
> Be thou by all thy works adored."

So Mr. Clough sang on, and his aged friend joined heartily with him ; and with this prayer and song and covenant these devoted workers consecrated themselves anew to the arduous task before them.

Lo ! he comes, with clouds descending.—Cennick.

The original hymn began, " Lo ! he cometh, countless trumpets," and was published in a Dublin *Collection of Sacred Hymns* (fifth edition, 1752). In 1760 Madan combined two of Cennick's stanzas with three others from two hymns of Charles Wesley's *Hymns of Intercession*, 1758, and this mosaic now constitutes the usual form of the present piece.

Lo ! what a glorious sight appears.—Watts.

Dr. Watts has this as Hymn 21 of Book I., with the title, " Rev. 21 : 1–4. A Vision of the Kingdom of Christ among Men." It is in six stanzas.

Look to Jesus, till, reviving.—Mrs. Charles, *tr.*

This is the hymn of Bishop Franzén, of Sweden, as taken from Mrs. Charles's *Three Wakings*, 1859, beginning with the second stanza. It had appeared in her *Christian Life in Song*, 1858. The first line in the original is, "*Jesum haf i ständigt minne,*" " Jesus in thy memory keep." Franzén was bishop of Hernösand, but Mrs. Charles is incorrect when she states that he " died in

1818, at the age of thirty-six." The poet, Franz Michael Franzén, was born at Uleåborg, in Finland, in 1772; educated at the University of Åbo, and there appointed to be Librarian and Professor of Literary History. He was subsequently given the living of Kumla, in the district of Örebro, in Sweden. In 1835 he was the incumbent of Santa Clara, in Stockholm. In 1841 he was made Bishop of Hernösand, where he died in 1847.

His poetry appears in William and Mary Howitt's *Literature and Romance of the North,* with a critical review of the author's works.

There is an excellent sketch of Swedish literature (and of his place therein) in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe;* and in the *Supplement* to that useful volume is a good biographical notice.

Franzén had many of the peculiarities of Wordsworth and his associates of the Lake School. He is best known by his incomplete epic, "Gustavus Adolphus in Germany," and by his lyric poems.

LOOK, from thy sphere of endless day.—BRYANT.

This hymn was written by William Cullen Bryant in 1840, for the anniversary of a missionary society. It appears in his volume of hymns issued in 1864.

LOOK, ye saints, the sight is glorious.—KELLY.

Mr. Kelly's text of Scripture for this hymn is Rev. 11 : 15. It has four stanzas, and was first published in 1806.

LORD, and Father, great and holy!—F. W. FARRAR.

This, which is the single hymn of its author, so far as we are aware, has come into notice through that author's prominence rather than through any especial merit. It is accessible in the *Hymns of the Spirit,* 1864, and has been revived by the visit of Archdeacon Farrar to America in September, 1885.

Frederic William Farrar is the son of Rev. C. R. Farrar, rector of Sidcup, Kent, and was born, not as might be supposed, in England, but in the Fort, Bombay, August 7th, 1831. His education was received at King William's College in the Isle of Man, and afterward in King's College, London, where he was graduated from the University of London in 1850. His scholastic tendencies have been his chief characteristic, and it is an almost unique fact of his, or any career, that after his London education he proceeded additionally to Cambridge, where he became a Scholar and Fellow of Trinity College, and received the degree of B.A. in 1854. His poem, "The Arctic Regions," obtained the Chancellor's prize there, and he took other distinguished honors during his stay.

His ecclesiastical history commenced with his diaconate in 1854, and his ordination in 1857 by the Bishop of Ely. Under Dr. Vaughan he was a master at Harrow School, and was from 1871 to 1876 the head-master of Marlborough College. His reputation as a preacher was caused by his sermons before the University of Cambridge in 1868—to which duty he was again chosen in 1874. From 1869 to 1873 he was an honorary chaplain to the Queen. Since that date he has been one of the chaplains-in-ordinary. His canonry in Westminster Abbey was given him in April, 1876, and in addition he received the rectorship of St. Margaret's, Westminster. On the 24th of April, 1883, he was promoted to be archdeacon of Westminster.

Dr. Farrar has held a prominent place in public esteem owing to his brilliant rhetoric and unmistakable earnestness. His scholarship is voluminous, and though it has been sometimes attacked on the score of inaccuracy, it has usually held itself above reproach. Especially has controversy been excited by those original and remarkable volumes: *The Life of Christ*, 1874; *Eternal Hope*, 1878; and the *Life of St. Paul*, 1879. The views of Dr. Farrar are very liberal. He inclines to the recognition of certain unusual doctrines, and these are always defended by him with vigor, and with great felicity and facility of quotation. He is also a strong advocate of the temperance cause. His *Seekers after God*, 1869, and *Witness of History to Christ*, 1871, did much to bring him into notice, and he is beloved in America for his sympathy with us in our Civil War and his funeral eulogy of General Grant.

Archdeacon Farrar's hymn is sufficiently removed from ordinary reach to justify its reprint here:

"Lord and Father, great and holy!
  Fearing naught, we come to thee;
Fearing naught, though weak and lowly,
  For thy love has made us free.
By the blue sky bending o'er us,
  By the green earth's flowery zone,
Teach us, Lord, the angel chorus,
  'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'

"Though the worlds in flame should perish,
Suns and stars in ruin fall,
Trust in thee our hearts should cherish,
Thou to us be all in all.
And though heavens thy name are praising,
Seraphs hymn no sweeter tone
Than the strain our hearts are raising,
'Thou art Love, and Love alone.'"

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee.—GURNEY.

This hymn, by Rev. John Hampden Gurney, appeared in his collection of *Hymns for Public Worship*, 1838. The author was born August 15th, 1802, in Sergeant's Inn, Fleet Street, London, the son of Sir John Gurney, one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer. He was graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge (B.A. 1824, M.A. 1828), and was made deacon in 1827, and priest in 1828. His first studies were in the law, but he soon preferred the Gospel—and this from the heart. A man of high position, and large wealth, he devoted himself faithfully to the work of the ministry, until his death, March 8th, 1862.

His first curacy was Lutterworth, Leicestershire, where his rector was Rev. Robert Henry Johnson. This place was "the cradle of the Reformation where John Wickliffe (1324–1387) preached the Gospel, died, and was buried." Here Mr. Gurney remained, in spite of flattering offers, for fully seventeen years. He became rector of St. Mary's, Marylebone, in 1847; and was promoted by the Crown to the prebendary of St. Pancras, in St. Paul's Cathedral, in 1857.

The Tract, Bible and Missionary causes found him a most efficient helper. His evangelical piety and large personal means made him a tower of strength to these societies. Among other benevolent actions, he edited and paid the cost of stereotyping *Baxter's Family Book* for the Religious Tract Society. Among his works, the *Marylebone Hymns*, 1851, contain his best memorial in the shape of thirteen excellent Christian lyrics of his own—so admirable, indeed, as to suggest a deep regret that we have not more like them from the same pen. He evidently possessed that hymn-spirit without which no poet can make a spiritual song for the Church, and with which even coopers and seamstresses can take their place in the earthly choir of the Lord.

Mr. Gurney's death caused widespread sorrow, and Dean Goulburn paid him a notable tribute of honor and esteem in the funeral discourse.

LORD, at this closing hour.—FITCH.

Rev. Eleazar Thompson Fitch was born January 1st, 1791, at New Haven, Conn., and entered Yale College in his sixteenth year, being graduated in 1810. He then taught at East Windsor, Conn., and in the Hopkins Grammar School at New Haven. His course in theology was taken at Andover, 1812–1815; and in 1817, after pursuing advanced studies, he was selected to occupy the chair of Sacred Theology in Yale College, made vacant by the death of Dr. Timothy Dwight. This made him the college pastor in effect, and after the organization of the theological department he assumed the charge of Homiletics, and became pastor in fact, being ordained November 5th, 1817. He was a leading advocate of the so-called "New Haven theology," and defended his views on sin against the severer opinions of Dr. Ashbel Green, in 1827.

Six of Dr. Fitch's hymns appeared in 1845, in the book prepared by a committee of the General Association (Congregational) of Connecticut, for use in their churches, he being one of the committee. In 1852 he resigned his professorship, but lectured occasionally. This lectureship he also relinquished in 1861. He was then Professor Emeritus until his death, January 31st, 1871.

Dr. Fitch was a man of singularly retiring and modest disposition, and has usually escaped the attention of the hymnologists. The present writer distinctly recalls the connection of thought in his own mind between this hymn as it stood in the Yale College collection and the aged man who sat in the south gallery of the old chapel, who frequently heard it announced and joined in his own petition for a blessing on the "word preached." He had a most benevolent face, gentle, and indicative of no controversial tendency whatever. He would occasionally preach, even at this late period of his life, and the sermons had features of interest which a student-audience (of all audiences the most impatient) did not altogether disdain.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing,
Bid us now depart in peace.—HAWKER.

The "long and short dismission hymns," as they are called, both begin with the same first line, a fact which has resulted in great confusion. The authorship of both was also unsettled, and it is only of late years that we are able to state that the present hymn should be ascribed to Hawker. We are now assured that its first appearance was in 1774, and that it is the composition of Rev. Robert Hawker, M.D., of Plymouth, England. He issued, in 1794, a small volume of *Psalms and Hymns*, as sung by the children in the church of Charles the Martyr, at Plymouth.

The author was born at Exeter, in 1753. He was an only child, and was educated to be a surgeon. At nineteen he married, and being induced by his love of God's work to enter the ministry, he was ordained at Oxford in 1778. In May, 1784, he became the curate of Charles the Martyr's church, and there continued to officiate until his death, which occurred in his seventy-fourth year, April 6th, 1827. His funeral was attended by thousands of persons, for in his lifetime he was renowned as a controversial writer of the high Calvinistic order, and as a distinguished commentator on the Scriptures.

Dr. Hawker was the grandfather of Robert Stephen Hawker, the eccentric "vicar of Morwenstow," whose oddities are so graphically described by Rev. S. Baring-Gould. In that entertaining and unique volume we have a story which, although it has been seriously questioned on the score of accuracy, is still too attractive to be allowed to escape notice :

"In Charles church the evening service always closed with the singing of the hymn, 'Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,' composed by Dr. Hawker himself. His grandson did not know the authorship of the hymn ; he came to the doctor one day with a paper in his hand, and said : 'Grandfather, I don't altogether like that hymn, "Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing ;" I think it might be improved in metre and language, and would be better if made somewhat longer.'

"'Oh, indeed !' said Dr. Hawker, getting red ; 'and pray, Robert, what emendations commend themselves to your precocious wisdom ?' 'This is my improved version,' said the boy, and read as follows :

'"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
High and low and rich and poor ;
May we all, thy fear possessing,
Go in peace and sin no more !

'"Lord, requite not as we merit ;
Thy displeasure all must fear ;
As of old, so let thy Spirit
Still the dove's resemblance bear.

'"May thy Spirit dwell within us ;
May its love our refuge be ;
So shall no temptation win us
From the path that leads to thee.

'"So when these our lips shall wither,
So when fails each earthly tone,
May we sing once more together
Hymns of glory round the throne !"'

"Then Mr. Baring-Gould tells us that the audacious youngster actually read to his grandfather the original hymn, and added to his offences by the remark : 'This one is crude and flat ; don't you think so, grandfather ?'

"'Crude and flat, sir! Young puppy, it is *mine! I* wrote that hymn.'

"'Oh! I beg your pardon, grandfather, I did not know that; it is a very nice hymn indeed; but—but—' and as he went out of the door—'mine is better.'"

Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace.—Fawcett.

G. J. Stevenson has the following notes on this hymn:

"The first appearance of this hymn in print is traced to *A Collection of Hymns for Public Worship*, issued by the Rev. John Harris, of Hull, in 1774. There the name of John Fawcett is printed at the end of it. A short time previously, some of Fawcett's hymns had appeared separately, and had met with public favor, some of them being added to collections. In 1782, Mr. Fawcett collected his compositions, and issued from Leeds the first edition of *Hymns Adapted to the Circumstances of Public Worship and Private Devotion*. This book was soon out of print, and remained so more than thirty years; the second edition was issued in 1817. This dismission hymn is inserted in Dr. Conyers's collection, date 1774, but without the author's name; and in Taylor's *Unitarian Hymn Book* (1777) the first and second verses are printed with the name of Fawcett in the index. For half a century his hymns were popular among the Dissenters. . . .

"It should be recorded that Dr. Fawcett did not include this dismission hymn in either of the editions of his own collected hymns, and he also excluded other hymns which he had printed with his name and address (several in the *Gospel Magazine*) when he wrote them. There is a hymn-book in the college library at Richmond, published in 1785, in which this hymn appears with the name of J. Fawcett to it. This is the earliest known date of its publication. The last two lines of the second verse are altered from the original. Two verses of this hymn, with different ending, appear on the same page of *A Collection of Hymns, Anthems, &c., used in St. Clement's Church, Manchester*, by Rev. Edward Smyth, 1793. 'Lord, dismiss us,' is also in Toplady's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1776, ending thus:

'We shall surely
Reign with Christ in endless day.'

This hymn appears in *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*, etc., by the Rev. David Simpson, M.A., the second edition, Macclesfield, 1780. 'A New Edition' of *Select Psalms and Hymns*, Macclesfield, 1795, contains both these hymns."

The hymn is in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*, and Dobell also includes it under the line, "Lord, vouchsafe to us thy blessing," crediting it to Taylor's *Collection*.

Lord God of Hosts, by all adored.—Anon.

It would be a singular exercise of the critical faculty in hymnology, if we were to dissect this hymn into its original elements.

A portion of it is the work of Josiah Conder; another part is the composition of Bishop John Gambold; and there is abundant evidence that the piece as it now stands is made up from several renderings of the ancient *Te Deum*, and has taken its present shape in consequence of the adaptation of the words to the music to which it is set, and the gradual polishing produced by the demands of an accurate taste.

For example, the line, "Thou Father of eternity," as well as the whole of the fifth stanza, can be found in the *Moravian Hymn-Book*, edition of 1789, where they are well authenticated as the production of Bishop Gambold. One of the earliest and quaintest of English translations of the *Te Deum* is printed, in connection with their rendering of the Psalms, by Sternhold and Hopkins. It has many strong and excellent phrases, and the familiar piece, "O God, we praise thee, and confess," is undoubtedly much indebted to it. That hymn is generally recognized as really the best English form of the Latin anthem, and is commonly ascribed to the nebulous "Bishop Patrick," though there seem to be some reasons why it should be credited to Nahum Tate.

LORD God, the Holy Ghost.—MONTGOMERY.

In the *Original Hymns* this is No. 136, in three stanzas, "The Descent of the Spirit.—Acts 2 : 1–4."

LORD, how mysterious are thy ways.—STEELE.

In the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, this hymn, in five stanzas, is styled "The Mysteries of Providence."

LORD, how secure and blest are they.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's Hymn 57, of Book II., "The Pleasures of a Good Conscience." It has six stanzas.

LORD, I am come! thy promise is my plea.—NEWTON.

The opening line of this hymn in the *Olney Hymns* (Book III., No. 11, six stanzas) is, "Cheer up, my soul, there is a mercy-seat." It is entitled "The Effort," and is the companion of the more celebrated hymn, "Approach, my soul, the mercy-seat."

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine.—DAVIES.

The date of this piece (now before us in the original publication) is about 1769. Its author was Rev. Samuel Davies, at one time president of Princeton College, where he succeeded Jonathan Edwards. He was born in Newcastle, Delaware, November 3d, 1724; licensed to preach by his native Presbytery of Newcastle, 1745, and ordained to the ministry in Virginia 1747. His education had been due to the discrimination of Rev. William Robinson, of the Presbytery of New Brunswick, in which Princeton is situated, and he was naturally selected by the trustees of the college in 1753 to visit England with Rev. Gilbert Tennent and solicit funds. His appointment to the presidency was in 1759, but his death occurred February 4th, 1761. It is mentioned as a singular fact that he had commenced the year by preaching from the text, "This year thou shalt die." Dr. Davies was a man of distinguished ability and largely influential. His poetry, as well as his prose, is highly creditable. There are few hymns of consecration which are finer than the one before us. In a sermon preached August 17th, 1755, Dr. Davies called attention to the distinguished merits of "that heroic youth," the young Colonel George Washington, and spoke of him as divinely preserved "for some important service to his country"— a prediction which was signally fulfilled.

There is now in possession of the present writer a fine copy of *Gibbons's Hymns*, 1769, bearing the autograph of "D. Turner"— a duplicate from the library of Princeton Theological Seminary— which he owes to the kindness of Rev. W. H. Roberts, D.D., the librarian. It contains the hymns of President Davies, printed by Thomas Gibbons, D.D., in connection with his own, and a few other verses. Those assigned to our author are:

"O was my heart but form'd for Woe."
"Lord, I am thine, entirely thine."
"Eternal Spirit, Source of Light."
"Welcome to Earth, Great Son of God!"
"Jesus, how precious is thy Name."
"Yes, I must bow my Head and die."
"How great, how terrible that God!"
"While in a thousand open'd veins."
"While o'er our guilty Land, O Lord."
"While various rumors spread abroad."

[These two just previous are on Braddock's defeat, and were printed in connection with two discourses from Amos 3: 1-6 in the year 1756.]

"Great God of wonders; all thy Ways."
"Weak in myself, and burden'd too."

In his preface Dr. Gibbons says:

"The pieces in the following miscellany ascribed to the Rev. Mr. DAVIES were found in his Manuscripts intrusted with the Editor, from which, if he may be allowed the Digression, he has already printed Three Volumes of Discourses, and has proposed to the Public to publish Two more Volumes for the Benefit of Mr. DAVIES'S Family."

The hymn before us is in seven stanzas, and has been very slightly changed in process of years. It is entitled "Self-dedication at the Table of the Lord."

LORD, I cannot let thee go.—NEWTON.

In the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 10, this begins, "Nay, I cannot let thee go," and has seven stanzas, based on Gen. 32 : 27.

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing.—CODNER.

This hymn was written by Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, a clergyman's wife, of Islington, London, and published as a leaflet in 1861. Mrs. Codner is identified with the Mildmay Park Conference Hall and its work. She says of her hymn that it was composed after hearing of the revival work in Ireland, and that frequent tidings of its use have come to her. It was pasted on the fly-leaf of his Bible, by an English officer in India, and was received at home after his death. Its history in revival services has been that the "Even me" of its chorus has expressed our Saviour's promise to "save to the uttermost" those who accept his love.

LORD! in the morning thou shalt hear.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives this as his rendering of Ps. 5, C. M., "For the Lord's Day Morning." It has eight stanzas.

LORD! in love and mercy save us.—SYMINGTON.

This hymn is obtained from *Songs of Grace and Glory*, where it is credited to Andrew J. Symington, 1869, one of the minor English poets. He is the nephew of Andrew Symington, D.D., and the són of Robert Brown Symington, of Paisley, Scotland, where he was born, July 27th, 1825. His education was received at the Grammar School of Paisley, from which he entered at once into business life with his father and brother. He has published *Harebell Chimes*, 1848, *Genevieve, and Other Poems*, 1855, and a more elaborate treatise, *The Beautiful in Nature, Art and Life*, 1857, together with later works of moderate value. This information comes from a work on distinguished Scotchmen of the present day, written and published in Paisley, and is therefore likely to be correct. It is the only publication which materially aids us in our knowledge of the author's history.

Lord, if he sleep, he shall do well.—Pollock.

This hymn is found in *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*, second edition, 1879. It fell under the eye of the present writer, who brought it to the notice of Dr. Robinson, and it was inserted in *Laudes Domini* (with the omission of the fourth stanza, which is inapt and prosaic) precisely as it stood. The lines are, for convenience, printed two in one. After much examination of music and the rejection of different tunes, original and adapted, the choice fell on "Dirge," composed to these words by Colonel H. H. Beadle, organist of the South Congregational church, Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Rev. William Pollock, D.D., was born April 22d, 1812; was vicar of Bowden, Cheshire, 1856, archdeacon of Chester, 1867, and died October 11th, 1873.

Lord, in this thy mercy's day.—I. Williams.

The Rev. Isaac Williams was born in 1802, the son of Isaac Lloyd Williams, Esq., barrister of Lincoln's Inn. He received the prize for Latin verse at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1823, and was graduated there (B.A., 1826, M.A., 1831, and B.D., 1839). He was ordained deacon in 1829, and priest in 1831, and the clerical lists give his appointments as Windrush, 1829, St. Mary Virgin, Oxford, 1832, and Bisley, Gloucestershire, 1842–45. Mr. Miller says he was in poor health for many years, living in his own house at Stinchcombe, near Dursley, Gloucestershire, and occasionally assisting his brother-in-law, the Rev. Sir George Prevost, Bart.

Other items of interest regarding Mr. Williams are that he was a candidate for the professorship of poetry at Oxford on the retirement of Keble, but failed; and that he wrote Nos. 80, 86, and 87 of the famous "Tracts for the Times." His poems and hymns are scattered through several volumes. He is best known by *The Cathedral, or the Catholic and Apostolic Church in England*, 1838; and by *Thoughts in Past Years*, 1831 (sixth edition, 1852), and *The Baptistery*, 1844—which contain many of his hymns. In the second of these volumes he gives versions of the twelve hymns assigned (not always correctly) by the Benedictines, to Ambrose.

In the third appears the present piece, which is part of a poem of one hundred and five stanzas. He also, in 1839, issued *Hymns from the Parisian Breviary.* Mr. Williams contributed to *Lyra Apostolica,* 1836, and was at one time a Fellow of Trinity College. He died at Stinchcombe, May 1st, 1865.

LORD, it belongs not to my care.—BAXTER.

This is part of a longer composition, given in Richard Baxter's *Poetical Fragments,* 1681. It is included in the volume of his poems edited by his friend, Matthew Sylvester, in 1692. A copy of this rare and interesting work is in the library of the Union Theological Seminary, New York City.

There are eight double stanzas to the present piece. It is entitled "The Covenant and Confidence of Faith," and has this note appended to it: "This Covenant my dear Wife in her former Sickness subscribed with a chearful will. Job 12.26." The first line of the hymn commences, "My whole though broken heart, O Lord," and this portion of it has "Now it belongs not to my care" instead of the usual first line.

The life of Richard Baxter is so much a part of our accessible religious history that it needs but little extended notice from us. Born November 12th, 1615, at Rowton, in Shropshire, he took orders in the Church of England and was appointed in 1640 to the parish of Kidderminster. His attachment was always to the Puritan party, and his name is illustrious among Nonconformists. On the passage of the Act of Uniformity he surrendered his charge at Kidderminster and lived in retirement from 1663 to 1672. In this latter year the promulgation of the Act of Indulgence enabled him to visit London, where he spent his time partly in preaching and partly in authorship. In 1685 the infamous Judge Jeffreys condemned him to prison or a fine of five hundred marks, on a charge of sedition based upon his *Paraphrase of the New Testament.* This confinement he sustained with exemplary patience, and after eighteen months he was pardoned and released. He died December 8th, 1691, in his seventy-fifth year.

To take in one's hand the little book whence these verses come, and then to go and gaze upon the stately files of volumes which owed their existence to this good man's untiring industry, is like walking with the saints in white. Few sweeter or lovelier characters can be discovered. It is to his honor that he was an early advocate of missionary labor among the North American Indians, and that men like Matthew Henry and Matthew Sylvester were proud of his friendship. Dr. Samuel Johnson said of his works: "Read them all; they are all good." And George MacDonald properly proclaims him as "no mean poet."

Richard Baxter was indeed one of the most industrious men in literature. He produced twenty-three octavo volumes of practical writings, such as, Barrow says, were never surpassed; forty more of controversy and personal history; his *Call to the Unconverted* circulated twenty thousand copies in its first year; his works embrace one hundred and sixty-eight titles; and when he died, in Charter House Yard, 1691, he reckoned among his friends many of the greatest men of his time.

At Kidderminster, in 1640, his labors were interrupted for sixteen years by the Civil War, in which he sided with Parliament. But he distrusted Cromwell, and was grieved at the narrow views of some of the other leaders. It was in those days, when the country was distracted, when the Church was rent and torn, and when his own health was so feeble that two men were accustomed to support him both into and in the pulpit, that he wrote the *Saints' Everlasting Rest.* Across all the noises of the time he hears the sound of the praises of the eternal city, and his words are like those of one nearly disembodied and longing to depart.

"Weakness and pain," he said to Anthony a' Wood, "helped me to study how to die; that set me on studying how to live, and that on studying the doctrine from which I must fetch my motives and comforts; beginning with necessities, I proceeded by degrees, and am now going to see that for which I have lived and studied." "When his sleep was intermitted or removed in the night," says Matthew Sylvester, in his preface, "he then sang much, and relished this course and practice greatly well."

"Baxter's visage," writes Christophers, "would, of course, be true to its mission. A remarkable visage was that of his; never to be forgotten if once seen. Long it was, but decided. Hard, some would say, but telling with fearful eloquence how bravely his righteous soul maintained a life struggle against the acrid humors of a diseased body; how superhuman labors for the world's health had been continued amidst losses of blood and daily sweats, brought upon him, he tells us, by the 'acrimonious medicaments' of stupid doctors who thought to save him from the effects of a youthful taste for sour apples, by overdoses of 'scurvy grass,' wormwood-beer, horse-radish, and mustard! He looked, indeed, like one who, as a last remedy for a depressing affliction, had literally swallowed 'a gold bullet of thirty shillings' weight,' and, having taken it, 'knew not how to be delivered of it again!' With all this, the marks of a confessor were traceable on the good man's countenance. He had been driven from place to place. Now in prison for preaching at Acton; now kept out of his pulpit by a military guard; now seized again, and his goods and books sold to pay the fine for preaching five sermons—he being so ill that he could not be imprisoned without danger of death; and now, again, in the King's Bench under a warrant from the villainous Jeffreys, for writing a paraphrase on the New Testament. His later life was often 'in peril' for Christ's sake; and there must have been something deeply touching in that impress of dignified sorrow which brought tears into the eyes of Judge Hale when he saw the persecuted man standing before the Bench. His presence must have been felt wherever he appeared. Everybody who knew him acknowledged his mental and moral grandeur."

Let us add to these testimonies and to this description Baxter's own words as to his poetical desires and the exercise of this one of his spiritual gifts:

"I have made a psalm of praise in the holy assembly the chief delightful exercise of my religion and my life, and have helped to bear down all the objections which I have heard against church music, and against the 149th and 150th Psalms."

Take also this prayer from *The Saints' Everlasting Rest:*

"O Thou, the merciful Father of Spirits, the attractive of love and ocean of delight! draw up these drossy hearts unto Thyself, and keep them there till they are spiritualised and refined! Second Thy servant's weak endeavors and persuade those that read these lines to the practice of this delightful, heavenly work! Oh! suffer not the soul of Thy most unworthy servant to be a stranger to those joys which he describes to others; but keep me while I remain on earth in daily breathing after Thee, and in a believing, affectionate walking with Thee. And when Thou comest let me be found so doing; not serving my flesh, nor asleep with my lamp unfurnished, but waiting and longing for my Lord's return. Let those who shall read these pages, not merely read the fruit of my studies, but the breathing of my active hope and love; that if my heart were open to their view, they might there read Thy love most deeply engraven with a beam from the face of the Son of God; and not find vanity or lust or pride within where the words of life appear without; so that these lines may not witness against me; but, proceeding from the heart of the writer, may be effectual, through its grace, upon the heart of the reader, and so be the savor of life to both."

"Baxter was a singularly happy man," wrote Rev. William

Orme, his biographer, in 1830. "He tells us that he knew nothing of low spirits or nervous depression, notwithstanding all his bodily sufferings. His hopes of heaven and its blessedness were rarely clouded from the beginning to the end of his Christian course."

Nor are incidents lacking to prove the value of this particular hymn. Professor Clark Maxwell, of Cambridge, frequently quoted it in his last illness. A man of great scientific learning, he came back to the perfect trust which could say:

> "But 'tis enough that Christ knows all
> And I shall be with him."

LORD, it is thy holy day.—ANON., 1863.

This is No. 1133 in the *Hymnologia Christiana* of Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, D.D., London, 1863. The volume, with its disappointing blankness as to authors, can be consulted in the Astor Library.

LORD, lead the way the Saviour went.—CROSSWELL.

This hymn is by the Rev. William Crosswell, D.D., who was born at Hudson, N. Y., in 1804; graduated at Yale College in 1823, and was successively rector of Christ church, Boston; St. Peter's, Auburn, N. Y., and the Church of the Advent, Boston, where he died in 1851. His *Poems: Sacred and Secular*, were published in 1861. The circumstances of his death were very affecting. While engaged in the afternoon service, instead of rising from his knees at the close of the last collect, he was observed to sink to the floor. Being removed to his own house, he shortly expired.

The hymn in question was written for an anniversary of the Howard Benevolent Association of Boston, 1831. It appears in *Lyra Sacra Americana*, in two double stanzas, with the title, "For Visitors of the Sick." Dr. Crosswell was a friend of the first Bishop Doane, who dedicated to him an edition of Keble's *Christian Year*.

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb.—PALMER.

Dr. Ray Palmer wrote this hymn in 1858, and based it upon Rom. 11 : 33. At that time the author was in the midst of an experience of great personal suffering—an attack of sciatica—which rendered him almost helpless. The verses express sentiments of the highest grandeur and of deepest trust. In the history of this venerable man there have been repeated periods of quick coming, and swift passing, of severe discipline. We who receive these treasures of spiritual song can well afford to pity the pain, and at the same time rejoice in the fruits of the grace that grew out of it.

LORD of all being, throned afar.—HOLMES.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes with this hymn closed *The Professor at the Breakfast Table*, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1859. He called it a "Sun-day Hymn," and it was very soon employed, with the author's permission, in a collection prepared for the Methodist Protestant denomination.

Dr. Holmes writes:

> "And so my year's record is finished. The Professor has talked less than his predecessor [*The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*] but he has heard and seen more. Thanks to all those friends who from time to time have sent their messages of kindly recognition and fellow-feeling. Peace to all such as may have been vexed in spirit by any utterance the pages have repeated. They will doubtless forget for the moment the difference in the lines of truth we look at through our human prisms, and join in singing (inwardly) this hymn to the Source of the light we all need to lead us, and the warmth which alone can make us all brothers."

Then follows this beautiful lyric.

LORD of all worlds, incline thy bounteous ear.—DWIGHT.

This is Ps. 53, "as the new 50th," in Dwight's *Collection*, 1800, where it has six stanzas of six lines each. It is called there a "Prayer for the Latter day Glory," and the note prefixed reads: "The last verse paraphrased, together with several passages from Isaiah, Malachi, and St. Paul."

The origin of *Dwight's Collection* is of historic interest in view of the relations existing between the Presbyterian and Congregational churches at that date. The General Association of Connecticut requested Dr. Timothy Dwight, in the year 1797, to "revise Dr. Watts's imitation of the Psalms of David, so as to accommodate them to the state of the American churches, and to supply the deficiency of those Psalms which Dr. Watts has omitted." There was a resolution passed in 1799 by the Association, desiring "the advice and concurrence of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church in the United States in this important business." In consequence, a joint committee was appointed, consisting of John Rodgers, John Smalley, Cyprian Strong and Isaac Lewis for the

Presbyterians, and Joseph Strong, Asa Hillyer, Jr., and Jonathan Freeman for the Congregationalists. This committee met at Stamford, Conn., June 10th, 1800, and approved Dr. Dwight's revision of Watts's psalms. They also recommended him to select such *hymns* "from Dr. Watts, Dr. Doddridge and others, and annex them to his edition of the Psalms as shall furnish the churches with a more extensive system of psalmody." Owing to this action the use of many of these lyrics was localized in the American churches of the Presbyterian and Congregational order. But the Presbyterians were not less generous than their brethren, for, in 1798, they already had the same subject before them, and postponed all action pending the revision undertaken in Connecticut.

Lord of earth, thy forming hand.—Grant.

This hymn is from the volume of Sir Robert Grant's poems, posthumously published by his elder brother, Lord Glenelg. There are but twelve of these hymns, and this appears in three twelve-line stanzas, reprinted in *Lyra Britannica* from the original edition. The current form of the hymn is produced by the omission, from the first and second stanzas, of the middle quatrain, and of the whole of the third stanza.

Lord of glory, thou hast bought us.—Mrs. Alderson.

This hymn was composed by Mrs. Eliza Sibbald (Dykes) Alderson, who contributed it to the *Appendix to Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1868. She is doubtless a member of the Church of England, but further information is lacking.

Lord of mercy and of might.—Heber.

Bishop Reginald Heber has a sure renown in several ways. He was truly a poet, as his *Palestine* denotes. He was a dignitary of the Church of England, who employed his high office for the worthiest ends. He was a traveller, whose *Journey Through India*, published in 1828, showed what fine powers of observation and reflection he possessed. He was filled with genuine missionary zeal, as his religious work and his immortal lyric, "From Greenland's icy mountains," alike testify. And, to crown all, he is one of the most graceful, spiritual and effective of English hymn-writers.

Born at Malpas, Cheshire, April 21st, 1783, he was the second son of Rev. Reginald Heber, a man of wealth and learning, and the co-rector of Malpas with Dr. Townson. His elder brother, Richard Heber, was a great book-collector, who accumulated a hundred and fifty thousand volumes. Thus the young Reginald had every opportunity that education could afford. He early displayed his literary skill, and versified Phædrus at seven years of age. Entering Brasenose College, Oxford, in 1800, he gained the Chancellor's prize, for the best Latin poem, in his first year; and in 1803 he obtained the prize for English poetry, with his *Palestine*. At his graduation he took a third prize for the best prose essay, with his *Sense of Honor*. Naturally he became a Fellow of All Souls' College as the result of this brilliant career.

In 1807, his brother Richard presented him with the living of Hodnet, of which place Julius Charles Hare has somewhat to say in his *Memorials of a Quiet Life*, since he was the cousin of Mrs. Heber, and often a guest at the rectory. April, 1822, brought to him the preachership of Lincoln's Inn, London, which added six hundred pounds to his income. In January, 1823, he was appointed Bishop of Calcutta. Thither he sailed, there he labored, and there, April 3d, 1826, he died. He had returned to his home one day, somewhat heated, having attended an early confirmation ceremony. There he was attacked by apoplexy when he was in a cold bath. His servant, alarmed at his delay, opened the door and found him dead.

The present hymn first appeared in the *Christian Observer* for November, 1811. It is assigned, in the collection of 1827, to Quinquagesima Sunday, where the Gospel for the day gives an account of the healing of the blind Bartimeus.

LORD of our life and God of our salvation.

—HERBERT AND PUSEY, *tr.*

The date assigned to this hymn is commonly given as 1856. It appeared in the *Salisbury Hymn-Book*. It is there said to be a translation from a Latin hymn of the eighth century, made in 1859, by Algernon Herbert, aided by Philip Pusey and "others." There is no clew to the original. Philip Pusey was born January 25th, 1799, and died July 9th, 1855. One of Algernon Herbert's pieces [1839] is No. 363 in the *Book of Praise*.

LORD of the harvest, hear.—C. WESLEY.

There is a hymn by Professor Joseph Anstice, often attributed to Keble, which commences, "Lord of the harvest, once again," and with which this must not be confused. The present piece is founded on Matt. 9 : 38, and is from the *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1742. It is entitled "A Prayer for Laborers."

LORD of the worlds above.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's version of the Psalms this is Ps. 84, P. M., "Longing for the House of God." It has four stanzas, and first appeared in 1719.

Dear old George Herbert when he comes to speak of "The Parson on Sundays," aptly says :

> "His thoughts are full of making the best of the day and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercise of the day. . . . Then he turns to request for his people that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all, that they may come with holy hearts and awful minds [minds full of awe] into the congregation, and that the good God would pardon all those who came with less prepared hearts than they ought.
>
> "As he opened the day with prayer, so he closeth it, humbly beseeching the Almighty to pardon and accept our poor services, and to improve them that we may grow therein, and that our feet may be like hinds' feet ever climbing up higher and higher unto Him."

LORD of the hearts of men.—WOODFORD, *tr*.

The Rev. James Russell Woodford, D.D., was the late Bishop of Ely. He was born at Henley-on-Thames, April 30th, 1820, and after a preparatory training at the Merchant Tailors' School he was sent to Cambridge and entered Pembroke College, being graduated there in 1842.

He was an excellent scholar, and obtained several honors during his course. In 1843 he was ordained as deacon, and two years later as priest. Dr. Woodford has been rector of St. Mark's, Easton, 1847–55, of Kempsford, Gloucestershire, 1855–68, and of Leeds from that date until his elevation to the episcopate. He was consecrated as Bishop of Ely, December 14th, 1873. The revenue of this diocese is $27,500. On the 24th of October, 1885, after a short illness, he laid down his earthly work.

Dr. Woodford has written a number of hymns which Miller characterizes as "solid and good." Of these, some, like the present piece, are renderings from the Latin. This, for example, is the "*Supreme motor cordium,*" a hymn from the Paris Breviary. It is found in Newman's *Hymni Ecclesiæ*, and there is information about the breviary and its writers in "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." This translation was contributed to *The Parish Hymn-Book*, 1863.

"Dr. Woodford was the close friend of Bishop Wilberforce; and when the latter was once asked who was the best preacher in England he responded instantly, 'Woodford; that is—he is the second best!' Dr. Woodford was appointed to the living at Leeds through the advice of Wilberforce. Mr. Disraeli offered the place to Canon Lloyd, a co-chaplain with Woodford of Bishop Wilberforce—the 'tandem Lloyd' as he was called in Buckinghamshire. Canon Lloyd went down to the great Yorkshire borough, and on his way to Downing Street to decline the living, met the Bishop of Oxford, who said: 'What is your decision?' 'I am too old by ten years for such a work,' was the reply, 'and I am on my way to Mr. Disraeli to decline the living.' 'Recommend Woodford,' said the bishop. The advice was taken."

LORD, remove the veil away.—FINDLATER, *tr.*

This is taken from *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, page 219, fourth series, 1862. The original is the "*Zeige dich uns ohne Hülle*" of Klopstock. The Scripture text annexed to it is Rev. 1 : 10. It is a "Sabbath Hymn," and appears in four eight-line stanzas. The translation is considered to be by Mrs. Eric Findlater, the sister of Miss Borthwick.

Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock was born at Quedlinberg, July 2d, 1724. At thirteen years of age he attended the gymnasium—or high-school—in Mansfield; and in 1739 he went to Schulpforte, where he pursued classical studies and became acquainted with the works of Tasso and Milton. This influence determined him to essay an epic poem himself. In fact, his *Messiah*, 1746, bears the same relation to the grander *Faust* of Goethe that Pollock's *Course of Time* bears to Milton's *Paradise Lost*, or Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered* bears to Dante's *Inferno*. Miller very keenly and justly remarks that the *Messiah* "has been more praised than read;" which remark is also true of the *Course of Time*. However, Klopstock's poem was at first quite popular. A young friend named Schmidt had carried it off, and it appeared anonymously in the volume entitled *Contributions*, 1748. Thus the author grew famous, and in 1751 Count Bernstoff, the prime minister of Denmark, invited him to reside at Copenhagen, finish his great poem, and enjoy a pension of four hundred thalers while he was thus employed. At Hamburg, when he was upon this journey northward, Klopstock encountered a bright and intelligent girl, Meta Moller, a merchant's daughter, and one who was a correspondent of Richardson, the novelist, and Young, the poet. This acquaintance brought about a marriage, June 10th, 1754. But after four years of happiness the bride died, and for the next nine years poo Klopstock seems like a man dazed, and with his song struck from his lips. What he wrote was almost entirely religious, and to this grief of his life we are indebted for the hymns which he has left to the Christian Church. He was between thirty and forty years of age, and resided mainly in Count Bernstoff's house during this gloomy period of his career.

About the year 1770 he took up his abode in Hamburg, at that time a noted literary centre. Here he became, as Miss Winkworth puts it, "a kind of Dr. Johnson"—revered and esteemed by all, and not so gruff to anybody as was the Englishman to some. At length, in this congenial atmosphere he completed the *Messiah* in 1773. Ten cantos only had been achieved when his wife, Meta, was taken away; but now the entire history of redemption was written. At Hamburg he was living in the house of one Von Winthem, who had married Meta's niece. In 1792 he himself married this lady, who had for some time been a widow. He died as a Christian should, in the peace of the Gospel, March 14th, 1803. He wrote much, but the finest of his productions are his odes.

Lord, that I may learn of thee.—J. Berridge.

A more eccentric or earnest man than John Berridge it would not be easy for us to discover. He was the son of a rich farmer, born at Kingston, Nottinghamshire, March 1st, 1716, and became vicar of Everton in 1755. He published his *Zion's Songs* in 1785, and died on the 22d of January, 1793. These are the brief outlines of an energetic and eventful life.

Young John had his education at Clare Hall, Cambridge, because his father found it of no use to tie him to the plough, and so sent him forth to be, as he declared, a "light to the Gentiles." His conversion was due to one of his boy friends and to the pious exhortations of a tailor who was often employed about the house. But although he was graduated and entered regularly on his theological duties he lacked something vital in his preaching. At length he discovered what it was, and when he had known the way of salvation by faith his sermons at once became a power of righteousness. His neighbor, Rev. Mr. Hicks, was one of his new adherents, and in the month of November, 1758, John Wesley happened along and was swept into the current of this marvellous work of grace. He and the vicar of Everton became warm friends, and the account in Wesley's journals of what he saw and heard reads almost like romance. Fully four thousand persons were brought to a knowledge of the saving power of the Gospel in about twelve months.

And now Berridge was in his element. He had a mighty voice and a robust constitution, and he rode down and rode out all manner of persecution. For nearly thirty years his enemies called him "the old devil." But in the midst of amazing success he was always humble and sincere. "Do you know Berridge?" he was asked by a stranger, who did not recognize him. "He is a troublesome, good-for-nothing fellow, they tell me." "Yes, I know him," Berridge said, "and I assure you half his wickedness has not been told." When this wicked wretch eventually ascended the pulpit and preached, his inquiring friend was stupefied. "Is it possible!" he cried. "Can you forgive me? Will you admit me to your house?" "Yes, and to my heart," said the bluff old evangelist.

Berridge was full of mirth and good humor, and had a peculiar quaint wit of his own. In one of his controversial papers he declares the doctrine of "sincere obedience" to be a "nose of wax," which every one can tweak to suit himself. To his opponent he exclaims: "Doctor, my patience is worn to the stump—and the stump is going!"

It is by his hymns, however, that we are here called on to remember him especially. He wrote "Dear Jesus, cast a look on me," and "O Father, let thy kingdom come." His preface to the hymns which he published is as characteristic as himself: "My Saviour and my God, accept this mite of love which is cast into thy treasury. Give it a blessing, and it shall be blessed. What is water in the hymns turn into wine."

He even jested with the Countess of Huntingdon upon the solemn subject of matrimony—being then and always a bachelor—and tells her: "Eight or nine years ago, having been grievously tormented with housekeepers, I truly had thought of looking out for a Jezebel for myself." Then he adds—quite seriously now—

that he fell on his knees and desired a sign of the Lord, probably by opening the Bible in the old fashion of the *Sortes Virgilianæ*, and taking a place at random. The first time was inconclusive. At the second trial he read : " Thou shalt not take thee a wife." This was enough, and upon it he pivoted his condition all the rest of his days.

Once he took a guest at Everton and showed him the pictures on his wall. " That," he said, " is Calvin. That is Luther. And that "—pointing to a glass over the fireplace—" is the Devil." The guest hurriedly stepped forward to see this frightful face—and beheld his own ! " Is it not a striking likeness of his Satanic Majesty ?" exclaimed the grim preacher.

He appreciated, however, the dangers of this vein of mirth, and bade himself, in one of his hymns, " March off and quit this giggling road ;" and he never allowed his sense of humor to dull his spiritual force. Yet, to a young preacher who was to occupy his pulpit he could not resist the temptation of offering the advice : " Lift up your voice like a man, and scare the daws out of the steeple !" There was much in him which resembled the famous Father Taylor, of Boston, the sailor-missionary. " Oh, Lord," cried that eccentric person once, " deliver us from bad rum and bigotry ! Thou knowest which is worst. *I don't.* Amen !"

Berridge kept up this cheerful courage to the very end. As he drew close to death one said to him : " The Lord has enabled you to fight a good fight." " Blessed be his name for it," was the answer. " He will soon call you up higher." " Ay, ay," exclaimed the dying man, " higher ! higher ! higher ! Yes, and my children, too, will shout and sing : ' Here comes our father !' " These were his final words. He fulfilled his own hymn :

" In this posture let me live,
And hosannas daily give ;
In this temper let me die,
And hosannas ever cry."

The present hymn sometimes commences, " Jesus, cast a look on me," and dates from 1785.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's Ps. 139, First Part, L. M., " The All-seeing God." It has thirteen stanzas, with two " pauses." A comparison of this with Tate and Brady's version of the same Psalm shows that it has been borrowed from them almost *verbatim*. It is proper to add, however, that the "conveyance" has been acknowledged by Dr. Watts in a foot-note.

LORD, thou on earth didst love thine own.—R. PALMER.

This hymn was written in Albany, N. Y., 1864, and is based on John 13 : 1 and 17 : 21.

LORD, thou wilt bring the joyful day.—R. PALMER.

Dr. Palmer wrote this hymn in New York City, 1865, and based it on Rev. 22 : 5.

LORD, thy glory fills the heavens.—MANT.

This is from Bishop Mant's *Ancient Hymns*, 1837. The present hymn is made from that, which is entitled "Hymn Commemorative of the 'Thrice Holy,'" by the omission of the first double-stanza, "Bright the vision that delighted," etc.

LORD, we come before thee now.—HAMMOND.

The author, Rev. William Hammond, was born in 1719, and was one of the early Calvinistic Methodists who subsequently, with his friend, the hymn-writer Cennick, joined the Moravian brethren. In this connection he remained until his decease in 1783. A graduate of St. John's College in Cambridge, England, he was an ecclesiastical writer and preacher; his poetry is scriptural and spiritual. He was buried at Chelsea, in London, and left behind him in manuscript an autobiography written in Greek. This hymn is found in his *Psalms, Hymns, and Spiritual Songs*, 1745, where it consists of eight double stanzas. Both Whitefield and Evans included it in their collections, as did also Rippon and Dobell.

LORD! when I all things would possess.—GILL.

This hymn is taken from T. H. Gill's *Golden Chain of Praise*, p. 160. Its title is, "Lowly Ambition," and it has eight stanzas.

LORD, when my raptured thought surveys.—STEELE.

In the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, this is entitled "Meditating on Creation and Providence." It has fourteen stanzas.

"I enjoy a calm evening on the terrace walk," said that gentle voice (Anne Steele's), tremulous with holy feeling, "and I wish, though in vain, for numbers sweet as the lovely prospect, and gentle as the vernal breeze to describe the beauties of charming spring; but the reflection, how soon these blooming pleasures will vanish, spread a melancholy gloom, till the mind rises by a delightful transition to the celestial Eden—the scenes of undecaying pleasure and immutable perfection."

LORD! when we bend before thy throne.—CARLYLE.

Joseph Dacre Carlyle, the son of George Carlyle, was born at Carlisle, England, in 1759. He became a very learned and accomplished man, and accompanied Lord Elgin in 1799 on an embassy to the Sublime Porte. The purpose of this expedition was to ascertain what literary treasures survived in the public library of Constantinople. Our author had been for five years the Professor of Arabic at Cambridge, and was afterward the vicar of Newcastle-on-Tyne. His journey on the trip taken with Lord Elgin was extended to Asia Minor and the Greek islands.

The poems of this author were posthumously published in 1805, under the editorship of his sister, Susanna Maria Carlyle. His *Specimens of Arabian Poetry* were issued in 1796. He had acquired a knowledge of the Arabic language as the result of his intimacy with David Zamio, a native of Bagdad; and when his college Fellowship was lost by his marriage in 1793, he devoted himself to the study of that tongue and became professor two years later. His reputation, therefore, is not that of the hymn-writer, but of the Orientalist; and his editorship of the Arabic text of the Old and New Testaments would have been his greatest achievement, but it was cut short by his death, and the work, when it appeared in 1811, showed the loss which it had sustained.

In 1804, on the 12th of April, Mr. Carlyle died at the vicarage in Newcastle. He was in the full maturity of his powers, and was deeply regretted by all who knew him. Sir Egerton Brydges speaks of him in the highest terms; he describes the Orientalist as being "a tall, dark, thin man, of reserved manners and recluse habits." He was, however, a person of genial and cheerful disposition, reputed to be the descendant of a long line of Scotch ancestry, modest, benevolent, and sincerely pious. His learning was great, and of a kind likely to be much in demand. When we take all these qualities into consideration it is clear that his death was truly a "public calamity."

The hymn to which his name is attached in *Laudes Domini* is one of three religious pieces, at the end of his *Poems Suggested by Scenes in Asia Minor, Syria and Greece*, 1805. Only by this, which has been much altered, is he known in the American collections. It is entitled, "A Hymn before Public Worship."

LORD, when with dying lips.—MACLAGAN.

The Rev. William Dalrymple Maclagan, D.D., the present Bishop of Lichfield, was born in 1826, in Edinburgh. He is the son of David Maclagan, M.D., and in early life served with the army in India, retiring with the rank of lieutenant. He then entered St. Peter's College, Cambridge, whence he was graduated in 1856, taking his degree of M.A. in 1860. His D.D. is an honor *jure dignitatis*, and came to him with his episcopate in 1878. He was ordained as deacon in 1856, and as priest in 1857, becoming then the curate of St. Saviour's, Paddington, and next of St. Stephen's, Marylebone.

His career took the direction of ecclesiastical employment about this period, and he was the secretary of the Diocesan Church Building Association, London, for some length of time. Bishop Cotton, who had known him in India, brought his name, in 1856, to the notice of Archbishop Tait. This resulted in his becoming curate in charge of Enfield, 1869, and then being placed as vicar of St. Mary's, Newington. The Bishop of London was his warm friend, and when Newington was transferred to the diocese of Rochester he promoted Mr. Maclagan to the vicarage of St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, that he might have him at hand. Here he remained until 1878, when he was nominated by the Crown, at Lord Beaconsfield's recommendation, to the Bishopric of Lichfield, made vacant by the death of Dr. Selwyn. He was consecrated in St. Paul's, June 24th, 1878. He has published sermons and hymns—and little else than these.

LORD! where shall guilty souls retire.—WATTS.

This is Ps. 139, First Part, C. M., in the version of Dr. Watts, with the title, "God is Everywhere." It has nine stanzas.

LORD, while for all mankind we pray.—WREFORD.

This hymn was composed as a national hymn for England about the time of Queen Victoria's coronation, 1837. The author published it "with other loyal and patriotic pieces," and afterward included it among the fifty-five hymns which he contributed to Dr. J. R. Beard's *Collection*, 1837. It came into American use through the collections of Sewall (1845), and of Dr. Hastings (1858), but was incorrectly assigned to "Welford."

Rev. John Reynell Wreford, born at Barnstable, Devonshire, England, December 11th, 1800, was educated at Manchester College, York; left that institution 1825, and became co-pastor with Rev. John Kentish, of the New Meeting House, Birmingham. But his voice failed him, and he was compelled to retire from the ministry in 1831, since which date he has been a teacher, and was living, in 1869, near Bristol. It cannot have escaped the reader that Bristol is a name that claims all hymn-writers for its own, and that it may be fairly set down as the *omphalos* of English hymnology. Here, at all events, Dr. Wreford resided, having given up his teaching, but using his pen as constantly as ever.

As to his opinions, Dr. Wreford regards himself as one of those "English Presbyterians who always carefully repudiated all sectarian names and doctrinal distinctions." It is apparent that he is not a Unitarian in the modern sense, though Beard's book professed to take only the writings of Unitarians. Dr. Wreford's published works include several volumes of poetry. He died in London, July 2d, 1881.

LORD, with glowing heart I'd praise thee.—KEY.

Francis Scott Key was born in Frederick County, Md., August 1st, 1779; was graduated at St. John's College, Annapolis, Md., and studied law with his uncle, Philip Barton Key. He studied at the bar, Fredericktown, Md., from 1801, and then removed to Washington, D. C., where he became District Attorney for the District of Columbia, and died January 11th, 1843. He was an Episcopalian, and a devout and exemplary man.

A full notice of this author is in nearly every literary manual. The memory of the "Star-Spangled Banner" will be always associated with his name, and the circumstances of its composition are thus related:

"Key and his friend, Skinner, had been sent with a flag of truce, August 14th, 1814, from Baltimore to the British fleet, at the mouth of the Potomac, to obtain the release of prisoners captured in the expedition against Washington. As the enemy were just about to make an attack on Baltimore the truce-boat was detained with the fleet under guard. The bombardment of Fort McHenry, begun in the evening, continued through the night. Key and his friends awaited the result with the deepest anxiety. Just before day the cannonading ceased, and they paced the deck until dawn, eager for the first streak of day to disclose the result. With 'the dawn's early light' they caught sight of 'the broad stripes and bright stars' of the dear old flag still floating over the fort. As they now made their way back to the city, Key, all aglow with the fervor of the moment, composed and wrote on the back of a letter this grand national lyric. The same day it was put in print and circulated all over the city. It was written and sung then, as now, to the tune of 'Anacreon in Heaven.' To this tune the ode of Thomas Paine, entitled 'Adams and Liberty,' had been previously adapted.'' The manuscript was set in type by Samuel Jennings, who died November 22d, 1885, in Baltimore, at the age of eighty-eight.

Mr. Key's brother-in-law, Chief-Justice Taney, has furnished some further particulars of the origin of this national hymn. It was not completed on the boat, but was jotted in rough notes, and written out in Baltimore immediately upon Key's arrival. He had gone, by authority of President Madison, to secure the release of a personal friend, Dr. Beanes, and had obtained it after an interview with General Ross and Admirals Cockburn and Cochrane. Mr. Key's poems were published in 1857. A costly monument has been erected to his memory in San Francisco, California.

It is as a hymn-writer, however, that we are chiefly concerned with his name. He wrote, in addition to the present piece, another, '' Before the Lord we bow,'' for a Fourth of July celebration in 1832.

He also wrote '' If life's pleasures cheer thee,'' and several other hymns. All of these are in Key's poems, published in 1857, and Cleveland's *Lyra Sacra Americana.*

LOVE divine, all love excelling.—C. WESLEY.

The earliest home of the Wesley family was Charmouth, a village at the base of the hill as one went, in the old times, from Exeter by coach through Dorset and down from the heights above Lyme Regis. Here, almost from a veritable '' hole of the pit,'' was dug that remarkable genius by whom God has been pleased to bless both England and America. Charles Stuart, the Second, once landed here under the convoy of Lord Wilmot While he was waiting for the boat to arrive in the creek to take them off to the vessel beyond, and so to the French coast, he allayed suspicion by visiting a little chapel where Bartholomew Wesley held forth in '' long-breathed devotions and bloody prayers.'' This progenitor of our poet is described as the "puny parson of the place;" true to his duties and his people, however, and as ready to supply himself with his own handiwork in doublet and homespun hose, as Paul was to fall to his tent-making when times were hard. Charles narrowly escaped capture here, and the account of Mr. Christophers' visit, long years afterward, is very picturesque in its description of the circumstances, the scenery, and all the ifs and buts in the case.

Bartholomew Wesley was made rector of Charmouth in 1640; and John Wesley, the grandfather of John and Charles, spent his youth there. This John went to Oxford and took his degree, passed his examination in theology, and proceeded to labor in the fishing-villages near Weymouth. Next he had charge of the parish of Winterborn-Whitchurch, and was a fellow sufferer with his father and Richard Baxter under the Act of Uniformity, which took effect on Bartholomew's Day, 1662. Worn out by privation, persecution and sorrow, he died even earlier than the rector of Charmouth, who, although silenced in the pulpit, preached the Gospel as he could, and practised medicine to support himself and his family. Not long after his son's death, Bartholomew also died, having suffered a great deal for his Nonconformist opinions.

The stock, however, was too good to perish from the earth, and in 1683 Samuel Wesley (1662–1735), son of John and grandson of Bartholomew, marched on foot into Oxford from London. The university was in a way to recover from the effects of the civil war. And here Samuel Wesley arrived, without a friend and with only forty-five shillings in his pocket, but with a strong purpose to secure an education after the same sort as his ancestors. He entered Exeter College, being admitted as "*pauper scholaris*," and acting as serving-man to his richer companions.

With the lack of money came—as it often does—the presence of that wit which seems to be the compensation of honorable poverty. Samuel was a poet as well as a student, and shortly issued a little book called *Maggots; or, Poems on several Subjects never before Handled; by a Scholar*. It even had the author's picture in front; not with a laurel, however, but with a maggot on his forehead. And it must be confessed that the poem was somewhat coarse in its satire, and suited the fashion of an age that was given to grossness. Dunton, the eccentric bookseller, issued this unexpectedly successful venture. His young *protégé* and himself were eventually brothers-in-law, having married sisters. Pope, even, did not disdain to allude to the poem in his "Dunciad," and we, who only know Samuel Wesley by his hymn, "Behold the Saviour of mankind" (1709), may well smile at the severity with which the sage of Twickenham attacks the frivolous verses which Dunton published.

In his odd and genial manner Mr. Christophers joins Samuel Wesley's *Maggot* on *A Tobacco Pipe*, with his son John's letter to a friend in Ireland. Samuel's taste was strongly nicotian; but John was an early Traskite.

"Use all diligence to be clean," he says to the Irish unknown,

"'Let thy mind's sweetness have its operation
Upon thy person, clothes and habitation.'

"Use no tobacco—it is an uncleanly and unwholesome self-indulgence. Use no snuff. I suppose no other nation in Europe is in such vile bondage to this silly, nasty, dirty custom as the Irish are. But let Christians be in this bondage no longer."

It is the correct phrase when we call Samuel Wesley's wife the "well-trained Susannah." She was the daughter of the Nonconformist divine, Dr. Samuel Annesley, and it was a part of her home discipline to train her children pretty thoroughly. If the little Samuel, John, or Charles cried, he must cry under his breath. If he was to be punished he got no light nor trivial thrashing. It was not for him to eat or drink between meals. He was washed and put to bed at eight o'clock, and no servant was allowed to sit by him. He must say "brother" or "sister" before the proper name of the other children when he spoke to them. The Lord's Prayer was taught him as soon as he could speak, and he repeated it morning and night, ever afterward. At five years it was equally imperative that he should be instructed to read; and six hours a day were school-time, and his parents were the teachers. It adds a grim touch of humor to read, in Tyerman's record, of this well-arranged family system that, when the boy (or girl, for the method was impartial) reached this fifth year, he had one day, and only one, in which to learn his letters! He must master the twenty-six within the twenty-four hours or—alas for him! Religion was an exact science in that home, and Bible-reading and prayer were punctually attended to. Certainly the results are not discouraging to any who reflect upon the process.

It must be sufficient to add to these preliminaries of the life of Charles that his father deserves our esteem for his real ability. His poem on "The Life of our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ," was terribly tinkered and "improved" (for the worse) by Dr. Coke, but its original form speaks well for its author. He had graduated at Oxford, 1688, and in return for the dedication of this poem (1693) to Queen Mary, she gave him the living of Epworth, in Lincolnshire, in 1696—for he was no longer a Dissenter. In learning, benevolence and piety, he stood high. He wrote much for current literature, and so eked out a salary which needed size to meet the wants of his nineteen children—nine of whom, it is proper to state, died in infancy. John and Charles gave some of his verses place in their first volume of *Hymns and Sacred Poems*, 1739. His single hymn, "Behold the Saviour of mankind," is in six stanzas, and shows plainly the influence at work upon his sons.

When the Epworth parsonage was burned, the piece of music on which this hymn had been written was rescued from the flames, somewhat scorched. At the same time little John, then about six years of age, was saved almost by a miracle. Not much else escaped.

The love of music and poetry was born in the boys. John Wesley says of his mother's death: "We stood around her bed and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: 'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a Psalm of praise to God!'" This hymn which they sang is said to have been "Blessing, honor, thanks and praise"—one which Charles wrote in 1742 for this very use.

This was the ancestry and this was the home of Charles Wesley. Is it wonderful that he came to be what he was? or that, after his parents' death, he could compose such a eulogy upon them as that which is contained in his hymn, "Who are these arrayed in white?" (1745).

Charles Wesley, the youngest of the nineteen children, was born at Epworth, Lincolnshire, December 18th, 1708, "old style" (*i. e.*, December 29th of our present reckoning, the difference in calendar being eleven days). In childhood it was proposed by a wealthy namesake in Ireland to adopt him—but he himself declined. The person who was taken in his stead became an earl, and was grandfather to the Duke of Wellington, while the poor lad in the debt-oppressed parsonage was spared for a more spiritual life and for wider usefulness. His brother Samuel (Junior) cared for his education at Westminster School (1716), and he was at Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1726, with his brother John. Here began the name of "Methodist," from the systematic ideas of the "Holy Club."

Charles was ordained in 1735, and went with John to Georgia in 1735–6. In 1738 (May 21st) he expressly declares that he received the witness of the Holy Spirit. It came through the agency of a poor mechanic named Bray who "knew nothing except Christ."— He married Sarah Gwynne, April 8th, 1749, and had by her eight children, two of whom became eminent as musicians.

It is not surprising that we look in vain for some of these "centos" which have been selected from his poetry. The Wesleyan Conference, 1868–72, issued the poetical works of the brothers in a complete edition, making thirteen volumes, and containing nearly six thousand pages! Charles's work was mainly original; while John rendered some forty of the German hymns, and wrote very little otherwise. It was Charles who sang the doctrines of the Methodists into the hearts of believers—and his evangelical fervor is such that he has made all Christendom his parish in a grander sense even than his administrative brother, John. Nothing that John has written reaches the height of "Jesus, lover of my soul," or the beauty of "Love divine, all love excelling," or the dignity of "I know that my Redeemer lives." And yet these are only portions of that great choral in which his many-voiced genius bore a part. Samuel Wesley, Jr., the High Churchman, was chilled too soon ever to compare verses with his brothers. His hymns are few—and lack power and popularity.

After eighty years of a well-spent and fruitful life, Charles Wesley died, March 29th, 1788, leaving his brother to lament him for three years longer and then to join him beyond the "narrow stream of death."

John Wesley, who was born June 17th, 1703, was the fourth son of this remarkable family. As the founder of Methodism, and the organizer and manager of a vast denomination, he stands among the great ones of the earth, and his story is everywhere at hand. He left Oxford in 1727, and was his father's chaplain at

Epworth until 1729, having been ordained September 28th, 1728. On the death of their father, in 1735, John and Charles cast in their lot with Oglethorpe's colonists, and went to Georgia. There John had a troublesome love-affair with which we have no concern.

In 1738 we find him in London, and a Moravian, through the influence of Peter Böhler. In the following year, after a visit to Herrnhut, he commenced open-air preaching in Whitefield's manner. The "foundry"—famous in Methodist annals—was fitted up in November, 1739, and thenceforward John Wesley was the head and front of the operations of this new body of Christians. He did not marry until 1751, when he espoused a widow of means and with four children, who made twenty years of his life wretched, and then left him entirely.

By virtue of sound health and earnest faith this wonderful man lived until past fourscore in active usefulness. It has been estimated that he held not less than forty thousand preaching services, and travelled nearly a quarter of a million of miles. At his death the Methodists numbered fully one hundred and twenty thousand communicants. In 1791, after preaching in the parlor of a magistrate at Leatherhead, near London, he returned home fatigued and ill. His text was, "Seek ye the Lord while he may be found"—and on March 2d, 1791, he proceeded to seek him "beyond the stars," where was his rest indeed.

MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned.—S. STENNETT.

This hymn was contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, where it has nine stanzas, commencing, "To Christ the Lord let every tongue." The Scripture prefixed is Sol. Song 5 : 10–16, and the title is, "Chief among Ten Thousand; or, the Excellencies of Christ."

MASTER, speak! thy servant heareth.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

From her *Poems*, p. 214: "Master, say on." It has nine stanzas. The date is 1867.

MAY the grace of Christ, our Saviour.—NEWTON.

This is from the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 101. The text is II Cor. 13 : 14. It has one double stanza, and is a favorite form of doxology. The large meeting of Presbyterian ministers held in New York City each Monday noon, invariably closes with its use.

'MID scenes of confusion and creature complaints.—DENHAM.

The author of this hymn was Rev. David Denham, an English Baptist, 1791–1848. He was connected with Rev. Dr. R. S. Hawker's congregation, became a Baptist, entered the ministry and was settled at Margate, London, and Cheltenham. He was the editor of a collection of hymns which bears his name, but wrote his poetry mostly for the religious magazines. His title for this piece was, "The Saint's Sweet Home," to which he appended the words of Scripture, Ps. 73 : 24. It was in use in America in the *Christian Lyre* in 1830, and the author contributed seventy hymns to his own book, *The Saint's Melody*, 1837, which contains over eleven hundred pieces.

MIGHTY God, while angels bless thee.—R. ROBINSON.

The name of Robert Robinson merits an attention which it has not yet received. Few persons are aware that this man not only wrote the famous hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing," but that he also was the inspirer of no less a pulpit orator than the great Robert Hall, as Hall himself, in turn, was the inspirer of Spurgeon. And if we add to these facts that the hymn, "Mighty God, while angels bless thee," was composed by him, and that his ecclesiastical career is almost unique, we have at least begun the story with some elements of unusual interest.

Born in Norfolk, at Swaffham, September 27th, 1735, he removed, at eight years of age, with his parents, to Scarning in the same county. In a short time his father died, and he was left to be the sole support of his widowed mother. We therefore find him, at fourteen, apprenticed to one Joseph Anderson, a barber in London, and very often under reprimand for giving too much time to his books and too little to his business. He was not the steadiest of young fellows in his habits either, for a singular incident is on record to show that he and some other lads plied a gypsy fortune-teller with liquor, and secured from her a prediction as to their future lives. To Robinson the poor drunken wretch made a statement which, however it arose, had the strangest of effects. She said he "would see his children and grandchildren." And he believed this so thoroughly that he set about preparing to be useful to his prospective family, and even began his laudable reformation by a visit to the preaching of the Rev. George Whitefield that very night.

Six years later he confessed to Whitefield that he had gone there that evening disposed to pity "the poor deluded Methodists," but had come away envious of their happiness. He was at this time seventeen years of age; and the sermon, which was from Matt. 3 : 7, so moved him that it could not be forgotten. With a singular accuracy of observation he has himself stated that, after two years and seven months, in 1755, the full force of the truth was at length felt in his heart. At this date he considered himself to have been truly converted, and entered the fact in Latin of his own devising upon the pages of his journal. The language is worthy of quotation:

> "Robertus, Michaelis Mariaeque Robinson filius, Natus Swaffhami, comitatu Norfolciae, Saturni die, Sept. 27th, 1735. Renatus Sabbati die, Maii 24, 1752, per predicationem Georgii Whitefield. Et gustatis doloribus renovationis duos annos mensesque septem, absolutionem plenam gratuitamque, per sanguinem pretiosum Jesu Christi, inveni (Tuesday, December 10, 1755), cui sit honor et gloria in secula seculorum. Amen."

This Latin is scarcely classical; but it is very expressive. It reveals a depth of feeling which was soon to find its proper scope in the work of the ministry. As early, then, as 1758, he commenced, in a crude way, to exhort and even preach, being associated with those Methodists whom he once despised.

Mr. Robinson now became a Baptist, married, and removed to Cambridge, where he supplied the pulpit of a small congregation. It was a college town, and such towns are proverbially hard toward preachers, requiring brains, courage and good judgment in those who occupy their pulpits. Undoubtedly the *ci-devant* barber felt this; for he declined at first to be settled as pastor. Another point—that of the terms of communion—was also under debate; and not until it was decided that there should be open communion did he consent. In 1761 this was conceded, and Mr. Robinson was installed. He was poor, and his church was poor, but in a few years he had a good chapel and a large congregation. From this time he maintained himself successfully against the ofttimes hostile influence of the university, and managed to command the respect of the students, for Robert Robinson was a scholar, by nature and by practice, and his biography is a remarkable example of a self-taught man ranking as the peer of those who have received the best advantages. It was under the stress of his financial necessities that he also became a farmer, in addition to his other pursuits; and any one who will read his delightful "Morning Exercise" on "Industry," will see how well he improved his acquaintance with the former companions of his youth. He knew the soil, and he knew its tillers, and he spoke to the outlying rustic audiences on divers occasions with a certain pithy simplicity which is wonderfully attractive. At Little Shelford we hear him saying: "We contend, that in regard to you in this parish, neither the rose, nor the water-lily, nor any other flower in the world is the subject of your chief attention; it is saffron, and saffron alone, that you are called by Providence to study." And then he declares that, as with the saffron among flowers, so it is with the Bible among books. This one book is the only one they really need to know. He is gifted with a Spurgeon-like wit; and, indeed, if Robert Hall was his son in the ministry, Charles Spurgeon must be his grandson.

From 1782 to 1785 he had a good deal of land under his control. He had also a good deal of a family, and his "numerous children" compelled him to be active in supplying their wants. Yet he was by no means a farmer solely, or even specially. He contrived to obtain the time for a knowledge of French, and his various discourses easily prove him to have been well versed in the ancient literatures.

Here before us are several of Robinson's works. The sermons have received the commendation of Paxton Hood, and this particular volume has, for years, been dear to the present writer. Its title is, "Sixteen Discourses . . . to which are added Six Morning Exercises, London, printed for Charles Dilly, in the Poultry, MDCCLXXXVI." These are quaint and excellent, full of bright and original ideas, uttered in many an epigrammatic sentence. The style is, indeed, so modern that it might easily be the production of the last five years. Out of abundant illustrations take this: "A common good book, like a good man, is not without its defects, but good upon the whole; but this good Gospel resembles a good angel, perfect without a mixture of imperfection." His topics, too, are such as we would to-day be likely to choose. Here are some: "Almighty God is the lovely Father of all mankind;" "The merit of Jesus Christ distinguishes him from all other persons;" "The death of Jesus Christ obtained the remission of sins;" "Incorrigible sinners will be without excuse at the last day;" "Any person who understands Christianity may teach it."

We cannot pass this volume without especially commending it to any lover of racy and original expression. It is thus that he begins his sermon on Ps. 16 : 6, entitled, "We ought to be content with Providence." "'True,' says one of my hearers, 'you had a goodly heritage, David; and I would say of my lot as you did of yours, had I a Jesse for my father, a Solomon for my son, a palace for my habitation, gold and silver in abundance, ability to write Scripture and hope in a joyful resurrection.' But recollect, if David had a Jesse for his own father, he had a Saul for a father-in-law; if he had one son a Solomon, he had others who were disobedient, rebellious and wicked; if he had a palace, he could not sometimes get an hour's rest in it; he was weary with groaning, made his bed every night to swim, and watered his couch with his tears; if he had riches, and abilities, and religion, he had also a lady for his wife who ridiculed religion, and despised him for employing his wealth and abilities in the service of it. In a word, happiness is distributed among mankind much more equally than most men imagine."

Robinson loved liberty with an intense and almost morbid devotion. He was passed along from the Established Church into Methodism, Independency and the Baptist connection. About 1780, he is usually (though somewhat unfairly) considered to have become a Unitarian; and his biographer, the Rev. William Robinson, placidly admits the fact and apparently glories in it. This is strange enough, supposing it to be true; for this edition of his sermons, open on this desk this instant, testifies directly to the contrary. The preface indicates that the author is "at a distance from the press," and distinctly asserts that "the Christian religion ought to be distinguished from the philosophy of it." He then adds, as to himself: "He hath his own opinions of the nature of God, and Christ, and man, and the decrees, and so on. But he doth not think that the opinions of Athanasius, or Arius, or Sabellius, or Socinus, or Augustine, or Pelagius, or Whitby, or Gill, on the subjects in dispute between them ought to be considered of such importance as to divide Christians by being made standards to judge of any man's Christianity. He thinks virtue and not faith the bond of union, though he supposes the subject ought to be properly explained.'' It certainly should be explained, so as not to convey the opinion that this Bible Christian meant by "faith'' anything except what he did mean—namely, the creed statements of a denomination; for by "virtue'' he doubtless intended the only virtue which he recognized, a new life through Jesus Christ.

Admitting, shortly afterward, that "his ideas of this subject do not meet the views of some of his brethren,'' he still avers that they may enjoy their sentiments without his opposition, but, for his part, he cannot feel compelled to think as they do. In a word, Mr. Robinson was a man of broad and charitable views—far broader and more charitable than the times in which he lived and wrote. One only needs to read with care the sermon, "The death of Jesus Christ obtained the remission of sins'' to see how close it is to modern belief, and how thoroughly scriptural are its propositions. These sermons, as has been already said, are wonderfully outspoken, fresh and vitally suggestive. They would do no discredit to a reissue, nor would their value be at an end. Nay, we even think they would attract many readers, and do good.

Space permits no further vindication of the orthodoxy of this talented man. Nor do we require any special pleading to rescue the hymn, "Come, thou Fount of every blessing,'' from the Serbonian bog of Mr. D. Sedgwick's assertion that it was the production of Lady Huntingdon. It is here as the work of "R—n'' in Evans's *Collection*, where it embellishes the *Supplement* of 1786. In addition there appears the other hymn, "Mighty God, while angels bless thee'' (of which "Brightness of the Father's glory'' is a part); and this also has the same initials. It is extremely doubtful whether Mr. Robinson ever composed any hymns except these. In a list of his writings, made by himself, there is a record of all that he wrote in prose and verse up to the year 1781. The date of these hymns is earlier than that, and "Come, thou Fount of every blessing'' has been confidently assigned to 1757. There seems to have been a confusion as to the number of hymns which he wrote while he "was among the Methodists,'' and which were published by Whitefield. Some say "eleven;'' but as these were "composed for a fast-day" it is probable that the mistake has occurred of taking "II hymns" as if this meant "eleven hymns." If he composed others than these, they are certainly lost beyond recovery.

Benjamin Williams, "senior deacon of the First Baptist church at Reading, England," told Dr. Belcher that he sat, as a little child, on Robinson's knee, while he composed the hymn, "Mighty God, while angels bless thee," and that the author put it into his hand when it was finished. Many years afterward, at his own fireside, the veteran repeated this story to Dr. Belcher; and thus we have a beautiful incident to join with this piece whenever we may read it.

In the latter part of his life Mr. Robinson was a friend of the celebrated Priestley, whose Unitarian opinions probably affected the judgment of those who were disposed to think uncharitably of the preacher of Cambridge. But the memorial tablet erected to him by his congregation at Cambridge would hardly have committed the error of assigning to him "the Virtues which adorn the Man and the Christian," unless his successor, Robert Hall, had been willing to believe that the stone told the truth.

It was Robinson's expressed wish to die "softly, suddenly and alone." This was accomplished; for he died, during the night, at the residence of Dr. Priestley, in Birmingham. He was found lifeless in his bed on the morning of June 9th, 1790. Always earnest and active in the work of the ministry, he was still the pastor of the "Congregation of Stone Yard," in Cambridge, at the time of his death.

Not long before he died he wrote from Hauxton in the following strain respecting certain neighboring clergymen: "Alas, where is that ancient simplicity and power? They are modernized." Of another person he says: "Does he court popularity and applause? or is he aiming at winning souls for Christ? . . . We have some Jonahs, though in the belly of hell; I mean, though at Cambridge."

MINE eyes and my desire—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's Psalm 25, Third Part, S. M., vv. 15–22. It has eight stanzas. The title is, "Distress of Soul; or, Backsliding and Desertion."

More love to thee, O Christ.—Mrs. Prentiss.

Mrs. Elizabeth (Payson) Prentiss was the daughter of the pious Edward Payson, and was born, Portland, Me., October 26th, 1818. From an early age she wrote verse and prose with facility, and contributed at sixteen years to the *Youth's Companion*, published in Boston. Her sketches and stories were very highly commended, and her mind, under judicious education, was properly trained and disciplined for literary pursuits. Her piety was always deep, and her sympathies fine and large. As a teacher in Portland and at Ipswich, Mass., she won the devoted love of her pupils. She also held a similar position, and with much the same results, at Richmond, Va.

It is, however, as the wife of Rev. Professor George L. Prentiss, D.D., that she is best known to the religious and literary world. She was married in 1845, and mainly resided in New York City, where Dr. Prentiss has been pastor of the Mercer Street Presbyterian church and of the Church of the Covenant, being transferred from this last charge to the professorship of Homiletics and Church Government in Union Theological Seminary. Mrs. Prentiss was never in robust health, and died at length, after a short illness, at her summer home, Dorset, Vt., August 13th, 1878.

Of her writings, *The Flower of the Family* was among the first of the stories to secure a notable popularity; while *Only a Dandelion*, *Fred and Maria and Me*, and the child's book, *Little Susy's Six Birthdays*, were decidedly successful. *Stepping Heavenward*, 1869, has had an almost unique reputation. Over seventy thousand copies have been sold in this country alone. Mrs. Prentiss's hymn, also, is no inapt companion piece to Dr. Ray Palmer's "My faith looks up to thee." It was printed on a slip in 1856.

.Morn's roseate hues have decked the sky.—W. Cooke.

Rev. William Cooke [died 1884(?)] was the joint editor of Barnby's (Novello's) *Hymnary*, 1872, and his residence is given as 6 Clifton Place, Sussex Square, London, W. He is a graduate of Trinity Hall, Cambridge (B.A., 1843, and M.A., 1847). He became deacon in 1844, and priest, 1845; was perpetual curate of St. John, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London, 1848–1850; then held the same position at St. Stephen, Hammersmith, 1850–1856; then vicar of Gazeley, Suffolk, 1856–1866, and was honorary canon of Chester, 1854. His writings show him to have been concerned in the Ritualistic controversy. This is a copyright hymn in the *Hymnary*.

MOURN for the thousands slain.—BRACE.

This well-known and widely-used temperance hymn was written by the Rev. Seth Collins Brace in 1843. Mr. Brace was born at Newington, Conn., August 3d, 1811, where his father, Rev. Joab Brace, was pastor for fifty-six years. He was graduated from Yale College in the class of 1832. From 1835 to 1838 he was a tutor in the college. He then entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church, and was licensed to preach, in 1842, by the Wilmington Presbytery.

In 1843 he was engaged in compiling *Parish Hymns* for Perkins and Purves of Philadelphia, and in looking for some hymns upon the subject of temperance was disappointed not to find any. He therefore wrote this, under the spur of the occasion, and has had the happiness of finding it useful in other collections.

Some debate was occasioned as to this hymn in 1882 by the question of a correspondent directed to the *Christian Advocate*. It drew out a reply from Mr. Brace, who briefly stated the foregoing facts—which have been confirmed to us, personally, by himself.

He is now a Congregational clergyman, residing in Philadelphia, and a frequent visitor at the Mercantile Library. His last settlement was in Bethany, Conn.

This notice is not complete until we add the list of his other hymns. The present was No. 514, and was signed, like the rest, "C." The others were:

"Assembled in thy name."
"And shall I still."
"We gather at the mercy-seat."

Mr. Brace considers, however, that he has done quite as effective temperance work by opposing the "two-wine heresy," as in any other way. He was one of the earliest and most unremitting antagonists of it, and has left a record in the columns of the *Independent* and the *Congregationalist* upon the subject. The controversy was as to the production of a "non-fermented" wine in Palestine—a belief which has been a favorite tenet of temperance workers in this country, but which has met much opposition.

My country! 'tis of thee.—S. F. Smith.

The Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., was born in Boston, October 21st, 1808; graduated at Harvard in 1829 [Dr. O. W. Holmes's class]; and at Andover Seminary in 1832. He is a Baptist, and has been pastor, professor and editor during a long and actively useful life. His golden wedding was celebrated September 16th, 1884, at Newton Centre, Mass. Dr. Holmes once described him in a class poem thus:

> "And there's a fine youngster of excellent pith,
> Fate tried to conceal him by naming him Smith."

This hymn of his has been very popular, and was written in 1832, and first sung at a children's Fourth of July celebration in Park Street church, Boston. It is truly the American national hymn. As admirable a tribute to its use as we know are these anonymous verses from the *Boston Courier*, September, 1885:

PASSING THE PRIMARY SCHOOL.

Again each morning as we pass
The city's streets along,
We hear the voices of the class
Ring out the nation's song.

The small boys' treble piping clear,
The bigger boys' low growl,
And from the boy who has no ear
A weird, discordant howl.

With swelling hearts we hear them sing
"My country, 'tis of thee—"
From childish throats the anthem ring,
"Sweet land of liberty!"

Their little hearts aglow with pride,
Each with exultant tongue
Proclaims: "From every mountain side
Let Freedom's song be sung."

Let him who'd criticise the time,
Or scout the harmony,
Betake him to some other clime—
No patriot is he!

From scenes like these our grandeur springs,
And we shall e'er be strong,
While o'er the land the schoolhouse rings
Each day with Freedom's song.

The author has kindly helped our knowledge of his hymn by a personal letter.

He says that it " was written in 1832. I found the tune " [" America"], he adds, " in a German music-book brought to this country by the late Mr. William C. Woodbridge, and put into my hands by Lowell Mason, Esq., ' because,' he said, ' I could read German books and he could not.' It is not, however, a translation, but the expression of my thought at the moment of glancing at the tune." Of this tune we have already treated more fully under " Come, thou Almighty King."

Says a recent description :

" Dr. Smith still resides at Newton Centre, Mass., which place he has made his home for several years. The author is seventy-seven years of age, though in appearance he resembles a much younger man. He has a large, full head of hair, with puffs around the ears ; a pair of keen gray eyes and a ring beard that is almost entirely white. He has given up all literary work, with the exception of conducting the large correspondence which comes to him."

My dear Redeemer and my Lord.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's Hymn 138, Book II., and has the title, " The Power of the Gospel." There are six stanzas.

My faith looks up to thee.—PALMER.

In an article upon " Hymns of the Middle Ages," in *The Independent*, the Rev. J. E. Rankin, D.D., gives some new facts relative to this which is the most widely-circulated of American hymns, if we allow the exception of Dr. S. F. Smith's " The morning light is breaking," and Dr. Duffield's " Stand up, stand up for Jesus." Combining this account with the best accounts given by others, and with Dr. Ray Palmer's own account in his collected *Poems*, 1875, we have these authentic facts :

The hymn was written in 1830, but not published (as a hymn) until 1832. The author was in New York City, " between his college and theological studies," and was in poor health and a teacher in a ladies' school. Dr. Palmer says : " I gave form to what I felt, by writing, with little effort, the stanzas. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion and ended the last line with tears." The manuscript was then placed in a pocket-book, where it remained for some time. Its true discoverer was Lowell Mason, the musician, who asked young Palmer if he had not some hymn or hymns to contribute to his new book. The pocket-book was produced, and the little hymn (then between two and three years old and never previously utilized, though it had been in print as a poem) was brought to light. Dr. Mason was attracted by it, and desired a copy.

They stepped together into a store (it was in Boston), and the copy was made and taken away without any further comment. On carefully re-reading the hymn at home, Dr. Mason was so much interested that he wrote for it the tune of "Olivet," to which it is usually sung.

Two or three days later he again met the author on the street, and, scarcely waiting to salute him, he said in substance: "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many good things, but I think you will be best known to posterity as the author of 'My faith looks up to thee.'"

The first publication of this hymn really occurred in 1832, but it received no particular notice in America. It had, however, obtained a reprint in some religious newspapers, from one of which the Rev. Andrew Reed, D.D., of Scotland, secured it while he was in this country. Dr. Reed took it, a waif, for his prospective hymn-book, and published it anonymously. "It had," says Dr. J. E. Rankin, "several years of transatlantic life before it was much known in America; and possibly was indebted to its foreign and uncertain origin for its first recognition here, as many another native production has been."

"As originally written" (says Mr. Frederick Saunders, in *Evenings with the Sacred Poets*) "the hymn consisted of six stanzas; the first two are omitted, four only being given in the Church collections. It has been translated into Arabic, and much used at missionary stations in Turkey. It has not only been translated into Tamil, but into Tahitian, the Mahratta, and will doubtless find its way wherever the Bible has penetrated." We have ourselves seen it in Chinese, and in fact it is to be found wherever American missionaries have rendered into native tongues the hymns familiar to themselves or their home churches. Its first appearance in America was in *Spiritual Songs for Social Worship* (by Dr. Thomas Hastings and Dr. Lowell Mason) in 1832. In this book the tune is entitled, "My faith looks up to thee," but is the same as "Olivet."

The Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., is the son of Honorable Thomas Palmer, and was born at Little Compton, R. I., November 12th, 1808. His early education was received at home, but he was soon out in the world, at thirteen, as clerk in a dry-goods store in Boston. The lives of the English hymn-writers, as a rule, show the presence of wealth and culture; those of Americans—equally as a rule—show the presence and pressure of poverty and hard surroundings. In Dr. Palmer's case this rule was unaltered. He was a boy earning his daily bread in a large city—and it was providential that his steps were soon directed to the Park Street Congregational church, where Rev. Sereno Edwards Dwight, D.D., was then pastor. With this church young Palmer united, and his gifts and calling in the direction of the ministry were soon apparent.

He now took a three years' course at Phillips Academy, Andover—which holds to the American colleges the same relation which Eton or Rugby does to those of England. From Andover he entered Yale College, where he was graduated with the class of 1830. He then pursued a theological course for one year in New York, and for three years at New Haven—both of these institutions representing a moderate Calvinistic theology.

For a time Dr. Palmer was associated at New Haven with E. A. Andrews, LL. D. (author of a well-known *Latin Grammar* and joint author of a standard *Latin-English Lexicon*) in the conduct of a ladies' seminary. He was then licensed to preach, and was ordained, 1835, on reception of a call from the Central Congregational church of Bath, Me., where (as his personal kindness has verified for the present volume) some of his best hymns were composed. In 1850 he was called to the First Congregational church of Albany, N. Y. Here also some hymns were written. From this position he removed, in 1865, to New York City to become Corresponding Secretary of the American Congregational Union. After performing these duties until 1878, he resigned, and has since remained in Newark, N. J., which was, for the most part, his residence during his labors in New York City. As he was connected with the Belleville Avenue Congregational church, he became its "pastor"; the Rev. George H. Hepworth, D.D., being its "preacher," and the Rev. William Hayes Ward, D.D. (the editor of *The Independent*) being its "superintendent of mission work." This unique arrangement was satisfactory, and was continued for some years, although since the beginning of 1885 Dr. Palmer's duties have been assumed by another, owing to his increasing feebleness. The writer would gratefully acknowledge the personal care with which Dr. Palmer has lent his aid to these annotations of the hymns in his friend Dr. Robinson's *Laudes Domini.* The list of Dr. Palmer's writings has been given at length by another friend, Dr. Hatfield, in *Poets of the Church.* We may safely venture the assertion that he has written more and better hymns than any other American. "My faith looks up to thee" would, of itself, have immortalized his name in sacred song.

Mrs. Layyah Barakat, a native Syrian woman, was educated in the schools at Beirut, and afterward married and went as a teacher to Egypt. Driven out in 1882 by the insurrection of Arabi Pasha, she, with her husband and child, came to this country by way of Malta and Marseilles. Her history is a strange illustration of God's providential care, as they were without any direction or friends in Philadelphia when they landed. But the Lord took them into his own keeping, and brought them to those who had known of her in Syria. While in this country she frequently addressed large audiences, to whom her deep earnestness and broken but piquant English proved unusually attractive. Among other incidents she related that she had been permitted to see the conversion of her whole family, who were Maronites of Mount Lebanon. Her mother, sixty-two years of age (1884), had been taught this hymn by her in Arabic. They would sit on the house roof and repeat it together; and when the news came back to Syria that the daughter was safe in America the mother could send her no better proof of her faith and love than in these words, assuring her that her faith still looked up to the Lamb of Calvary.

My Father, God! how sweet the sound.—Doddridge.

Rev. Philip Doddridge was the son of an oil merchant in London, where he was born June 26th, 1702. He became pastor of the Congregational Church at Northampton, and principal of the Theological Academy there. He died in Lisbon, October 26th, 1751. His *Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul* has been equally famous and blessed with his hymns. Of the hymns themselves, many, like the present, have undergone material alterations before they could be generally adopted. They frequently drop from great heights of pure devotion into prosaic or commonplace expressions. Yet they are so thoroughly excellent in spirit, and oftentimes so admirable in phraseology, that they are indispensable to any collection of sacred verse. They belong with the deepest experiences of the Christian life, and can never be omitted or neglected.

Dr. Doddridge's hymns were circulated in manuscript during his life, but were not printed until 1755. This may, perhaps, account for many changes which we find.

His famous epigram, "Live while you live, the epicure would say," is a remarkable instance of this variation of texts. Upon examining it as a matter of curiosity in several different volumes, including Doddridge's *Collected Works*, there were no two that exactly agreed in language or punctuation or in the capitalizing of words. Yet there was nothing essential by way of difference among the five or six which were compared. Any one desiring an excellent illustration of Tischendorf's statement about the texts of the New Testament can find it in this fact.

The epigram was made upon his family motto, "*Dum vivimus vivamus*," and stands thus in his *Works*:

"Live while you live, the Epicure will say,
And take the pleasure of the passing day.
Live while you live, the sacred Preacher cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to Thee."

My God, how endless is thy love.—Watts.

In the hymns of Dr. Watts, this is No. 81, of the first book, and is entitled "A Song for Morning or Evening.—Lam. 3 : 23, and Isa. 45 : 7;" and, indeed, it belongs at the close of a sermon on these portions of Scripture.

It may not be amiss to group some incidents respecting Dr. Watts under this most lovely hymn. He was admitted to the select society of the English poets through Dr. Johnson, who included him in the collection commonly known as Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*. During his father's imprisonment for Nonconformity, the poet, then a babe at the breast, was often taken by his mother to the jail-door. There she would sit on a stone near the entrance with him in her arms. He was the oldest of nine children, and one of the earliest—if not the very earliest—of his attempts at verse was the couplet prepared for the prize of a farthing:

"I write not for a farthing, but to try
How I your farthing authors can outvie."

Watts's memoranda of his life and learning may also be noted:

"Began to learn Latin of my father	1678.
To Latin school and writing	1680.
Began to learn Greek	1683, or before.
I had y^{e} smallpox	1683.
Learnt French	1684, 1685.
Learnt Hebrew	1687, or 1688."

"That is a good sermon," says Watts, "which brings my heart nearer to God, which makes the grace of Christ sweet to my soul, and the commands of Christ easy and delightful. That is an excellent discourse, indeed, which enables me to mortify some unruly sin, to vanquish a strong temptation, and weans me from all the enticements of this lower world; that which bears me above all the disquietude of life; which fits me for the hour of death, and makes me ready and desirous to appear before Christ Jesus, my Lord." "Divine love," he thought, "did not send dreaming preachers to call dead sinners to life."

Burder's version of the anecdote about Watts's size is that, on hearing some one in a coffee-house ask, "What! is that the great Dr. Watts?" he replied immediately in a stanza from the *Lyrical Poems*:

"Were I so tall to reach the pole,
Or grasp the ocean with my span,
I must be measur'd by my soul:
The mind's the standard of a man."

This is frequently misquoted. It occurs in the ode on "False Greatness."

Dr. Watts was also something of an artist, and could use his pencil with facility. His opinions were larger than the views of those about him, and in spite of the dark and gloomy utterances of some of his less-known hymns, he was a man of generous and liberal theology. His version of the Psalms achieved what Merrick in vain attempted—even with Tattersall's help. Four thousand copies were sold in the first year of their publication.

MY God, and is thy table spread.—DODDRIDGE.

The "New Version" of the Psalms was introduced by the general order of William III., December 3d, 1696. At the end of this New Version occur several hymns, of which this is one and "Hark, the herald angels sing," by Charles Wesley, is another. The history of this addition—evidently much later than the "New Version"—has been traced to the neighborhood of the year 1818. At that time an anonymous "Dissenting University printer" filled up certain blank pages of his "form" with six hymns, which were not objected to, and have not been cancelled.

Nor is it merely true that this piece was thus added; but it, above all the others, has been made welcome. Its doctrine has certainly offended some Church of England critics; but, on the other hand, it is called by Rev. L. C. Biggs, "our most popular and very beautiful" sacramental hymn. The date is conventionally given as 1755.

Nothing so well expresses the calmness of the poet's own trust as his letter to a friend who, about the year 1720, condoled with him on being "buried alive" at Kibworth. This was in Leicestershire where he was studying for the ministry under the patronage of Dr. Clarke of St. Albans. Doddridge says:

> "Here I stick close to those delightful studies which a favoring Providence has made the business of my life. One day passeth away after another, and I only know that it passeth pleasantly with me.
>
> "As for the world about me, I have very little concern with it. I live almost like a tortoise shut up in its shell, almost always in the same town, the same house, the same chamber; yet I live like a prince—not, indeed, in the pomp of greatness, but the pride of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I hope I may add, master of myself. I can willingly give up the charms of London, the luxury, the company, the popularity of it, for the secret pleasures of rational employment and self-approbation; retired from applause and reproach, from envy and contempt,

and the destructive baits of avarice and ambition. So that, instead of lamenting it as my misfortune, you should congratulate me upon it as my happiness, that I am confined in an obscure village, seeing it gives me so many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, usefulness, too."

Frances Ridley Havergal has written in the autobiography, which she left in an incomplete shape, that she was always deeply affected by the idea of the Communion. Her father, Rev. W. H. Havergal, denied her permission, as a child, to remain at the service before she was confirmed. She would therefore creep around into the vestry and listen to all that she could hear, and would sit there during the entire service in profound emotion. Once this hymn was given out in church before the sermon, and when she caught the lines, "My God, and is thy table spread," she was greatly moved by them and wept bitterly. So earnest was her desire to sit among those who remembered the death of Christ!

MY God, how wonderful thou art.—FABER.

This is from the hymn, "Our Heavenly Father"—which has nine stanzas.

Frederick William Faber had a marvellous insight into the character and attributes of God. No uninspired poet has ever written more grandly than in such stanzas as these:

"Thus doth thy hospitable greatness lie
Outside us like a boundless sea;
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,
Nor drift away from thee.

* * * * * *

"Thus doth thy grandeur make us grand ourselves;
'Tis goodness [only] bids us fear;
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,
When those they love are near.

"Great God! our lowliness takes heart to play
Beneath the shadow of thy state;
The only comfort of our littleness
Is that thou art so great."

But this is by no means a rare instance of his remarkable power of expression. Here is something from one of his least-observed poems which is very profound and true. It is indelibly associated, in the mind of the present writer, with a certain quiet Sunday afternoon and with the charm of the interpreter's voice. The sun was slanting through the trees, and two listened as one read:

"Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast thou found
Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on thy way?
All the hard would be easy, all the tangles unwound
Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

"For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;
Many thousands through it the dark pathway have trod,
The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills
Is a jubilant pining and longing for God."

My God, my Father!—blissful name!—Steele.

The title to this piece in the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, is "Humble Reliance." It has eight stanzas.

My God, is any hour so sweet.—C. Elliott.

The fact that "grace runs in the blood" was never better illustrated than in this instance. Miss Charlotte Elliott had for a maternal grandfather the devout and gifted Henry Venn, minister of Huddersfield, and author of "The Complete Duty of Man." His daughter Eling (a curious affectation in orthography) married Mr. Charles Elliott of Clapham and Brighton, and Charlotte was the third daughter of six children. Two of her brothers were clergymen, and Rev. John Venn was her uncle. From her childhood she was surrounded by culture and piety, and, like many another brilliant woman under a high musical and artistic education, relapsed into a state of chronic ill-health. Yet this very personal sympathy with suffering and sorrow has much to do with the inward reach and grasp of her poetry. In such a case, and in the similar instances of Anne Steele, Frances Ridley Havergal, and Phœbe Ann Brown, one naturally recalls Mrs. Browning's poem, "A Musical Instrument." That gifted woman, to whom in illness this same inspiration had come, could write:

"The true gods sigh for the cost and the pain—
For the reed that grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds of the river."

But in Christian experience it is this cost which is compensated by the crown—a cost which is paid by the one who

"Strikes the strings
With fingers that ache and bleed,"

and a crown which is beheld by those who listen to the strain.

An appreciation of the fact that bruise and wrench and pain are below the noblest of our hymns will do much to make us devout in our use of them, and reverent in their handling. Many of Miss Elliott's verses, for instance, were written during illness, and out in an arbor overlooking the beautiful bay of Torquay.

Charlotte Elliott was born March 18th, 1789, at Westfield Lodge, Brighton, England. In 1821 she became, and after that continued to be, a confirmed invalid. In 1822, this affliction was blessed to her spiritual uplifting through the instrumentality of that man of God, Dr. Cæsar Malan, of Geneva, who was then on a visit to her father's house. From this date, although at some times better in health than at others, she was never really anything but a helpless sufferer, sinking in 1829 into a condition of feebleness from which no physical relief was to be found. Her father died in 1833, and about this period she was able to derive a great deal of consolation from the employment of her pen in prose and verse. She assumed the editorial care of *The Christian Remembrancer Pocket-Book*, an annual which she conducted for twenty-five years after the previous editor, her personal friend, Miss Harriet Kiernan, relinquished it.

To the *Invalid's Hymn-Book*, published in 1836, Miss Elliott contributed one hundred and fifteen pieces, including the one now so famous and dear, "Just as I am." She wrote also for other publications. In 1835 she visited Scotland; in 1837, Switzerland; and she had already been in Normandy in 1823.

On the death of her mother and two sisters in 1843, their home was broken up; and in 1845, herself and her sole surviving sister went to the Continent. They finally fixed upon Torquay as a place of residence, and for fourteen years it was their abode. After this, they returned to Brighton, from which town, in 1867, Miss Elliott once ventured for a short sojourn in a neighboring village. With this exception, she was always confined to her limited horizon at Brighton; and here, September 22d, 1871, she gently passed away, aged eighty-two years. Considering her physical infirmities, this was a great age; and it can be truly said of her that length of days taught wisdom to all who beheld her. She was abundantly charitable, patient and devout, and she was continually adding to her hymns and other verses until the close of her life. At fourscore, she wrote as smoothly and sweetly as ever.

My God, my Father! while I stray.—C. Elliott.

This hymn is reprinted in the *Free Church Hymn-Book* from Miss Elliott's *Hours of Sorrow Cheered and Comforted* (fifth edition, 1856). The second "*my*" is incorrect, for she wrote it "My God *and* Father." The stanza, "If thou shouldst call me to resign," was originally put in the past tense, as a personal statement of her own history: "Though thou hast called me to resign." There are eight stanzas altogether.

Miss Elliott's description of her religious experience is worth quoting. She says of God's knowledge of her illness and consequent sufferings:

> "He knows, and He alone, what it is, day after day, hour after hour, to fight against bodily feelings of almost overpowering weakness, languor and exhaustion, to resolve not to yield to slothfulness, depression and instability, such as the body causes me to long to indulge, but to rise every morning determined to take for my motto: 'If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross daily, and follow Me.'"

My God, my King, thy various praise.—Watts.

Dr. Watts has this as his version of Ps. 145, L. M.: "The Greatness of God." It is in six stanzas.

My God, my Life, my Love.—Watts.

In Dr. Watts's hymns this is Book II., No. 93, in eight stanzas. The title is, "God all in all," with a reference to Ps. 73 : 25.

My God! permit my tongue.—Watts.

This is a version of Ps. 63, S. M., with the title, "Seeking God," and is in eight stanzas.

My God, the covenant of thy love.—Doddridge.

This is No. 21 in Dr. Doddridge's *Hymns*. Its title is, "Support in God's Covenant under Domestic Troubles.—ii Sam. 23 : 5." It has five stanzas.

My God, the spring of all my joys.—Watts.

We have this as Book II., No. 54, Dr. Watts's *Hymns*. Its title is, "God's Presence in Light and Darkness."

> "And as the ancient Hebrews rejoiced at the shining forth of the glorious shekinah, so may our spirits feel, while contemplating this heavenly light, that our treasure and our heart are there; and, armed by divine

love, and lit up by the coruscations of glory which radiate from that throne of grace, we may even here exultingly exclaim :

> 'The opening heavens around me shine
> With beams of sacred bliss,
> If Jesus shows his mercy mine
> And whispers I am his.' "

So writes George Smith at the close of a splendid discourse in his *Harmony of the Divine Dispensations.*

My gracious Redeemer I love.—Francis.

The fervid genius of the Welsh people has its place in English hymnology not merely through the verses of William Williams, but also by reason of Benjamin Francis, whose hymn is now before us. Not until his twentieth year did he learn the English tongue. He was born in 1734, and joined the Baptist Church at fifteen years of age. After a preliminary education at Bristol (*toujours* Bristol !) beginning in 1753, he was regularly prepared, by theological studies, for the ministry. In 1757 he had preached to acceptance and was ordained at Horsley in 1758.

His preaching was in English, but he often fell back into Welsh on his visits to his home. With the years, his congregation largely increased, and he remained with them, declining calls to London and elsewhere, until his death, December 14th, 1799.

The present hymn is in *Rippon's Selection,* 1787, and has six double stanzas. Like all the writers of that time, Francis has a fondness for " Meshech" as a synonym for the abode and home of the impenitent.

My Jesus, as thou wilt.—Borthwick, *tr.*

The original of this hymn is the German lyric of Benjamin Schmolke, " *Mein Jesu, wie du willst.*"

He was born Dec. 21st, 1672, at Brauchitsdorf, near Liegnitz, in Silesia. He was the son of a poor minister, and would have experienced much difficulty in securing an education if some benevolent friends had not supplied the means. It is related of him that once, while his studies were in progress, he preached in his father's pulpit, taking the text, " I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh on me," a sermon which so touched the heart of a wealthy relative that he made a large contribution toward his expenses.

In the year 1694 the young man became his father's curate, and was much beloved by the congregation owing to his excellent pulpit abilities. Having married in 1702, he received the church at Schweidnitz, where he was able to overcome the devices of the Jesuits through his gentle and peaceable character. In memory of a conflagration which destroyed half the town, Schmolke wrote, in 1718, a hymn which is still used on the anniversary of that sad event.

In the year 1730, the good man was stricken by paralysis and partially lost his sight; but though he remained at his post for five years longer, this courage of the wounded soldier could not always sustain him. He died on the 12th of February, 1737. His pattern was Gerhardt, and he followed close after his master.

"As the olive did not yield its oil before it was bruised, so," said the rabbis, "Israel never produced the fruits of righteousness before the afflictions of God came upon them." Perhaps it was from some such sense of the nature of the divine discipline that this hymn was so great a favorite with the late Dr. T. H. Skinner, of Union Theological Seminary.

My heart lies dead, and no increase.—Herbert.

The biography of "holy George Herbert" was written by the author of *The Complete Angler*, the excellent Izaak Walton. It would be a source of unmitigated delight to the present writer if he could use the space required to set forth, properly and fully, the merits of the composer of this hymn. But that may not be.

George Herbert was born, April 3d, 1593, in the ancestral castle of the Herberts at Colebrook, County of Monmouth, England. He had a mother whose judicious care and training did much for him from his earliest years, both for his health and his morals. "He seemed," says quaint Izaak, "to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of heaven, and of a particular angel to guard and guide him." His education was rounded off at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he entered as a "King's Scholar" in 1608. He was afterward "orator" of his university, and turned the compliments required at the advent of royal and distinguished personages.

In 1630, Herbert married a fit helpmate in Jane Danvers, whom he met, courted and espoused in three days. This haste is condoned by the fact that the parties had been diligently brought together by mutual friends, and that they were well aware of each other's antecedents and qualities. Herbert was first settled at Layton Ecclesia in 1626, where he rebuilt the church and revived the congregation. After his marriage he was made rector of Bemerton,-where, also, he reconstructed both place and people. From April 26th, 1630, for about three years, the holy man lived here, in full illustration of his own beautiful treatise, *The Priest to the Temple.* He occupied any moments of leisure by the cultivation of sacred music; and the anecdotes of his patience, generosity and gentleness are numerous and touching.

The story of his last hours shows that his piety produced a profound impression on all who were permitted to enter his chamber, and converse with him ere he went home to God. Among his dying words were such as these: "I shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God, I am prepared for it." . . . "My hope is, that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain." . . . "Every day that I have lived hath taken part of my appointed time from me. I shall not live the less time, for having lived this, and the day past." . . . And on the Sunday before his death he rose suddenly from his couch, called for one of his instruments, took it in hand and said:

"My God, my God,
My music shall find thee,
And every string
Shall have his attribute to sing."

Then, having tuned it, he sang:

"The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal, glorious King:
On Sundays, heaven's door stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife,
More plentiful than hope."

Thus, in February, 1632, he passed away with songs of deliverance. "He pleased God," says good Izaak, "and was beloved of him; so that, whereas he lived among sinners, he translated him."

My opening eyes with rapture see.—Hutton.

Our hymn is from the appendix to the "Memoirs of James Hutton, Comprising the Annals of his Life and Connection with the United Brethren : by Daniel Benham," 1856. Hutton was the cousin of Sir Isaac Newton, and was born in London, September 3d, 1715. His father was a clergyman, and gave this son a good education. Afterward he apprenticed him to a bookseller. But, having met with the Wesleys, our author was religiously impressed, and commenced holding meetings in his bookstore at about the same time as their Georgia voyage was undertaken. He seems also to have been greatly inclined toward the Moravians meanwhile ; and in 1739 he visited Herrnhut, as Miller states, whose account, mainly, we are following. There he met Count von Zinzendorf, and was by him in 1740 married to Louise Brandt.

Hutton was the printer of the second *Moravian Hymn-Book*, in 1741, and of their *Manual of Doctrine*, in 1742. He continued his business until 1745. In 1754 a fuller collection of hymns was issued by the Brethren, followed by another in 1769. Then in 1789, both of the previous books being out of print, another collection was prepared. That of 1754 was "too voluminous," as the earlier one appears to have been considered too small. The one issued in 1789 was largely based upon the German Moravian book, printed at Barby, 1788. Many new translations were made from the German tongue at this time. The list we have mentioned is not to be understood as including all the hymn-books used by the United Brethren, but merely those which are ordinarily noted.

Hutton's hymns are not in these later books—at least not in such a form as to be easily recognized. The collection of 1754 contained several of his pieces, and perhaps this was the source from which succeeding compilers have drawn. "J. Hutton" is not to be confounded with his contemporary, "J. Hupton." This Job Hupton was one of Lady Huntingdon's associates, who died in 1849, aged eighty-eight.

In style, the hymns of Hutton follow that of Zinzendorf. He was a thoroughly devout man, and partook of the missionary zeal of his friends to such an extent as to relinquish his secular business, and to engage entirely in the cause. For some years he resided on the Continent, in order to advance their church-work, and in 1749 he was made a deacon among them. He also served for a while as president of the "Society for the Furtherance of the Gospel among the Heathen"—one of the noblest missionary agencies of modern times. Among his other labors he wrote an account of the life and character of Count von Zinzendorf, 1755. His *Memoirs* show that he was intimate with the Wesleys, with Cennick and others, who are well known to us by their Christian fervor as well as by their immortal songs. Hence he is by no means to be overlooked in any study of those men and their times. He died May 3d, 1795, and was buried at Chelsea, in England.

MY Saviour, I would own.—MRS. TAYLOR.

Mrs. R. H. Taylor is an English lady, the wife of Herbert W. Taylor, a member of the religious body known as Plymouth Brethren. This hymn is not in the usual collections. We are only able to locate it in Scobell's *Plymouth Brethren Collection*, attributed to "R. H. Taylor."

MY Saviour! my almighty Friend.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts has afforded us this version of "Ps. 71, Second Part, C. M., vv. 15, 14, 16, 23, 22, 24," with the title, "Christ our Strength and Righteousness." It has seven stanzas.

MY Saviour, whom absent I love.—COWPER.

This hymn is more frequently and properly arranged under the line "To Jesus the Crown of my hope." Its date is stated to be 1783, or 1800, and it is often called "Cowper's last hymn." The statement is made that it was composed after the contributions to the *Olney Collection*, and "was probably the last hymn Cowper wrote." In 1796 Cowper writes to Lady Hesketh:

"All my themes of misery may be summed in one word. He who made me regrets that ever He did. Many years have passed since I learned this terrible truth from Himself, and the interval has been spent accordingly." The next year, and to the same person, he says: "It is unnecessary to add that this comes from the most miserable of beings, whom a terrible minute made such." In 1798 he speaks of everything being a "universal blank."

In 1799 he wrote to Newton thanking him for a book and adding: "If the book afforded me any amusement, or suggested to me any reflections, they were only such as served to embitter, if possible, still more the present moment by a sad retrospect of those days when I thought myself secure of an eternity to be spent with the spirits of such men as he whose life afforded the subject of it. But I was little aware of what I had to expect, and that a storm was at hand which in one terrible moment would darken, and in another still more terrible blot out that prospect forever. Adieu, dear sir, whom in those days I called dear friend with feelings that justified the appellation."

Thus in the midst of an ever-gathering gloom, Cowper's soul went "shuddering through the darkened spheres." He was revising his translation of Homer; Mrs. Unwin was dead; Newton was away in London—and the light had gone out in the temple of the Lord! The last original poem of which we have cognizance is "The Castaway," founded on an incident in Anson's voyage, not then read for the first time, but recalled after many years.

Why this present hymn should be so confidently assigned to Cowper's pen is not easily explained. Mrs. Oliphant, Cowper's latest (though not his best) biographer, does not include it among the autobiographic pieces, nor mention it in any way. The free, glad utterance of this song of aspiration is what we would have *wished* from the poet's dying muse. But it is much against our wishes that his final words to his physician were, "I feel unutterable despair." There are few finer passages than that in which (in his *Theology in the English Poets*) Stopford Brooke depicts Cowper's state of mind:

"The weight of this dreadful belief did not always oppress him. It came and went like dark clouds upon an April day of sunshine, and, till the last three years, his life had many intervals of happiness. Many lovely landscapes lay between these three valleys of the Shadow of Death, where he rested and was at peace; sweet idleness and fruitful contemplation—tender friendship and simple pleasures—hours where charming humor and simple pathos ran through one another, and interchanged their essence like the colors of a sunset sea—days of sweet fidelity to Nature in her quietest and most restoring moods—times when the peace that passeth all understanding made him as a child with God; but in the end the darkness settled down, deep and impenetrable: and the Poet, who of all English artists, has written, to my mind, the noblest hymns for depth of religious feeling and for loveliness of quiet style; whose life was blameless as the water-lilies which he loved, and the way of life of which on silent streams he made his own; whose heart breathed the sweetest air of natural piety, and yet could sympathize with the supersensuous world in which Guyon lived—died in ghastly hopelessness, refusing comfort to the last."

So he *might* have written it, as all the indexes affirm.

"Brethren," saith the apostle, "if our heart condemn us, God is greater than our heart, and *knoweth all things!*"

But it may seem that this piece deserves rather more of our critical notice than such a brief dismissal. It has been greatly varied in different collections.

In Southey's edition of *Cowper's Works* we have only eight lines. This stanza is called "Fragment of a Hymn," and is printed among the Olney contributions as No. 67. The best texts—those, that is to say, which are critical and scholarly—adopt this arrangement and leave the hymn incomplete. The standard editions on both sides of the water go no further, in other words, than the printing of these eight lines. Rossetti's and the Littell and Brown editions are notable examples.

But in 1835 Rev. T. S. Grimshawe, a devout admirer of the poet, republished his works in eight octavo volumes. Among the Olney hymns he places this one, but he enlarges it to eight stanzas, and marks it with his critical approval. His language merits quotation, as it helps us to dissect his capacity to form a judgment upon doubtful points.

"The total number [of the Olney hymns] contributed by Cowper has been variously stated. Hayley estimates at 68. Other biographers have considerably reduced the number. Some editions assign 63; others, 65. We trust that we have the means of deciding this controverted subject. So far as the original edition, now lying before us, published under the superintendence of Newton himself and bearing the date of 1779, may be considered as the most authentic guide and criterion, we are enabled to state that the original number distinguished by the initial letter C. (Cowper's signature) is 67. If to the above we add a hymn not inserted in Newton's original edition, because subsequently composed, but which *we have been enabled to authenticate* as the production of Cowper, the total number entitled to be ascribed to his pen is 68. The hymn that we allude to begins:

'To Jesus the Crown of my hope.'"

Following Grimshawe, other editions of Cowper's poems include this hymn in its lengthened condition. Bell, in his London reprint of 1854, frankly says that all the stanzas after the second "are adopted from Mr. Grimshawe's edition. The first two stanzas only are given by Mr. Southey with the title, 'Fragment of a Hymn.'"

Remembering that Grimshawe's text only dates from 1835, we confess to some little scepticism about all except the first two stanzas. We may ask such pertinent questions as, "Why did not Mr. Southey find all the other stanzas when he found the first two?" and, "What is the proof which enables Mr. Grimshawe to 'authenticate' the last six?" But we have a better method to pursue.

There is before us at this moment an excellent edition of the *Olney Hymns*, containing Newton's original preface of Feb. 15th, 1779, and some later poems of Newton's at the back. Its date of publication is 1824, and it was printed for Allman, London, and Allardice, Edinburgh. In this edition the letter "C." is prefixed to exactly 64 hymns. The number of those credited to him has therefore grown with the desire of his admirers. Miller (not always accurate) assigns him 68. The more careful notes which accompany the Canada *Hymnal* allow him but 62. Gadsby states that "Breathe from the gentle south, O Lord," is restored to Cowper by Southey on the authority of "Mrs. Johnson, the widow of his excellent kinsman." He adds: "I believe there is no doubt that it is Cowper's, though at one time I doubted it. The omission of the C. must have been an error of the printers."

We perceive, then, that the original authority for the hymns which Cowper wrote was Newton himself. Then we find Southey adding others, on various testimony which he held to be satisfactory. Finally comes Grimshawe and lengthens the hymn before us. In his preface Newton makes himself personally accountable for all hymns *not* marked with a C. There were but two hands at work upon these compositions, and we may properly inquire whether Newton would not know his own hymns. The puzzling fact is that there are 67 in Grimshawe's 1779 edition, and there are but 64 in this edition of 1824. On this small pivot may turn Mr. Grimshawe's accuracy. For the hymns are distinguished by *Roman* numerals and not by Arabic, and there are exactly three hymns to which C. is prefixed to indicate that the number is 100. If any of these had been Cowper's it would have had a *second* C. This may not be the explanation of Mr. Grimshawe's reckoning, but it sounds plausible.

Setting such a petty criticism aside, however, it is plain that Southey, by the exercise of that minute investigation for which he was famous, ran up the number of Cowper's contributions to the usually accepted figure. How safe this enlargement has been any person can judge for himself. The additions have been pieces which the Church never adopted, and which have not, consequently, excited any special attention.

To return to Grimshawe, we find that he was not the first to publish the hymn in its entirety. It appears in a small book of *Sacred Poetry*, which passed to at least a tenth edition, and whose second edition was dated in 1824. This was issued by W. Oliphant, Edinburgh, and the eight stanzas are printed in it in full. In 1832, J. H. Hickok credited them to Cowper, and included them in the *Sacred Harp*, published at Lewistown, Pa. He seems to have taken them *verbatim* from the Scottish book. Both of these instances are manifestly anterior to Grimshawe's acceptance.

Until further evidence is offered we are therefore unwilling to admit that the last six stanzas were written by Cowper. Miss Maria de Fleury, Newton himself, and especially Benjamin Francis, wrote frequently and easily in this metre. No one can examine "My gracious Redeemer I love" and not feel that Francis *could* have completed the "Fragment" if he desired. So could Newton, when we recall "How tedious and tasteless the hours."

The piece itself was so great a favorite with Rev. Charles J. Warren, of Harlem, N. Y. City, that he set it to music on his eighty-second birthday, August 3d, 1877. The tune was printed in the *Christian at Work* of August 9th, 1877.

We commend to any one who cares to pursue this inquiry a comparison of this with similar hymns of Cowper's contemporaries, and we also desire him not to forget Mrs. Browning's pathetic and beautiful poem, "Cowper's Grave."

My Shepherd will supply my need.—Watts.

This is Ps. 23, C. M., in six stanzas.

My soul, be on thy guard.—Heath.

George Heath, the author of this hymn, was long untraced and unknown. He is now recorded as a Unitarian clergyman, educated at Exeter, England, and at first the pastor of a Presbyterian church at Honiton, Devonshire. This position he assumed in 1770, but proving unworthy of his office, he was deprived of his pastorate. It is a striking commentary on his hymn that its author should have failed in the very mode against which his stirring trumpet-blast ought effectually to have warned him. But perhaps we are uncharitable, and this was one of the fruits of true penitence; for it was published in 1781 in his *Hymns and Poetic Essays Sacred to the Worship of the Deity*, which contains two hundred and forty-four hymns. He also wrote a *History of Bristol*, 1797.

Robert Simpson, doctor of divinity and theological tutor of the Hoxton Academy, died in an unusual manner. As though he were in actual conflict with the King of Terrors he cried out, much as Paul might have done, "Now have at thee, Death! Have at thee, Death! What art thou? I am not afraid of thee! Thou art a vanquished enemy by the blood of the cross. Thou art only a skeleton, a mere phantom!" And twice or thrice he repeated, "Have at thee, Death!" as though in deadly combat, giving and taking sword-thrusts. Triumphantly he thus passed away in his seventy-second year, on the 21st of December, 1817.

My soul complete in Jesus stands.—Hinsdale.

Mrs. Grace Webster Hinsdale, the widow of the late Honorable Theodore Hinsdale, was born at Hanover, N. H., May 17th, 1833. Her father was Professor Charles B. Haddock, D.D., whose mother was the sister of Daniel Webster, thus making that distinguished statesman the grand-uncle of our author. She was married to Mr. Hinsdale in 1850. He died in 1880, leaving behind him an honorable and Christian reputation.

Mrs. Hinsdale has latterly written very little. She had previously obtained no slight recognition as a contributor to religious periodicals, and has published two books for children, *Coming to the King* and *Thinking Aloud*. Both were republished in London by Strahan. Four of her pieces are included in *Christ in Song*. Mrs. Hinsdale is exceptional among lady writers in the fact that she never composed poetry until she was beyond thirty years of age. Perhaps this may account for the value of what has been written, and for the notice which it has obtained. At present she resides quietly in Brooklyn, N. Y., with her children, and is a member of Dr. R. S. Storrs's congregation.

My soul, how lovely is the place.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's Ps. 84, C. M., vv. 1, 4, 2, 3, 10, "Paraphrased." Its title is "Delight in Ordinances of Worship; or, God Present in His Churches," and it has nine stanzas.

My soul, repeat his praise.—Watts.

The present hymn is Ps. 103 of Dr. Watts's version, Second Part, S. M., "vv. 8–18. Abounding Compassion of God; or, Mercy in the Midst of Judgment." There are eight stanzas.

My spirit, on thy care.—Lyte.

This is Mr. Lyte's version of Ps. 31. It is a lovely commentary on his own physical condition and upon that spirit of trustful obedience which governed his life. The closing stanza is peculiarly fine:

"Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee."

It points the moral of his little poem, "Declining Days":

"Might verse of mine inspire
One virtuous aim, one high resolve impart—
Light in one drooping soul a hallowed fire,
Or bind one broken heart;

"Death would be sweeter then,
More calm my slumber 'neath the silent sod,
Might I thus live to bless my fellow-men,
Or glorify my God.

* * * * * *

"O Thou! whose touch can lend
Life to the dead, Thy quickening grace supply;
And grant me, swan-like, my last breath to spend
In song that may not die!"

We can trace the influence of Vaughan in these very stanzas, which resemble those of the "Swan of Usk" in his own song. Indeed, Lyte reprints Vaughan's own preface, in which that fervent poet says:

> "He that desires to excel in this kinde of Hagiography, or holy writing, must strive by all means for perfection and true holyness, 'that a door may be opened to him in heaven,' Rev. iv. 1; and then he will be able to write, with Hierotheus and holy Herbert 'a true hymn.'" And, truly, one should remember with Vaughan that "he that writes idle books makes for himself another body, in which he always lives, and sins after death as fast and as foul as ever he did in his life."

Perhaps, too, the stricture of Lyte on Vaughan's times might not misapply to his own surroundings, for he speaks of the "tasteless and godless generation" for whom the Silurist was writing. It is difficult to believe that the perpetual curate of Lower Brixham had elements of sympathy about him such as he needed for his best personal development—but he gave us hymns that will never cease to thrill the heart.

MY soul, weigh not thy life.—L. SWAIN.

This hymn is by Rev. Leonard Swain, D.D., and appeared in the *Sabbath Hymn Book,* 1858. The author was born in Concord, N. H., February 26th, 1821, and graduated at Dartmouth College in 1841. He then entered Andover Theological Seminary and completed his course there in 1846. Next he became pastor of a Congregational church at Nashua, N. H., in 1847, and was also the pastor of the Central church, Providence, R. I. (1852). His death occurred July 14th, 1869. It is probable that his two hymns, "My soul, it is thy God," and "My soul, weigh not thy life," *may* have been parts of a single longer piece, utilized by Lowell Mason and Professors Park and Phelps, the compilers of the *New Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book.* Both of these hymns are, however, anonymous in that collection, and the authority for assigning them to Dr. Swain comes from his friend, the late Professor Robinson P. Dunn, of Brown University.

MY times of sorrow and of joy.—BEDDOME.

The date of this hymn is fixed by a most pathetic incident. It was prepared to be sung at the close of a sermon from the text, Ps. 31:15, on Sunday, January 4th, 1778. Rev. Benjamin Beddome, the author, learned, after the service, that his son, a physician, bearing the same name, had that day died of fever in Edinburgh.

Near the cross was Mary, weeping.—J. W. Alexander, *tr.*

This is the *Stabat Mater* of Jacoponus [Giacopone da Todi], for whose strange character and brilliant genius see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." The translator is Rev. James Waddell Alexander, D.D., who must be distinguished from his brother, Professor Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D. (1809–1859), whose hymn, "There is a line by us unseen," is the most powerful presentation of the doctrine of probation anywhere in our collections.

There is a time, we know not when,
  A point, we know not where,
That marks the destiny of men,
  To glory or despair.

There is a line, by us unseen,
  That crosses every path,
The hidden boundary between
  God's patience and His wrath.

To pass that limit is to die,
  To die as if by stealth;
It does not quench the beaming eye,
  Nor pale the glow of health.

The conscience may be still at ease,
  The spirit light and gay;
That which is pleasing still may please,
  And care be thrust away.

O, where is this mysterious bourne
  By which our path is crossed;
Beyond which God himself hath sworn
  That he who goes is lost?

How far may we go on in sin?
  How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
  The confines of despair?

An answer from the skies is sent,—
  "Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
  And harden not your heart."

[Cf. his *Life*, I. 415.] *J. A. Alexander*, 1837.

Nearer, my God, to thee.—Adams.

Few hymns have received such general approval as this. Yet it has been severely criticised as the production of a Unitarian, and one otherwise candid writer says: "It contains nothing of Christ, but to those who have Christ in their hearts it has many times been made a blessing." As if the actual use of the name of the Saviour was to be regarded as a proof of the infallible Christian spirit of a hymn! On such a basis we should exclude the Book of Esther from Holy Writ and eminently honor those who say, "Lord, Lord," whether they do what the Lord commands or not. Nothing better illustrates the fallacy of this position than the universal approval given, by all branches of the Church, to the hymn before us. The compilers of the *Baptist Hymn-Book* [Eng.] were so ill pleased with this omission of the name of Christ, that they secured the services of Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell to make the lyric perfect by verses of his own, as follows, to wit:

> "Christ alone beareth me,
> Where thou dost shine;
> Joint heir he maketh me
> Of the divine.
> In Christ my soul shall be
> Nearest, my God, to thee,
> Nearest to thee!"

Others have with the same intent changed "*a* cross" to "*the* cross."

Sarah Fuller Flower was the second daughter of Benjamin Flower, editor and proprietor of the Cambridge (England) *Intelligencer*. While she is reckoned as a poetess of no mean repute, in consequence of her *Vivia Perpetua*, it is as the author of this hymn that she will be best remembered. She was born February 22d, 1805, and at an early age showed a taste for literature and some considerable facility in prose and verse. This continued during her whole life, and her name was quite familiar to the conductors of most of the periodicals of the day. Her father being left a widower, managed the education of his daughters, Eliza and Sarah, himself. Eliza, indeed, displayed so much talent as to be confused in many instances with her sister. But her abilities ran in the direction of music rather than poetry, and her connection with hymnology is through the tunes which she composed for her sister's verses. Mr. Flower being a politician and a Liberal, it naturally followed that his children partook of his opinions, and so are always reckoned among Unitarians. Both were of feeble constitution, and the eldest died of consumption in 1846.

Sarah had met at Clapton, in 1834, a Mr. William Bridges Adams, to whom she was married the same year. He was a person of scientific and literary attainments, quite extensively known as a civil engineer, and with some repute as a writer. It would appear that Mrs. Adams was entirely happy in her home and in her sister's love, but the long illness of Eliza wore upon her naturally delicate constitution, and she survived but two years, dying on the 14th of August, 1848.

The fact that her uncle, Richard Flower, emigrated to America in 1822, and founded the town of Albion, Ill., doubtless misled Sir Roundell Palmer, and caused the belief that Mrs. Adams was in some sense an American. To the best of our knowledge, she was always a resident of England, and her home was in St. John's Wood, London. We have followed the dates given by that very accurate scholar, Dr. Charles Rogers, in the second edition of his *Lyra Britannica*. Mrs. Adams was buried in Foster Street burial-ground, Harlow, Essex, and one of her own hymns—said to be "He giveth sun, he giveth shower"—was sung at her funeral. The parish record settles the dates.

The pastor of Mrs. Adams and her sister, in London, was Rev. William Johnston Fox. He was born in 1787, and died in 1864, and was a man who, "though classed among Unitarians, was neither a rationalist nor a sympathizer with Channing or Martineau." He is known as the founder of the *Westminster Review*, and it was to his volume of *Hymns and Anthems* (in two parts, 1840–1841) that Mrs. Adams contributed thirteen hymns and her sister sixty-two tunes. The present hymn is one of those in the second part.

It is testified by one of Mrs. Adams's friends that she always found great happiness in sacred music, and that with almost her latest breath she "burst into unconscious song." It is a sadness in this sort of inquiry for us to be compelled to question many of these hymn-legends, but there is so little authenticity about a large number of them that we must give them for what they are worth—and this one would have perished with some others were it not that it is certified by Dr. Rogers, to whom it was related by this friend, who was present at the moment of her death. Mrs. Adams thus literally fulfilled her own aspiration, and with her "waking thoughts bright with God's praise," she entered the better world.

Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, was travelling, during the late war, in the wilds of Arkansas. He was feeling much depressed, for the Union troops had driven him from his home. But as he drew near a dilapidated old log-cabin he heard some one singing, "Nearer, my God, to thee." Alighting, he entered the house. There he found a poor woman, widowed and old, who was singing in the midst of such poverty as he had never before seen. His fears and despondency vanished, and he went on his way happy and trustful because of the faith which he had beheld and the hymn which he had heard.

We have the account, also, of a Christian minister in the north of England to whom a lady applied for spiritual help. She desired to be saved, but she had been instructed to take the Old Testament for her guide, and she only knew one hymn in all the number which she had heard in the Unitarian service which seemed to her to be of any value. It was this very hymn. "I think," she said, "and try to pray, and then I repeat from my heart a hymn I learned :

'Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en though it be a cross
That raiseth me!
Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!'"

She was advised to read the Gospel according to St. John, and to pray that God would make her way clear. At the minister's next visit she had been led by John to Jesus, and was rejoicing in God her Father, reconciled to her through Jesus Christ.

Few more touching incidents than this which follows are connected with any hymn. A little drummer-boy was found after the battle of Fort Donelson by one who visited the field. The poor lad had lost an arm, which had been carried away by a cannon-ball, but even as he died he was singing :

"Nearer, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee."

But there is no incident which has more appropriateness than that given to us in the pages of Rev. James King's *Anglican Hymnology.* He writes :

"A few years ago, while journeying through the Holy Land, we visited the scene of the patriarch's halting-place for the night. Two hours over the bleak heights of Benjamin brought us to the venerable ruins of

Bethel. Standing by the ruined mounds, we remembered that somewhere near this spot Abraham pitched his tent, and built an altar on 'the mountain east of Bethel, having Bethel on the west and Ai on the east.' A few wretched hovels, the remains of an enormous cistern, and the ruins of a Greek church, are all that remain to indicate the position of ancient Bethel. After singing the hymn, 'Nearer, my God, to thee,' we pursued our journey toward Central Palestine."

"Shiloh and Bethel," says Stanley, ". . . . almost escape the notice of the zealous antiquarian, in the maze of undistinguished hills which encompass them." Elsewhere he adds: "The western slopes of the ridge . . . are crossed by the track which the thoroughfare of centuries has worn in the central route of Palestine. This track winds through an uneven valley, covered, as with grave-stones, by large sheets of bare rock; some few, here and there, standing up like the cromlechs of Druidical monuments. . . . Bare, wild rocks, a beaten thoroughfare; these are the only features of the primeval sanctuary of that God of whom nature itself there teaches us that if He could in such a scene so emphatically reveal Himself to the houseless exile, He 'is with him' and with all His true servants everywhere, and will 'keep them *in all places* whither they go.'"

NEW every morning is the love.—KEBLE.

This is the "Morning Hymn" of Rev. John Keble, and is taken from a long poem of sixteen stanzas, in *The Christian Year*, 1827. Mrs. Elizabeth Prentiss says in one of her letters, dated August 25th, 1840:

"I am beginning to feel that I have enough to do without looking out for a great wide place in which to work, and to appreciate the simple lines:

'The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we ought to ask;
Room to deny ourselves; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.'"

Her life abundantly illustrated her doctrine, and *Stepping Heavenward* came out of this spirit of self-devotion.

NIGHT'S shadows falling, men to rest are calling.—RUSSELL.

Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell was born at Northampton, England, March 20th, 1806. He is the author of this and of several more hymns which are in current use, especially in the Episcopalian collections. His father, Rev. Thomas Russell, of Murden, in the county of Kent, was a Dissenting minister who preached in London and at Enfield. The son was educated at the Merchant Tailors' School in London, and at St. John's College, Cambridge. In 1830 he became the vicar of Caxton, Cambridge; of Whaddon, 1852; of St. Thomas's, Toxteth Park, near Liverpool, 1863; then of Holy Trinity, Wrockwardine Wood, Wellington, Shropshire, 1867. He finally removed to the rectorship of Southwick, Sussex, where he died, November 18th, 1874.

Mr. Russell prepared a volume of *Psalms and Hymns, Partly Original, Partly Selected* in 1851. He had previously issued, in 1848, his *Hymns for Public Worship and Private Devotion*, and was a contributor to the *Choral Hymn-Book* in 1861. The greater part of his pieces are original, though he has made a few translations. The date of the present hymn is 1851.

No gospel like this feast.—MRS. CHARLES.

The personality of Mrs. Charles has been but little known. Her maiden name was Elizabeth Rundle, and her father, John Rundle, was a member of Parliament for Tavistock, Devonshire, where she was born. Her marriage to Andrew Paton Charles, March 20th, 1851, gives her the name by which she is best recognized. Her writings have taken the form of story-biographies (such as the *Schönberg-Cotta Family*) or historical novels. She was born January 2d, 1828, at Tavistock, and is now living—a widow since 1868—at Hampstead, London.

No more, my God! I boast no more.—WATTS.

After a sermon on Phil. 3 : 7–9 we find this hymn. It is the 109th hymn of the first book, and is in four stanzas.

NOT all the outward forms of earth.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 95 of Dr. Watts's Book I. It is entitled "Regeneration," and was written to accompany a sermon on John 1 : 13, and 3 : 3. It has four stanzas.

NOT all the blood of beasts.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 142, Book II., "Faith in Christ our Sacrifice." It has five stanzas.

"There are several instances on record of the value of this particular hymn. One of the Bible Society's colporteurs was one day offering Bibles for sale in the Jews' quarter, at the east end of London, when a Jewess informed him, if any of their people bought a Bible, read it, and became converts to Christianity, they would certainly return to their former belief, and die in the faith of Abraham. The Bible-man replied that when he was a city missionary he had been induced to call upon a dying Jewess. 'She had been brought from affluence to abject poverty for the faith of

Christ; at one time she had kept her own carriage. One day her eye rested on the leaf of a hymn-book, which had come into the house covering some butter, and she read upon it these words:

'"Not all the blood of beasts,
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain."

The verse haunted her; she could not dismiss it or forget it. After a time she went to a box where she remembered she had a copy of the Bible, and induced by that verse, she began to read it, and she read on till she found Jesus Christ, "the Lamb slain from before the foundation of the world." She became openly a convert to Christianity. This caused her Jewish husband to divorce her. He went to India, where he married again, and died. She lived in much poverty with two of her nation, Jewish sisters, who had also become Christians. All this,' said the Bible-man, 'I knew; and as I stood by her bedside, she did not renounce her faith in her crucified Lord, but died triumphing in Him as her rock, her shield, and her exceeding great reward.'"

Not to the terrors of the Lord.—Watts.

We find this as Hymn 152, of Book II., "Sinai and Sion.—Heb. 12 : 18, etc." It is in six stanzas.

Not what I am, O Lord, but what thou art!—Bonar.

The title given to this hymn by the author is, "The Love that Passeth Knowledge." It is in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, second series, 1861, and has eight stanzas.

Not with our mortal eyes.—Watts.

This hymn is placed after a sermon on 1 Pet. 1 : 8. It has three stanzas. It also appears in the *Psalms and Hymns*, Book I., No. 108, with the title, "Christ Unseen and Beloved."

Not worthy, Lord, to gather up the crumbs.—E. H. Bickersteth.

Rev. Edward Henry Bickersteth was born in London, January 25th, 1825. His father was the eminent Rev. Edward Bickersteth, rector of Wotton, author of *The Christian Student* (1829), and many similar works; and a hymn-writer of some repute. His son has been the incumbent of Christ church, Hampstead, since 1855, and dates his recent volume, *From Year to Year*, from that vicarage, October 16th, 1883. To say nothing of his poem *Yesterday, To-day, and Forever*, his services to sacred poetry and to hymnology have been of real worth and lasting importance. In *Doing and Suffering*, we have the inner life of the family, in the biography of his two sisters. The present hymn, in six stanzas, is designated for the day of "St. Simon and St. Jude, Apostles." The lessons are: Isa. 28 : 9–17; Jer. 3 : 12–19; Jude 1 : 1–9; John 15 : 17. We also give the collect, as upon these short prayers Mr. Bickersteth has based his hymns. His book, *From Year to Year*, contains his collected hymns and sacred poetry, assigned to the various portions of the Christian year. In 1885, Dr. Bickersteth became Bishop of Exeter.

O ALMIGHTY God, who hast built thy church upon the foundation of the apostles and prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the head cornerstone; grant us so to be joined together in unity of spirit by their doctrine, that we may be made an holy temple acceptable unto thee, through Jesus Christ our Lord. *Amen.*

NOTHING but leaves, the Spirit grieves.—MRS. AKERMAN.

The facts as to this widely known hymn are as follows. It was published in the *Christian Inquirer*, New York City, in the month of September, between the years 1858 and 1862. The author—who was once supposed to be one "Virgil C. Taylor"—is Mrs. Lucy Evelina (Metcalf) Akerman, born February 21st, 1816. She was the wife of Charles Akerman, a bookseller in Providence, R. I., and died in that city, February 21st, 1874. In religious opinion she is believed to have been a Universalist. The Scripture text associated with the hymn is evidently Mark 11 : 13. The suggestion is said to have come from a sermon by Moncure D. Conway.

Now be the Gospel banner.—HASTINGS.

Dr. Hastings wrote this hymn for a Sunday-school celebration in Utica, N. Y., about the year 1828, and published it in *Spiritual Songs*, 1833, in two double stanzas.

Now from labor and from care.—HASTINGS.

We find this hymn of Dr. Hastings in the *Spiritual Songs*, 1833. It is the second part of a hymn of six six-line stanzas, with a doxology in the same metre. The first three of these are intended for morning, and commence: "In this calm, impressive hour." The second three form our present hymn.

There is something singularly beautiful about evening—especially the Sabbath evening. Many such scenes remain with him who pens these lines—evenings of glory across the ocean or the inland sea; evenings marvellous, above the prairie; evenings seen ajar on the horizon from a church-tower where the great bell was beginning to move in its cradle like a giant babe, and the subdued noises of the gathering congregation below stole up to the ear. But all these are as nothing to the memory of one unequalled vision of island, and cape, and bay—the harbor-door of a new world high above the distant city-spires in the west. With a hymn like this one can go up the golden way of the sunset to the presence of the Lord! Was there ever a better rhapsody on such a moment than that of the Ettrick Shepherd in the *Noctes Ambrosianæ*?—

> "Let nae man daur to word it. It's daurin' aneuch even to look at it. For oh! ma freens! arena thae the gates o' glory—wide open for departed speerits—that they may sail in on wings intil the heart o' eternal life? Let that sicht no be lost on us!"

Now, God be with us, for the night is closing.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

This hymn is from the collection of the Bohemian Brethren, 1531, the original being, "*Die Nacht ist kommen,*" etc. This is an evening hymn, in six stanzas, and in No. 210 of *Laudes Domini* we have the concluding portion.

The present piece is in the familiar Latin measure called "Sapphics and Adonics," which is known by the famous student song, the "*Integer vitæ,*" of Horace. It is characteristic of the Bohemian hymnology that it is based on the Latin to a great extent. Huss wrote at least one Latin hymn himself, and this period gives us the transition between the dead language and the vernacular.

The Brethren were the remains of an old Sclavonic Christianity, which owed its rise to the teaching of two Greek monks in the ninth century. As it antedated the Roman ritual, the hostility of the Greek and Latin churches was perpetuated in Bohemia with sad consequences of persecution and war. John Huss (for whom see Gillett's admirable *Life and Times of John Huss*) was their principal martyr. Jerome of Prague was another.

In the library of the college at Prague a Hussite hymn-book, written and illustrated with great care and splendor, is still preserved.

> "This book," says Dr. Gillett, "which must have cost many thousand florins, was the joint production of a large proportion of the citizens. Each guild and corporation had a few hymns written and pictures painted to accompany them, and in this work they were joined by several noble

families, each family or guild placing its own pictured arms or crest before its own portion of the book."

This intense national and religious feeling had its natural results in course of time, and there were no readier adherents of Luther than the Bohemians. In later days the Moravians appear as their direct and legitimate successors. It was from the remnant of the Bohemians scattered in Saxony in 1725 that the first materials for this new society, the Moravians, were taken by Count Zinzendorf.

Now I have found a friend.—HOPE.

Henry Joy McCracken Hope, son of James Hope, a bookbinder in Dublin, Ireland, wrote this hymn, which was privately printed in 1852. Singularly enough, his name is not found in *Lyra Hibernica Sacra* (second edition, Belfast, 1879), and the information as to his personal history is meagre. We only know that he was born in the neighborhood of Belfast, in 1809, and that, in 1846, he entered the service of the Messrs. Chambers, at Dublin, where he was employed as a bookbinder and in other capacities until his death. This occurred at Shanemagowston, Dunadry, County Antrim, Ireland, January 19th, 1872.

Now, let our cheerful eyes survey.—DODDRIDGE.

Among Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 8, "Christ's Intercession Typified by Aaron's Breastplate." It is based on Ex. 28 : 29, and has five stanzas.

Now, let our souls on wings sublime.—GIBBONS.

At the close of the fourth of his fifteen *Sermons on Various Subjects, etc.*, 1762, appears this hymn, in five stanzas, by Dr. Thomas Gibbons.

Now, let our voices join.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's works this appears as Hymn No. 69, and is entitled, "Singing in the Ways of God." It has six stanzas, and is based on Ps. 138 : 5.

An English gentleman was once examining a house in Newcastle, with a view of leasing it for a residence. The owner took him to the upper window, expatiating meanwhile upon the extensive prospect. "For one thing," he said, "you can see Durham Cathedral from this spot on Sunday." And in some surprise, the other asked: "Why on Sunday above any other day?" Then the quiet answer came: "Because on that day there is no smoke from those tall chimneys yonder."

Now is the accepted time.—DOBELL.

The celebrated collection of hymns which bears the name of Dobell was published in 1806, and was very largely amended and revised by him. The first edition contained seven hundred hymns, of which many were original. Among them were several by Dobell himself. Others he changed to suit his own ideas, and his model was the expression of a young Cornish lady, who said to him that she "hoped to see before she died a hymn-book full of Christ and his Gospel, and without any mixture of free-will or merit."

John Dobell, who has left to us this collection, which in the second edition ran up to eight hundred hymns, was a native of Poole, in Dorsetshire. His birth is reputed to have occurred in 1757, and he held a position as port-gauger under the Board of Excise. Personally he was tall and spare, and was a well-known attendant at the Dissenting chapel in Skinner Street. He died at Poole, in his eighty-fourth year, and was buried there on the 1st of June, 1840. He will be longest remembered as a hymn-writer by the present piece. It is a favorite in revival services.

Dobell's *Collection* was very useful from the fact that it is among the first to give the names of authors with their hymns. American editions appeared in Morristown, N. J., 1810, 1815, 1822, and another (also now before us) in Philadelphia, in 1825. In his preface he says that the work has been "the labor of years and the choice of many thousand hymns." In another place he adds a sentence which is like the streaking of the first light of a new dawn for hymnology: "I deem it unnecessary to make any apology for taking some of the following hymns from authors who differ in doctrinal sentiments from myself, and the churches with which I am connected. The hymns themselves, superior in their kind, and on subjects in which all real Christians agree, must and will be their own apology."

Now, let my soul, eternal King.—HEGINBOTHAM.

Rev. Ottiwell Heginbotham was the author of this hymn; it appeared in *A Collection of Hymns from Various Authors*, published in 1799. It is perhaps the father of this author, bearing the same name, who was the person mentioned by Tyerman in his *Life of John Wesley*. He lived at Marple, near Stockport, in 1754. The younger man died in 1768, aged twenty-four years.

Now, may he, who from the dead.—NEWTON.

We have these verses in the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 100. The text is Heb. 13 : 20, 24. There are three stanzas.

Now thank we all our God.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

This is a translation of the celebrated hymn, "*Nun danket alle Gott,*" of Martin Rinkart. It is the German *Te Deum*, and was composed, both as to music and words, somewhere about the close of the Thirty Years' War, 1648. At least this is the date given by Dr. A. J. Rambach's *Hamburgisches Gesangbuch*, 1842, which is doubtless accurate; though Miss Winkworth makes it 1644, giving a full translation in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, p. 181.

Rinkart was the son of a poor coppersmith (Kübler says "cooper"), who got his education at the University of Leipzig, after a hard struggle, in which he was successful by reason of his musical gifts and decided industry. He was precentor at Eisleben, and at the age of thirty-one was offered the position of archdeacon at Eilenburg in Saxony, his native place. Thither he went as the war broke out, and there he remained through all the thirty-one years of its continuance. He shared with his people the hardships of the period; the quartering of troops in the houses; the distress of poverty, and the uncertainties of the conflict. In 1637 the plague ravaged Eilenburg, and in one year eight thousand persons died. But Martin Rinkart stood to his duty, doing the work of three men, in ministering to the sick, waiting on them, and even burying them when they died. It is said that he actually interred with his own hands four thousand four hundred and eighty bodies. The famine following the plague was as terrible as the disease. Starving wretches fought in the open streets for a dead cat or a crow. And then, to crown all, back came the Swedish army and the town was ordered to pay thirty thousand thalers. The general refused to hear Rinkart when he ventured to the camp to plead for his impoverished fellow-citizens, and the good man, turning to the others who were with him, said: "Come, my children, we can find no mercy with men, let us take refuge with God." He fell on his knees, and uttered such a fervent and touching petition that the general relented and lowered the demand, first to eight thousand thalers, and then, at last, to two thousand. This they were forced to undertake, and their unfitness to do so may be judged from the condition of Rinkart, himself, who was in dire need, and was compelled to mortgage his income for several years ahead to obtain bread for his family. It was when times at last grew brighter that he sang this song of praise.

Rinkart was born in 1586, and died in 1649. And as the twelfth century was the culmination of Latin hymn-writing in France, so this period of the Thirty Years' War can be looked upon as the most prolific era of German hymnology. There were over a hundred poets, and their verses have expressed the deepest of Christian praises. It is a period to be compared with the times of Watts and Doddridge, and their successors, in England.

The hymn is based on the apocryphal book of Ecclesiasticus, written by Jesus, the Son of Sirach, and to be found in any copy of the Apocrypha. The first two stanzas translate Ecclus. 50 : 22–24, which was the text of the Swedish chaplain on New Year's Day, 1649, when thanksgiving services were held upon the re-establishment of peace.

The history of the hymn has been like that of our own "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow," or like Luther's "*Ein' feste Burg.*" It has been sung at all great national events in Germany. It was used on the occasion, May 31st, 1850, of the unveiling of the statue of Frederick the Great, at Berlin. Again it was employed after a great famine in 1817, when the first cartful of sheaves of the new wheat entered Stuttgart. It was translated by Chevalier Bunsen, in 1845, and sung in England at the opening of the German hospital. Still later, in America and elsewhere, in 1884, it has had a place in various celebrations of the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Luther.

Now that the sun is gleaming bright.—NEWMAN, *tr.*

Cardinal Newman has here furnished us with a good translation, from the Paris Breviary, of the "*Jam lucis orto sidere.*" It was obtained from the author by Sir Francis Palgrave, and was written at Littlemore in February, 1842. The original is by Gregory the Great, for whom see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

Now the day is over.—BARING-GOULD.

This is "An Evening Hymn for Missions" (revival services) and came into use at St. John's, Horbury Bridge, Yorkshire, England. It appeared first in the *Hymns, Ancient and Modern,* 1861.

Now to the Lord a noble song!—WATTS.

This is from Dr. Watts's *Hymns,* Book II., No. 47, "Glory and Grace in the Person of Christ." It has six stanzas. Such desire to praise the Lord may well receive its commentary from the words in which St. Patrick, the apostle of Ireland, has recorded an experience of his own :

> "Again on another night, I know not, God knoweth, whether it was within me or near me, I heard distinctly words which I could not understand, except that at the end of what was said there was uttered, 'He who gave his life for thee, it is he who speaketh in thee.' And so I awoke rejoicing. And again I saw in myself one praying, and I was as it were within my body, and I heard him, that is to say upon my inner man, and he prayed mightily with groanings. And meanwhile I was in a trance, and marvelled, and thought who it could be who thus prayed within me. . . . And so I awoke and recollected the apostle's words, 'The Spirit helpeth the infirmity of our prayer.' . . . And again, 'The Lord, our Advocate, intercedeth for us.'"

Now to the Lord, who makes us know.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 61, of Book I., and is also found after a sermon on Rev. 1 : 5–7, "Christ, our High Priest and King," and "Christ Coming to Judgment." It has five stanzas.

Now to the power of God supreme.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's *Hymns* this is Hymn 137, of Book I., "Salvation by Grace in Christ.—II Tim. 1 : 9." It is comprised in five stanzas.

Now when the dusky shades of night retreating.—ANON.

The *Westminster Abbey Hymn-Book* regards this piece as the translation of a Latin hymn of Gregory the Great. It is first found in America in *Hymns for the Church of Christ,* 1853, compiled by Dr. Hedge and Dr. Huntington. From this Unitarian collection it was copied into the *Plymouth Collection,* 1855, and appears in the English *Hymnary* in 1872, with an added stanza. A fancied resemblance to the hymn of Gregory, commencing, "*Ecce jam noctis tenuatur umbra,*" has probably caused the Westminster editor to go astray. The piece is similar also to the hymn of Prudentius, commencing, "*Nox et tenebræ et nubila.*" In fact, it is precisely such a paraphrase as any one might write when he was familiar with the Latin morning hymns in the same measure.

Now to thy sacred house.—DWIGHT.

Dr. Timothy Dwight was a man of majestic presence, and his stately progress to the house of God might well serve as a commentary upon his own hymn. "His features," says Dr. William

B. Sprague, who was one of his pupils, "were regular, his eye black and piercing, but benignant, and his countenance altogether indicative of a high order of mind. His voice was rich and melodious, adapted alike to music and oratory." Honorable S. G. Goodrich ("Peter Parley") also speaks of the "imposing grandeur of his personal appearance in the pulpit." And he adds, "his smile was irresistible : even the pupils of the college almost adored him." This word "even" strikes us as high commendation. In Dwight's *Collection*, 1800, this is part of the version of Ps. 43, commencing, "My God, defend my cause." Our first line begins the third stanza.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 103, first part, S. M., vv. 1–7, "Praise for Spiritual and Temporal Mercies." It is in six stanzas.

O BLESSED Saviour! is thy love.—J. STENNETT.

The present hymn, sometimes written "My blessed Saviour," etc., is from *Hymns in Commemoration of the Sufferings of our Blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ*, 1697 (third edition, 1709).

O BLEST memorial of our dying Lord.—WOODFORD, *tr.*

This is the hymn, "Thee we adore, O hidden Saviour—thee," commencing with the second stanza. It is a translation of the famous sacramental hymn of Thomas Aquinas, "*Adoro te devote, latens Deitas*," and was first published in the *Parish Hymn-Book*, 1863, compiled by Rev. Hyde W. Beadon and the late Bishop J. Russell Woodford.

O BREAD, to pilgrims given.—R. PALMER, *tr.*

We have here a version made from the Latin hymn, "*O esca viatorum*," which Moll calls a "Jesuit hymn." This rendering by Dr. Ray Palmer was prepared in 1858.

O CEASE, my wandering soul.—MUHLENBERG.

The hymn, "I would not live alway," has made the name of Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., known to all lovers of sacred song. Yet it is far from being his best piece either in sentiment or expression. Its precise text appears in Prof. Cleveland's *Lyra Sacra Americana*, and its history deserves a word in this connection. It was written in 1824, and first appeared in the

Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia, June 3d, 1826, in six stanzas of eight lines each.

In 1826 a committee was appointed to enlarge the Episcopalian *Hymnal.* One of the number, Dr. (afterward Bishop) H. U. Onderdonk, himself a poet of no mean capacity, had been pleased with the hymn, and having abridged it, submitted it—in all ignorance—to Dr. Muhlenberg himself, who was also upon the committee. At a general meeting of the committee in 1829 the report of the sub-committee came up, and the hymns were separately considered. One of the members said that "I would not live alway" was very good, but somewhat sentimental. It was rejected forthwith, and Dr. Muhlenberg himself voted against it. Dr. Onderdonk was not present, and the action seemed final. The next morning brought the absentee to Dr. Muhlenberg's house to hear what had been done. Learning that the hymn had met with disapproval he instantly remarked, "This will not do," and personally interceded with the rest of the committee until they restored it. To him, therefore, the credit belongs.

Dr. Muhlenberg was born in Philadelphia, September 16th, 1796; graduated at the University of Pennsylvania, 1814; entered the ministry, 1817, and was ordained as priest in 1820; became associate rector of St. James' church, Lancaster, Pa., in 1823; and then principal of St. Paul's College, which he established at Flushing, L. I., and which prospered under his management. He next became (1843) rector of the Church of the Holy Communion, New York City, and having founded St. Luke's Hospital, in 1855, took both the temporal and spiritual care of it from that date until his death, in New York City, April 6th, 1877. The Church of the Holy Communion was a memorial edifice built by his sister. The fund for St. Luke's Hospital grew from $30 in 1846 to over $200,000 in 1857, and has largely increased since that period. Dr. Muhlenberg was the great-grandson of Rev. Henry Melchior Muhlenberg, the founder of the German Lutheran Church in America.

The last hours of Dr. Muhlenberg were full of thanksgiving. He used to say of the care taken of him in the hospital which he founded: "No royal person could be better provided. Such rooms, such comforts, such doctors and nurses." Then he would clap his hands and repeat:

"Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a thankful heart
That takes those gifts with joy."

And once he said : " If I have many sorrows I have innumerable mercies." He enjoyed also the hymn, " Jesus, my Lord, I know his name." He wished to have placed on his tombstone, " I know whom I have believed." And this has been done as he desired.

Among the anecdotes of this excellent man there are two which we are unwilling to omit. Here is the first : Being once disturbed by the self-righteousness of one of his pupils, he handed him a slip of paper bearing these words :

" 18th hymn corrected—3d verse—

' *I* did seek thee when a stranger
Looking for the fold of God ;
I, to save my soul from danger,
Earned redemption in Thy blood.' "

And the second is like unto it. For it was with this same keen and quiet irony that he answered another rather censorious person : " Ah, my dear ——, the Lord has a good many *different sorts* of sinners."

O CHRIST ! our hope, our hearts' desire.—CHANDLER, *tr.*

We have here Rev. John Chandler's translation of the "*Jesu nostra redemptio*," an Ascension hymn of the ninth or tenth century ; sometimes, though incorrectly, called Ambrosian. This hymn sometimes appears as "*Jesu*, our Hope, our hearts' desire." The present version dates from 1837.

O CHRIST, our King, Creator, Lord.—R. PALMER, *tr.*

This is a translation of the "*Rex Christe, factor omnium*" of Gregory the Great, for whom see " The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." The rendering was made in 1858.

O CHRIST, the eternal Light.—S. W. DUFFIELD, *tr.*

This is a rendering—made in 1883 for *Laudes Domini*—of the "*Christe, lumen perpetuum*" of Magnus Felix Ennodius, bishop of Pavia. The famous hymn by Charles Wesley, " Christ, whose glory fills the skies," is—probably without deliberate intention—a free version of this same Latin piece. Ennodius has never before been translated for Christian use. Rambach knew of nothing from him in German, and (with the exception of Nos. 940 and 785 in *Laudes Domini*) we do not, in English. He was a strange character, the originator of the title " Pope " as applied to the Roman bishop. His history is given in "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

O CHRIST, the Lord of heaven! to thee.—PALMER.

This hymn was written in New York City, 1867, and is based on Rev. 19 : 16. It is not—as sometimes considered—a translation. Dr. Palmer says of this piece that it "satisfies" him better than almost any hymn which he has written.

O CHRIST, thou hast ascended.—E. H. BICKERSTETH.

Dr. Bickersteth intended this for the Sunday after Ascension Day, and has so placed it in *From Year to Year*. The "Lessons" are Deut. 30 and 34; Josh. 1; 1 Pet. 4 : 7–12; John 15 : 26, and 16 : 1–5. The hymn is based on John 15 : 26, and has four double stanzas. This is the collect:

> O God, the King of glory, who hast exalted thine only Son Jesus Christ with great triumph unto thy kingdom in heaven; we beseech thee leave us not comfortless; but send to us thine Holy Ghost to comfort us, and exalt us unto the same place whither our Saviour Christ is gone before; who liveth and reigneth with thee and the Holy Ghost, one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O CHRIST, who hast prepared a place.—CHANDLER, *tr.*

This is the "*Nobis Olympo redditus*" of Santolius Victorinus (Jean Baptiste de Santeul, born May 12th, 1630; died August 5th, 1697) from the Paris [Harlay] Breviary, for which "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns" can be consulted under "Paris Breviary." The rendering is from Rev. John Chandler's *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, 1837. There are five stanzas, including the doxology.

O CHRIST, with each returning morn.—CHANDLER, *tr.*

This author has given us some of the best versions of the Latin hymns which we possess. His volume of translations, entitled *Hymns of the Primitive Church*, appeared in 1837, and from this all the hymns bearing his name in the popular collections have been taken. The one introduced here is a rendering of the "*Splendor paternæ gloriæ*," by Ambrose, bishop of Milan, for whose poetry see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." It consists of seven stanzas, which different compilers have arranged according to their needs and tastes. Sometimes the hymn is made to begin with the line, "All-hallowed be our walk this day," and sometimes, "O Jesus, Lord of heavenly grace."

Rev. John Chandler was born in Witley, Surrey, England (where his father, Rev. John F. Chandler, was patron and incumbent of the vicarage), June 16th, 1806. After receiving his education at Corpus Christi College, Oxford (B.A., 1827, and M.A., 1830), he was ordained deacon in 1831, and presbyter in 1832. In 1839 he succeeded his father in the vicarage of Witley, and was also appointed rural dean. He died at Putney, July 1st, 1876. A singular fact in connection with the vicarage of Witley is, that its incumbent is likewise the patron of the living, and appoints his successor. Hence, on the death of Mr. Chandler, he was succeeded by Rev. John Brownlow Chandler, a graduate of Corpus Christi College, in 1873, who is the present vicar.

Oh, come, and let us all, with one accord.—Anon.

This is one of those traditional versions of the 95th Psalm which are found in the ancient psalters, and are preserved in the Church collections for the sake of association, and because of a certain flavor of age and quaintness that renders them attractive. Evidently it has figured as a Long Metre before it received its present elongation of lines by two syllables of expletive. It was taken by the editor of *Laudes Domini* from the *Temple Choral Service Book*, edited and prepared by Edward J. Hopkins, organist of the Inner and Middle Temple in London. Although it bears no date, and is not easily to be assigned to any certain period, the internal evidence shows two curious facts. To one accustomed to "the higher criticism" in hymnology, there can be no doubt that it is a production of the seventeenth century or thereabouts. And then the lines have been artificially lengthened, like a steamship cut in two and pieced out, so that traces of a second hand are visible in the structure, thus:

"Let universal nature [ever] raise
A cheerful voice to give him [thanks and] praise:
Let [us and] all his saints his glory sing,
Who is our blessèd [Saviour,] Lord and King."

Oh, come, all ye faithful.—Oakeley, Mercer and others, *trs.*

This hymn, *Adeste fideles*, is attributed to the seventeenth or eighteenth century, and is said to have been taken from a *Graduale* of the Cistercians. There is but little doubt that in this, as in his other hymn included in *Laudes Domini*, Mercer amended a version by another author to suit himself. Hutchins and Prescott both assign this piece to Rev. Frederick Oakeley. Its modified form is, however, due to the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, as well as to Mercer. It was translated in 1841, and published in 1848, in the *Lyra Catholica*. Mercer's book appeared in 1854, and this version was included among its hymns. The original form, "Ye faithful, approach ye," can be found, anonymously, in the Roman Catholic hymn-book (ed. of 1884, N. Y.). The Latin original is sometimes ascribed to Bonaventura.

The principal author, Rev. Frederick Oakeley, was a high Ritualist, the youngest son of Sir Charles Oakeley, born at Shrewsbury, September 5th, 1802. He was graduated at Oxford, in 1824, and was a Fellow of Balliol College, 1827. He then took orders in the English Church, and was a prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, 1832. In 1839 he was minister of Margaret Chapel, Margaret Street, London, but in 1845 he joined the Church of Rome. He became a priest, and was finally a canon of the Roman Catholic district of Westminster in 1852. His death took place in 1880. His *Lyra Liturgica* is a Roman Catholic imitation of Keble's *Christian Year*.

The "Portuguese Hymn," to which the "*Adeste fideles*" has usually been sung, was the composition of Marcas Portugal. He was the chapel-master of the king of Portugal, and died at Rio Janeiro over fifty years ago. The tune was originally employed as an offertory piece, and Dom João VI., in whose service the composer had a position, came to Brazil in 1808. Marcas Portugal accompanied him thither, and remained when his royal master returned to Europe. When Dom Pedro II., who is the grandson of Dom João, was a little boy, the old composer still led the chapel services, and Dr. Fletcher, in his *Brazil and the Brazilians*, fixes the date of his death in 1834. In the preface to the ninth edition of Dr. Fletcher's work this fact is authoritatively stated, and it is added that Marcas (or Marcos) Portugal wrote several operas as well as much sacred music. These were popular in the early part of the present century, both in Portugal and Italy. The claim, therefore, that Reading (otherwise Redding) was the composer of this celebrated tune, falls to the ground. It is worthy of passing note that the earliest musical composer on the Western continent was Antonio Carlos Gomez, who came from the very land where the body of Marcas Portugal rests.

Further information on this subject can be found in *Notes and Queries*, sixth series, III., May 21st, 1881, p. 410.

Oh, could I find, from day to day.—Cleveland.

This hymn is commonly assigned to Benjamin Cleveland, presumably an American Baptist, who published his pieces in 1790. The fourth edition appeared at Norwich, Conn., 1792. The discovery of the authorship is due, apparently, to Rev. Sylvanus Phelps, D.D., of Hartford, Conn., who published in the *Watchman and Reflector* an account of this small book of hymns, which had somehow come into his possession. Dr. Phelps says: "There was not another piece in the collection fit for use as a hymn, nor was this as the author left it." Precisely how he could know the latter fact it is not easy to say. The critical history of the text is that there were originally six stanzas, which were altered in the *Hartford Selection*, 1799. The present text is substantially that of Nettleton's *Village Hymns*, 1826.

Oh, could I speak the matchless worth.—Medley.

This hymn is fully reprinted in *Lyra Britannica*, and commences, "Not of terrestrial mortal themes." It has eight six-line stanzas, was written in 1789, and, like some other sacred lyrics of English birth, is more popular in America than in England. It was probably brought here in *Dobell's Collection* (Morristown, N. J., 1815). It was subsequently in Hickok's *Sacred Harp*, Lewistown, Pa., 1832, and Dr. Hastings's *Spiritual Songs*, 1831. In Hickok's book the tune is "*Ganges*," C. P. M.; in Hastings's book it is "*Courtville.*" Neither of these tunes suited the piece, but when, in 1836, Dr. Mason adapted "*Ariel*," he permanently wedded words and music, and ever since that time this hymn, "Christ our King," has been a part of the treasures of the American Church. Like "Aaron's rod that budded," the splendid old song took new life, and is now laid up in the ark of our Christian hymnody.

O day of rest and gladness.—C. Wordsworth.

Rev. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., the nephew of William Wordsworth, the poet, was born in the year of grace 1807; educated at Winchester School, and Trinity College, Cambridge, England; and in 1836 became head-master of Harrow. In 1844 he was promoted to be a canon in Westminster Abbey. As a scholar, he has made himself conspicuous by his *Commentary upon the Old Testament* in the Authorized Version, and upon the New

Testament in the Greek; as a traveller, his volumes upon Greece, Italy and France are well known; and as a hymn-writer he has given us some of our sweetest and best lyrics. He became, in 1869, the Bishop of Lincoln, in the Church of England, and died in 1885. His name must not be confounded with that of Charles Wordsworth, the bishop of St. Andrews, born in 1806; nor with that of Christopher Wordsworth, D.D., born in 1774.

The present hymn is found in a collection of one hundred and twenty-seven, by the same author, entitled, *The Holy Year; or, Hymns for Sundays, Holy Days and Other Occasions Throughout the Year*, 1862.

OH, do not let the word depart.—MRS. REED.

This hymn is by Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, the wife of Rev. Andrew Reed. The date is 1825. Dr. Reed was married to Miss Elizabeth Holmes, the author of this hymn, in 1816. She was the daughter of a London merchant, and their family consisted of seven children, five of whom survived their mother, who died July 4th, 1867.

O EYES that are weary.—DARBY. (?)

John Nelson Darby, the founder of the sect called "Plymouth Brethren," contributed five hymns (says Miller) to a collection published by Messrs. Groombridge & Sons. The inference is that Mr. Darby authenticated these for Mr. Miller, but the hymn now before us is not given in Miller's index, nor is it in the book of 1881.

The views of these *Darbyites*, or *Plymouth Brethren*, have been propagated in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy and elsewhere on the Continent. They are represented in India, and a few congregations can be discovered in Canada and the United States. They publish no statistics; emphasize the doctrines of depravity, atonement and regeneration; baptize only adults; partake of the communion every Sunday, and cultivate a fervent spiritual life. The great difference between them and other Christians is seen in their denial of ecclesiastical forms, and, especially, in their resistance to the idea that clergymen have any exclusive right to administer the sacraments and to preach. Some prominent American evangelists have been considered to hold these opinions also, and have therefore been frequently counted with the *Plymouth Brethren.*

The *Schaff-Herzog Cyclopædia* (Supplement) has an article on Darby which is probably the most authoritative of any that we can touch. It is by Edward E. Whitefield, a member of the Brethren, at Oxford, England. What follows is condensed from that account.

Mr. Darby was born in London, November 18th, 1800, graduated at Trinity College, Dublin, 1819, took orders and became a curate in Wicklow until 1827. At that time he doubted as to Church establishments, left the Church altogether, and gathered a band of like-minded persons in Dublin. In 1830 he carried on this movement at Plymouth. The *Christian Witness* (their paper) was started in 1834 by James L. Harris, who had resigned the perpetual curacy of Plymstock. To this periodical Mr. Darby was a frequent contributor. He has written some thirteen hymns.

From 1838 to 1840 Mr. Darby worked in Switzerland, and in 1845 (the Methodists and other Dissenters having joined them) the Darbyites suffered there some persecution. This was charged to the account of the Jesuits of Canton Vaud. But there was also trouble at home the same year, and a disruption occurred at Plymouth, which is fully detailed in the *Schaff-Herzog Cyclopædia* (art. *Plymouth Brethren*) and need not here be repeated. In 1866, and again in 1878–81, there were further disintegrations, so that the Brethren are now, like the French Assembly, very much differentiated into: 1. EXCLUSIVES (*i. e.*, *Darbyites*, with three subdivisions or splits, beneath this general head); 2. BETHESDA, or *open*, Brethren (affiliated with George Müller, of the Faith Work and Orphanages at Bristol); and 3. NEWTONIANS (followers of B. W. Newton, who had been the first to invite Darby to Plymouth in 1830). All this concerns us but little, except, indeed, as it shows the minute and controversial distinctions which have prevailed in a body of people who were revolutionists against too many forms. On some of the most sacred subjects—for instance, the sufferings of Christ—Mr. Darby unhesitatingly propounded his views and defended them with determination. He was an industrious scholar, a profound Bible student—and, it is needless to add, an earnest man. He turned some of his batteries against Romanism between the years 1870 and 1880. He had visited the United States and Canada in 1859-60, again in 1864–5, a third time in 1866, a fourth in 1870, and finally made a "vigorous campaign in the United States," in 1872–3. In the midst of these labors he took occasion to render the New Testament into French, to visit Italy, and to make an expedition to New Zealand. Even in advanced age he was incessantly active, translating the Old Testament into French, discussing the Greek aorist, elucidating the Greek article, reviewing Robertson Smith and John Stuart Mill, and preparing abstruse philosophical treatises. He composed his *Meditations on the Acts* (1871) in the Italian language.

But it is recorded of him that he delighted to turn from this doctrinal and controversial labor to anything devotional and practical. He rejoiced to write hymns. The *Brethren's Hymnal* was edited by him. His various works have been collected by W. Kelly. He died in Bournemouth, April 29th, 1882.

The hymn, therefore, upon which we are commenting may not positively be his work, but it is certainly in his spirit.

OH, fair the gleams of glory.—C. I. CAMERON.

This hymn appears in the Canadian (Presbyterian) *Hymnal*, 1881, and is the composition of Rev. Charles Innes Cameron. He was born at Kilmallie, near Fort William, Scotland, in 1837, came to Canada in 1858, entered Queen's College, Kingston, where he was graduated, and afterward spent two years in the Theological Hall, and took his third year in Glasgow. In 1865 he was ordained, and became a missionary in India under the auspices of the Church of Scotland. His health being much impaired, he was compelled to leave India. Thence he went to Australia, but returned to Canada in 1875, and assumed the care of a congregation at New Edinburgh, in the Presbytery of Ottawa. Here again his health broke down and he resigned—the Presbytery with great reluctance yielding to the necessity in the case. Not long afterward he died in faith and hope.

A small volume of his poems was issued posthumously, and from this is taken the present piece, which bears the title, "The Glory that Excelleth." We are indebted for this hitherto-unpublished information to the personal kindness of Rev. W. Greig, D.D., of Toronto, one of the compilers of the *Hymnal*.

OH, for a closer walk with God.—COWPER.

After his first season of real and ecstatic joy in the Lord, the mind of Cowper was darkened by his old constitutional melancholy. This is one of the hymns which, before that gloomy time had set in, he contributed to the *Olney Collection*. Newton himself conveyed to his friend Cecil the idea—which Cecil records—that

Cowper was free from this melancholy mood until he again took up literary labor. In his life of Newton, Cecil spends both care and space upon the matter. "There has gone forth," he says, "an unfounded report that the deplorable melancholy of Cowper was, in part, derived from his residence and connections in that place." [Olney.] This he labors to neutralize. And we would be slow to ascribe to Mr. Newton any share in *causing* the poet's malady. But one cannot read Newton's own table-talk or his sermons without a conviction that what Cowper needed was a hand not less true but more gentle. Here, for example, is Newton's philosophy of life: "When a Christian goes into the world, because he sees it is his *call*, yet, while he feels it also his *cross*, it will not hurt him."

Under the pressure of such feelings Cowper once more took up his pen. He felt as if it was a sin against conscience for him to write anything secular. The fret of this produced its natural effect. He grew morbid and moody. He was frittering away his poetical talent upon merely worldly matters, as he thought, while religion was neglected. Mrs. Oliphant has expressed this admirably when she writes: "The faith, not even of Calvin, but of John Newton, represented Christianity to Cowper's eyes. He knew no kind of piety but that which was dictated by this form of doctrine, and he tutored himself to be its interpreter to the world, which loved verse better than sermons."

Is it any wonder, then, that this is the hymn which comes from such a struggle, and that it represents much more than the elements which gave it birth? It is the echo of old David's "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation"—but Cowper has exaggerated his own morbidness until he is positively the antitype of the royal criminal. Nevertheless, this intensity is a part of the power of the hymn—and a great part, too. Cowper has uttered what others—far darker in spirit—could not phrase. It is just like reputable, home-loving Tom Hood putting into words a murderer's dream, or—to take a higher illustration—Shakespeare revealing the horrors of conscience in Lady Macbeth.

This is what we call genius. This, consecrated by God's grace, constitutes a Christian poet and produces the tone into which all struggling spirits strike—makes a spiritual path through a wilderness—teaches words to the inarticulate and agonized soul.

"How well Cowper knew the heart," writes Josiah Conder (July 4th, 1810), "when he closes one of his beautiful poems thus:

> 'But ah! my inmost spirit cries,
> "Still bend me to thy sway;
> Else the next cloud that veils the skies
> Drives all these thoughts away."'"

This is from the hymn, "O Lord, my best desires fulfil," whose tone is very similar to the one before us, but which is inferior to it as an expression of profound longing after God. But Conder's further words are very helpful, "Oh this chilling, distracting, harassing world! When in league with such traitorous hearts no effort of ours, unassisted by divine influences, can withstand its power."

Oh, Father, who didst all things make.—Heathcote.

After passing for a long time as "Anonymous," this hymn is now positively accredited, in *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, to Rev. H. B. Heathcote, a clergyman of the Church of England. It was first published in an English hymnal of the date 1852.

Oh, for a faith that will not shrink.—Bathurst.

There are some alterations in this hymn, but it is not seriously changed. Its title is, "The Power of Faith," with a reference to Luke 17 : 5, and it is from *Psalms and Hymns for Public and Private Use*, 1831, and has six stanzas.

Oh, for a heart to praise my God.—C. Wesley.

This is from the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1742), and founded on Ps. 51 : 10. There are eight stanzas.

The "holy Fletcher of Madeley" says of this hymn: "Here is undoubtedly an evangelical prayer for the love which restores the soul to a state of sinless rest and scriptural perfection."

Mr. Christophers tells of an old Congregational minister and his wife who had debated the question of "Christian perfection," and who finally made up their minds that, if it consisted in the ability to sing this hymn with the whole heart, they and the Methodists were not far asunder!

Oh, for a strong, a lasting faith.—Watts.

This is Hymn 60, L. M., of Dr. Watts's Book II. It has eight stanzas, and our present hymn commences with the sixth. The first line, as given by Dr. Watts, is, "Praise, everlasting praise, be paid." The title is, "The Truth of God the Promiser: or, the Promises are our Security."

Oh, for a shout of joy.—J. Young.

This hymn and another by the same author appeared in the *Baptist Church Psalmist* (American) in 1843. Nothing further is known.

Oh, for a shout of sacred joy.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 47, C.M., "Christ, Ascending and Reigning." It has six stanzas.

Oh, for a thousand tongues to sing.—C. Wesley.

The history of this hymn is memorable indeed. It is the first in the Methodist hymnal, and it well deserves its prominence. Charles Wesley wrote it to commemorate his own conversion, and it has been traced to its origin, and all the surrounding circumstances have been verified.

On Whit-Sunday, May 21st, 1738, Wesley was confined to his room in the house of Thomas Bray, a brazier of Little Britain, by an attack of pleurisy. In 1881 the exact location of Mr. Bray's house was ascertained. The account in Mr. Wesley's journal is as follows :

> "The Day of Pentecost.—Sunday, 21st of May, 1738. I waked in hope and expectation of His coming. At nine my brother and some friends came and sang a hymn to the Holy Ghost [probably written by his brother Samuel]. My hope and comfort were thereby increased. In about half an hour they went. I betook myself to prayer ; the substance as follows : 'O Jesus, Thou hast said, "I will come unto you ;" Thou hast said, "I will send the Comforter unto you ;" Thou hast said, "My Father and I will come unto you, and make our abode with you." Thou art God who canst not lie ; I wholly rely upon Thy most true promise : accomplish it in Thy time and manner.' Having said this, I was composing myself to sleep in quietness and peace, when I heard one come in and say : 'In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, arise, and believe, and thou shalt be healed of all thine infirmities.' The words struck me to the heart. I lay musing and trembling. With a strange palpitation of heart, I said; yet feared to say, 'I believe, I believe !'"

Mr. Bray told Mr. Wesley that his sister, Mrs. Turner, had been ordered by Christ to say those words to him. Other accounts relate that the reading of the *Life of Haliburton* had been the first incentive to this great change. The original hymn contained eighteen stanzas, and was composed on the anniversary of Wesley's conversion, namely, May 21st, 1739. In the same year it was published in *Hymns and Sacred Poems.*

Possibly the idea expressed in the first line came to the poet from his conversation with Peter Böhler, the pious Moravian. Speaking of praising Christ, the good man said : " Had I a thousand tongues, I would praise Him with them all !" Nor is this the only instance where this thought has been employed. It occurs in some of the German hymns, and in one by the Rev. H. F. Lyte.

The eccentric " Billy Dawson"—the Barnbow lay preacher—occasionally used hymns with startling effect. Once, when preaching upon " Death on the White Horse," he gave out these verses. When the eighth stanza was reached he cried out : " ' See '—what ?—' come and see ' —what ? I do not ask you to come and see the preacher, or to hear the voice of thunder, but to come and see yourselves—your sins—and your Saviour : ' See all your sins on Jesus laid.' " The effect was instantaneous.

OH, for that tenderness of heart.—C. WESLEY.

This is taken from the *Short Scripture Hymns*, 1762, and is based on II Kings 22 : 19–30. There are but two double stanzas.

OH, for the happy hour.—BETHUNE.

This hymn was composed by Dr. Bethune upon a scrap of loose paper, and while he was waiting for the audience to assemble for a devotional meeting. The date is in the neighborhood of 1843. The stanzas express the devout longing of the author's heart for a revival of religion.

George Washington Bethune was born in New York City, March 18th, 1805. His grandmother was the sainted Isabella Graham, and his father was Divie Bethune, a pious merchant of New York, who was born at Dingwall, Scotland. It is possible for me in these pages to print certain family documents for the first time ; and thus to show—what might be reasonably inferred—that so eminent a clergyman as Dr. Bethune never came to his high position without much antecedent prayer and consecration. In times like the present, when so much is made of heredity and environment, it may not be amiss to give some facts from the Christian side, which will go far to establish that " a good man leaveth an inheritance to children and to children's children."

In the diary of Divie Bethune, under the date, " Mount Ebenezer, March 18th, 1805," he has written :

" This day at noon my beloved wife " [Joanna Graham] " was safely delivered of a son. The midwife had not come out in time. Her covenant God was with her; her Deliverer and Saviour in the hour of trouble. Dear mother Graham was with Joanna. . . . . . O Lord, my God, how shall I praise thee for the mercies of this day. . . . Thou hast heard my Joanna and me, and hast been her Saviour in the hour of trouble. In tender mercy thou didst take to thyself the office of delivering her in safety. Thou art our trust. Blessed be the Lord for a living mother and a living child. O remember my request this morning! Receive my dedication of my son. Thou knowest what I have all along asked of God, that if he gave us a son that he might be sanctified from the womb and be made a faithful, honored and zealous minister of the everlasting Gospel. O let this son be chosen of thee to declare the unsearchable riches of Christ. Give to his dear mother and myself great wisdom for bringing him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. -1 Sam. 1 : 27, 28 (this I took 14th of March); 1 Sam. 1 : 23; Isa. 65 : 23, 24; Jer. 1 : 5." . . .

These and the following entries were copied by my father, Rev. George Duffield (Jr.), D.D., from the original manuscript now in Detroit, Mich. He adds: "Then, as usual, follow a number of verses, *currente calamo*, among which I find these lines:

'O may thy grace this blessing crown,
And we, great God, this infant see
A gospel-herald, blessed of thee. . . .
'The Holy Ghost his heart inflame
To preach with power in Jesus' name.'"

On the 24th of March, 1805, Mr. Bethune writes again:

"O let this son be thy chosen vessel to preach the Gospel of salvation. . . . May he be pious, zealous, humble, meek, powerful and blest."

Again: "Greenwich, 13th April, 1805: Bless our dear infant son. I trust thou hast sanctified him from the womb. To-morrow we intend to devote him to thee in baptism. As truly as the water is sprinkled on him, so truly may the blood of Jesus cleanse him from sin. As truly as he is baptized in the name of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost, one God, so truly may he receive the spirit of adoption and become at once an heir of eternal life. Prepare him for the office of the holy ministry. Hear me, and answer me, and glory be to thy holy name. Amen and amen. . . ."

"14th April. This P.M. my dear George was baptized by Mr. Forrest. I hope I can say that, with full heart, he was devoted to the Lord, by both his dear mother and myself.

"After sermon Mr. F. came home with us, and before he left us sang Ps. 45 : 3, 4, 5 and 16; read the first chapter of Jeremiah, and prayed fervently for our infant son and other children."

Then we reach a petition which is well worthy of preservation in this volume, if only for an encouragement to the somewhat demoralized opinions of Christian parents at the present day :

"O my God, thou hast seen my exercises this day, the strong simple faith . . . in thy promises which thou hast made me to fasten upon for my dear infant George, this day devoted to thee. Lord, honor this faith of thine own operation. . . . Instruct his mother and myself to instruct him. Direct to proper teachers. Teach the teachers to teach him, and bless their labors to him. Fortify his young heart against the temptations, the false pleasures, the alluring vanities, the contaminating examples, of an evil world. Endue him richly with spiritual gifts. Give him the learning of this world, and the divine wisdom to use his learning and his abilities for the noblest purposes ; the illustration of thy love, thy will, thy grace to sinners of mankind. . . . Make him a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. Give him a contented mind, a thankful heart. May he declare the whole counsel of God. And while he is faithful and sound in his doctrine, do thou grant him to be eloquent, animated, impressive, and acceptable. I ask all this, for thou art able to grant all I can ask. I ask it now, young as he is, knowing that thou art God. Life is thy gift. Life, spiritual and divine, is thy work in the soul of man. All the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit are thine to bestow. Power to make the preacher's word successful is of God. Thou canst guide through life, conduct through death, and minister an abundant entrance into glory. To whom then should I go? To whom then would I go? My God, unto thee, and to thee alone. Hear my supplications this day ; behold the promises I have taken :

"Isa. 44 : 3, 4, 5 ; 45 : 11 ; 65 : 23, 24 ; 59 : 21 ; Jer. 1 : 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and 12 ; 1 Sam. 1 : 27, 28 ; 3 : 4 ; Luke 5 : 10, 11 ; John 14 : 12, 13, 14, 16, 17 and 23 ; Ezek. 36 : 27 ; and 1 Sam. 1 : 23. Only the Lord establish his word ! Amen.

Him as thy herald, Lord, prepare
To teach redeeming love ;
That full of faith and zeal and prayer
He may thy servant prove."

Any one who reads this pathetic utterance is led to ask on what line of religious teaching Mr. Bethune had himself come up. It was that of Erskine and the "Marrow doctrine," that "God gave his son, Jesus, to *mankind-sinners as such*, that whosoever believeth on him should not perish but have everlasting life." The thought of this divine gift and calling runs through the entire prayer. A portion of this prayer is in Dr. Van Nest's life of Dr. Bethune, but neither that book nor any other except the manuscript pages will be found to contain the record of the strong crying and tears with which, when the boy became wayward and disobedient, his father entreated for him and with him.

"What a holy man Divie Bethune was," comments Dr. Duffield, "called, like Abraham, from Tobago, the 'worst island in the West Indies,' where he was destined for a planter; going out, not knowing whither he went; flying for his life as it were to New York; never forgetting the hole of the pit whence he was digged; and afterward sitting down between Lord Teignmouth (President of the British Bible Society) and William Wilberforce, in London, at the great anniversary of the parent society. He accounted it the happiest day of his life. At one time he offered his business for sale and determined to become a minister of the Gospel himself. But, instead of that, God made him one of the noblest Christian laymen on the continent, to write Isabella Graham's life, establish Orphan Asylums, Tract Societies, Bible Societies, Bethels, Sunday-schools. In his last illness I remember the children bringing a banner for him to see."

There is much from the diary of the same sort, but we dare not take space for it. On the 22d of December, 1822, he makes mention of the fact—and one can imagine how thankfully he does it—that on the last Wednesday, George had arrived from Carlisle and had shown such a genuine religious character as to have "delighted the hearts of his mother and myself."

We need not pursue the story more particularly. The revival had occurred in his son-in-law, Dr. Duffield's church at Carlisle. It had been long desired in Mr. Bethune's diary, and was a special object of prayer with him. One of the most touching incidents connected with it was the fact that, when he gave his heart to Christ, George Bethune did so unreservedly, and at once opened his lips in prayer for himself. Years afterward, in Florence, was found a prayer entered in the Greek Testament, which had been his life-long companion, and which is substantially the same as that which we find in the opening pages of each diary of his father. It runs thus: "Lord, pardon what I have been, sanctify what I am, and order what I shall be, that thine may be the glory, and mine the eternal salvation, through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Dr. Bethune, as we said, spent his early years in Carlisle, Pa., and was graduated at Dickinson College in 1823. He then studied at the Princeton Theological Seminary; was married in 1825, and was licensed to preach by the Second Presbytery of New York, July 11th, 1826. For a year he was a missionary to the colored people and sailors in Savannah, Ga., and then entered the ministry of the Reformed Dutch Church. He was settled at Rhinebeck, N. Y., 1827–30; Utica, 1830–34; First Church, Philadelphia, 1834–37; then in the Third Church, which he organized, and which is now extinct, 1837–49; Central Church, Brooklyn, 1849–50; Church on the Heights, which was organized for him, 1850–59; associate minister of Twenty-first Street Church, New York City, 1859–62. He then went abroad, and died in Florence, Italy, Sunday, April 27th, 1862.

Dr. Bethune's family name became extinct with himself; but his two sisters, Isabella and Jessie, married respectively, Rev. George Duffield, D.D., of Carlisle and Detroit, and Rev. Robert McCartee, D.D., of New York City. The dying charge of Mr. Bethune to his son and sons-in-law was: "My sons, preach the Gospel. Tell dying sinners of a Saviour. All the rest is but folly."

OH, for the peace which floweth as a river.—CREWDSON.

Mrs. Jane (Fox) Crewdson (born at Perran, Cornwall, October, 1809) was the wife of Thomas D. Crewdson, Esq., Manchester, England. Long an invalid, she died at Summerlands, near Manchester, September 14th, 1863, leaving behind her the memory of a beautiful life and many admirable verses. The present hymn gives the title to a book of her poems published posthumously (1864) in London and Manchester. On the title-page she is identified as the author of *Aunt Jane's Verses for Children*, *The Singer of Eisenach*, *Lays of the Reformation*, etc. Her little volume has passed through at least four editions.

"A little while" to wear the weeds of sadness,
To pace, with weary step, through miry ways;
Then—to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of praise.

"A little while," midst shadow and illusion,
To strive, by faith, love's mysteries to spell;
Then—read each dark enigma's bright solution;
Then—hail sight's verdict, "He doth all things well."

"A little while," the earthen pitcher taking
To wayside brooks, from far-off fountains fed;
Then the cool lip its thirst forever slaking
Beside the fulness of the Fountain-head.

The preface to the little book appears to be the composition of her husband or of some intimate friend. It says:

"The author's mind was singularly varied; she was thus qualified to meet the needs of others, and to lead them to the Source and Centre whence she derived her brightness in shadowy places, her cheerfulness in pain, and her unfailing 'joy and peace in believing.' It was her delight to minister to their spirit-wants out of her rich sympathies, *when here.* Perhaps she may still be admitted, through the medium of these pages, into fellowship with many a troubled heart; and may such, like her, find

'REST IN JESUS.'"

The hymn is based on John 16 : 8, and is familiar to many persons in consequence of Mr. Sankey's appropriate tune.

O GIFT of gifts, O grace of faith.—FABER.

Mrs. Prentiss writes in 1870 :

"I was greatly struck with these words yesterday : 'As for God, His way is perfect ;' think of reading the Bible through four times in one year, and nobody knows how many times since, and never resting on those words ! Somehow they charmed me. And these words have been ringing in my ears, 'Earth looks so little and so low.'" "Perhaps," she adds in another place, "I have already said to you, for I am fond of saying it,

'The love of Jesus, what it is
Only his *sufferers* know.'"

Faber's hymn commences, "O faith, thou workest miracles," and has eleven stanzas. He entitled it "Conversion." The date is 1840.

O GOD, beneath thy guiding hand.—BACON.

The Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., was born in Detroit, Mich.—then a mere fort and trading-post—February 19th, 1802. From the time of his graduation at Yale College in 1820, and at Andover Theological Seminary, he was identified with New Haven and the interests of the college and of the Congregational churches. His pastorate of the First Church, New Haven, began in 1825. In 1866 he became *pastor emeritus*, and from that date was more or less actively engaged in duties connected with the Theological Department of Yale College, instructing in Revealed Religion and lecturing on Church Polity and American Church History up to the date of his death, December 24th, 1881.

As one of the founders of *The Independent* and of the *New Englander;* as a great warrior in the days of the slavery discussion ; as an industrious, aggressive and energetic champion of liberty of every sort included under the doctrines of grace, he has been a unique figure in the United States. He is remembered as a controversialist, essayist and historian. As a public speaker his *forte* lay in the line of debate rather than of homiletics. And so unceasing were his vigorous challenges to public attention that he is in danger of oblivion with respect to less prominent themes, like his hymn-writing and his culture of hymnology and of the quieter duties of the pastorate. Two articles on his hymns appeared in *The Independent*, May, 1881, and an admirable biographical sketch by his son, Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon, D.D., in the *Century Magazine*, renders further notice superfluous.

The present piece was originally written for the Second Centennial of New Haven, April 25th, 1838, and was sung on that occasion "with little thought of its being used again before 1938." It is a great favorite in New England.

O God of Bethel, by whose hand.—Doddridge.

This hymn was written to follow a sermon on "Jacob's Vow," Gen. 28 : 20–22, preached January 16th, 1737. It is found in an altered form among Logan's *Poems*, 1781, and was also numbered among the *Scotch Paraphrases*. Perhaps, therefore, it was altered by Michael Bruce, who died in 1767. There are five stanzas, and the first begins :

> "O God of Bethel, by whose hand
> Thine Israel still is fed."

The ascription of this piece to Darracott, one of Dr. Doddridge's pupils, lacks evidence As for Logan's claim, the least said the better. A more utterly extirpated liar has never perished under the ban of judicious criticism.

A pathetic interest attaches to these verses from their association with the story of the heroic missionary, Dr. David Livingstone. His familiarity with the *Scotch Paraphrases* fixed this one in his memory, and it became the favorite hymn of his wanderings. To the words and music of it he was at length buried in Westminster Abbey, April 18th, 1874.

O God, the Rock of Ages.—E. H. Bickersteth.

This hymn was composed in 1862. It appears in *From Year to Year*, for the First Sunday after Christmas. Lessons : Isa. 35, 38 and 40 ; Gal. 4 : 1–8 ; Matt. 1 : 18. Based on Isa. 40 : 8. It has four double stanzas.

This is the Collect for the day :

Almighty God, who hast given us thy only begotten Son to take our nature upon him, and as at this time to be born of a pure virgin ; grant that we, being regenerate and made thy children by adoption and grace, may daily be renewed by thy Holy Spirit, through the same our Lord Jesus Christ, who liveth and reigneth with thee and the same Spirit, ever one God, world without end. *Amen.*

O God, thy power is wonderful.—Faber.

The present hymn is taken from the longer poem, entitled, " My Father," which is in twelve stanzas.

O God, we praise thee and confess.—N. Tate, *tr.* (?)

This hymn is a partial version of the *Te Deum*, for whose fuller history see the " Latin Hymn Writers and their Hymns." It is found in Tate and Brady's *Supplement*, 1703, and has been frequently assigned to Bishop John Patrick, author, in 1679, of the *Century of Select Psalms.* The difficulty with this designation is that the present does not closely enough resemble his version. It is now conjectured to be the work of Nahum Tate.

O happy band of pilgrims.—Neale, *tr.*

Dr. Neale has translated this hymn from the Greek of St. Joseph of the Studium in the *Hymns of the Eastern Church.* The Greek original is not given, and the version is probably from a cento.

O Holy Ghost, the Comforter.—Browne.

Mrs. Jane Euphemia (Browne) Saxby is the wife of Rev. Stephen Henry Saxby, vicar of East Clevedon, Somerset. He has written upon two as diverse subjects as the *Pew System of England* and the *Birds of Shetland*, and was a graduate of Caius College, Cambridge, in 1855. The lady who became his wife was the daughter of William Browne, of Tallantire Hall, Cumberland, and sister of Lady Teignmouth. She has printed her hymns in *The Dove on the Cross*, 1819 (sixth edition, 1857), and in *Hymns and Thoughts for the Sick and Lonely*, 1818 (second edition, 1850). The present hymn dates from 1819.

O Holy Ghost, thou Fount of light.—Caswall, *tr.*

This is a portion of Mr. Caswall's translation of the " *Qui procedis ab utroque*" of Adam of St. Victor, for whom see " The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." The hymn is formed by taking the third, eighth, tenth and thirteenth stanzas of the " Praises of the Paraclete," in Caswall's *Hymns and Poems*, 1873. The first line in the original is, " O inexhaustive Fount of light."

O HOLY, holy, holy Lord!—EASTBURN.

Rev. James Wallis Eastburn, the author of this hymn, was a young Episcopalian, who was born in New York City about the year 1797. He gave great promise of literary ability, and it was with his assistance that Robert G. Sands began the composition of *Yamoyden*. This was a "Tale of the Wars of King Philip," and Mr. Sands states that the earlier cantos were the joint production of himself and Mr. Eastburn. On his associate's death, he finished it, and it was issued in 1820.

Mr. Eastburn was ordained to the ministry in October, 1818, and removed to Onancock, Accomack County, Va., where tradition asserts that he wrote verses and discharged the duties of a missionary. In 1819 he began a version of the Psalms, but his health being feeble, he determined upon a voyage to Vera Cruz. Packing up the manuscript of this and other literary work, he sailed. But on the fourth day out he died, December 2d, 1819, leaving behind him his "unfulfilled renown." His body was buried in the sea. In the notes to *Yamoyden* Mr. Sands pays a handsome tribute to his talents; and, on the strength of this evidence of his poetical powers, Griswold has included him among the American poets. This hymn is first found in the collection prepared for the Protestant Episcopal Church, 1825.

O HOLY SPIRIT! now descend on me.—FORSYTH.

Miss Christina Forsyth, sixth daughter of Thomas and Jane Hamilton Forsyth, was born at Liverpool, 1825. From childhood she was of delicate constitution, and for years was confined to her room. Her piety was deep and fervent, and she bore acute suffering not only without complaint but "with unvarying cheerfulness." "She seemed to think always of others, and never of herself, and by the singular sweetness of her disposition she won the love of all who knew her." Her *Hymns by C. F.*, London, 1861, furnish the pieces which have been used. Miss Forsyth died at Hastings, March 18th, 1859. Her brothers, Rev. John Hamilton Forsyth, William Forsyth, Esq., Q. C., and Douglas Forsyth, Esq., C. B., have occupied posts of honor.

O HOW I love thy holy law!—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's rendering of Ps. 119, Fifth Part, C. M., "Delight in Scripture; or, the Word of God Dwelling in us."

Hillel Hinnasi, the greatest of the Jewish rabbis, was a proverb for his diligence in pursuit of knowledge. As he lacked the necessary funds to pay the fees of the college he once climbed up on the outer ledge of the window and there heard the lecture. It was snowing, but he did not heed the cold, and the students were made aware of his presence only when he had become insensible from chilliness and had fallen against the window in a way to darken it.

O HOW shall I receive thee.—RUSSELL, *tr.*

This is a paraphrase by Rev. A. T. Russell, from the "*Wie soll ich dich empfangen,*" of Paul Gerhardt, 1653. The German is in ten eight-line stanzas. The translation, though free as to language, is close to the spirit of the original, which has also been rendered by several other hands, notably by Dr. James W. Alexander, "Lord, how shall I be meeting," 1850.

O IF my soul were formed for woe.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts has this as Hymn 106, Book II., "Repentance at the Cross." It is in five stanzas. This must be carefully distinguished from the hymn by President Davies, included in *Gibbons's Collection*, 1769, and commencing: "O was my heart but formed for woe." That has eight stanzas, and its first stanza is

"O was my heart but formed for woe,
What streams of pitying tears should flow,
To see the thoughtless sons of men
Labor and toil and live in vain!"

O JESUS CHRIST, if sin there be.—CASWALL.

This is one of Mr. Caswall's original hymns, with the title, "Ingratitude." It is found in *Original Hymns and Meditative Pieces*, among the *Hymns and Poems*, 1873. It begins, "If there be any special thing," etc. There are six stanzas of four lines each.

O JESUS CHRIST, the righteous.—STONE, *altered.*

Rev. Samuel John Stone, born at Whitmore rectory, Staffordshire, April 25th, 1839, graduated from Pembroke College, Oxford, in 1862, was licensed as deacon in 1862, and ordained as priest in 1863, and took his M.A. degree in 1872. He has been curate of Windsor, 1862–70, and curate of St. Paul, Haggerston, 1870–74. In the latter year he became vicar of St. Paul, Haggerston (diocese of London). He is the author of the *Lyra Fidelium*, of *The Knight of Intercession, and Other Poems* (fifth edition, 1881), and of the *Thanksgiving Hymn*, 1872; and *Sonnets of the Sacred Year*, 1875. This "Thanksgiving Hymn" was sung at St. Paul's, on the occasion of the recovery of the present Prince of Wales from a dangerous illness. The present piece is altered from the original form.

O JESUS! King most wonderful.—CASWALL, *tr.*

This is a part of the same hymn as "Jesus, the very thought of thee," 1849.

O JESUS, our salvation.—HAMILTON.

Rev. James Hamilton, M.A. (*not* the distinguished Presbyterian clergyman) was born at Ellendollar, Scotland, April 18th, 1819; educated at Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and entered the ministry of the Church of England, 1845. He was vicar of Doulting, Somersetshire, 1867. He wrote "O Jesu! Lord most merciful," 1862 (the present piece), to Hanler's Chorale—printed in the *People's Hymnal*, 1867.

O JESUS, sweet the tears.—R. PALMER.

This hymn is based on Gal. 2 : 20, and was written in New York City, 1867. It was the expression of Dr. Palmer's feeling at the time. He states that he has never been in the habit of writing such verses "to order," or in any routine or conventional way.

O JESUS, thou art standing.—HOW.

This hymn may be profitably compared with Joseph Grigg's "Behold a Stranger at the door." Rev. James King predicts that this hymn, by Bishop W. W. How, will become classic.

There is a wonderful picture by Holman Hunt, called "The Light of the World," which represents the Saviour knocking at the door, in illustration of the passage in the Song of Solomon (Chap. 5 : 2). He stands with bowed head, listening. Across the door vines have grown: it has been long since it was unclosed. He holds in his hand a lantern from which the rays fall on some fruit which has dropped ungathered. His back is toward the light of the rising moon.

O JESUS, we adore thee.—RUSSELL.

In *Hymns and Songs of Praise* this piece is ascribed to Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell, 1851.

O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high.—T. R. BIRKS.

Rev. Thomas Rawson Birks was born September, 1810, and was graduated from Trinity College, Cambridge, of which he became a Fellow in 1834, taking his M.A. degree in 1837. He secured the Seatonian Prize in 1843 and 1844; and was rector of Kelshall, Hertfordshire, 1844–66. In the latter year he was promoted to be vicar of Holy Trinity, Cambridge, where he continued until 1877. He is also recorded as an honorary canon of Ely cathedral (1871), and as Knightsbridge Professor of Moral Philosophy (1872). He has been a voluminous author, especially on prophecy. On Friday, July 20th, 1883, he died at his home in Cambridge.

O LAMB of God, that tak'st away.—FAUSSETT.

Mrs. H. ("Alessie Bond") Faussett is the wife of Rev. Henry Faussett, perpetual curate of Edenderry, Omagh, Ireland, in the diocese of Derry, 1872, and rural dean of Newtownstewart. She contributed several pieces to *Lyra Hibernica* (second edition, 1879), and to the *Church Hymnal* (Dublin, 1881).

O LAND relieved from sorrow.—S. W. DUFFIELD.

This is an original hymn, composed in 1875 under circumstances peculiarly calculated to draw the thought to things above. It has existed in manuscript, unpublished, until the preparation of *Laudes Domini* called it out. The first draft of the hymn is on two crumpled pieces of paper which have been several times cast aside and nearly destroyed; but they have mysteriously reappeared, even from the depths of waste-paper baskets and the wild confusion of disintegrated material! The refrain really produced the hymn. Perhaps it grew up, primarily, from the rhythm of Bernard of Cluny, which Mr. Duffield has always loved, and the canto from which he rendered, in its original metre, in 1868. The "Heimweh"—the heavenly longing—has many hymns beside this, which express it.

Samuel [Augustus] Willoughby Duffield—he usually omits the second name—was born in Brooklyn, Long Island, N. Y., September 24th, 1843. His education was received in Philadelphia, and at Yale College, whence he was graduated in the class of 1863. In 1866 he entered the ministry, and is at present the pastor of the Westminster Presbyterian church, Bloomfield, N. J.

O LORD, how full of sweet content.—COWPER, *tr*.

This is Cowper's translation of a hymn by Madame Jeanne Marie Bouvieres (de la Mothe) Guyon. The original was composed—as Upham, her biographer, thinks—in 1681, when she was about thirty-four years of age. She was born at Montargis, April 13th, 1648, and educated in a convent. At sixteen she married Monsieur Guyon, who was more than twenty years her senior. Her married life was a constant series of trials. She was annoyed by her mother-in-law; one of her children died at four years of age; she lost her own beauty by an attack of smallpox when she was but twenty-two, and her husband died when they had been twelve years married. From these calamities came a deep spiritual experience worthy to cause her to be ranked with the greatest mystics of whom we have any record. Dr. Vaughan and Upham have done her character and abilities—as well as her piety—full justice. Her friendship with Fénelon was a tragic portion of her sad history.

At the date when this hymn is supposed to have been written she had quitted Paris for Gex, near Geneva. Her sons were left behind her to be educated. Her daughter and a servant accompanied her. The concluding stanza of the hymn—though it may be regarded as rather an anti-climax and unworthy to be placed with the others—is a good illustration of her feelings:

> **"My country, Lord, art thou alone,—**
> **No other can I claim or own!**
> **The point where all my wishes meet,**
> **My law, my love,—life's only sweet!"**

At Gex her works of benevolence and her pure piety prepared the way for that strangely spiritual career which finally conducted her to the Bastile, owing to the persecutions of the Roman Catholic Church. She was a Quietist, and her verses show it.

The story of the translation is quite as pathetic as that of the hymn itself. Rev. William Bull, of Newport Pagnel, not far from Olney, had desired for some time to engage Cowper's mind in some congenial occupation. It seemed to him—most fortunately!—that the verses of Madame Guyon would furnish employment to this phosphorescent and flickering brain. The proof of his correctness is to be found in this hymn and in others which Cowper selected and rendered into his elegant stanzas.

The volume (a copy of which is in the library of Union Theological Seminary) is but a small one, and its dedication tells how it came to be. This reads: "To the Rev. William Bull, these translations of a few of the Spiritual Songs of the excellent

Madame Guyon, made at his express desire, are dedicated by his affectionate friend and servant, William Cowper. —July, 1782."

The present hymn commences, "O thou by long experience tried." It has nine stanzas, and is *Vol. II.*, *Cantique* 108, of Madame Guyon's *Works.* The original is expressed in the singular number: "To *me* remains," etc.

The accomplished and pious lady died at last in peace at Diziers, June 9th, 1717.

William Cowper—*not* "Rev.," for he had no right to the title as a mere lay-preacher—was born at Great Berkhampstead, November 15th, 1731. His father, Rev. John Cowper, D.D., was the rector of that parish, and chaplain to George II. The poet came of good lineage, being descended on his mother's side, by four different lines, from Henry III. This lady's name was Anne Donne, and she died in 1737, when her son was but six years old. The particulars of Cowper's life are so essentially a part of English literature that we do not attempt more than the meagerest outline of them, grouping such incidents as seem appropriate under their separate hymns.

Lady Hesketh was Cowper's own cousin, being the daughter of Ashley Cowper, the poet's uncle. His aunt Judith married Colonel Martin Madan, whose son, Rev. Martin Madan, was thus another cousin.

We need not follow him through his irregular studies at the law and his "giggling and making giggle," during this unpleasant confinement. He was admitted to the bar June 14th, 1754, and his father died two years later. He then began to drift, being Commissioner of Bankrupts, 1759, and reading clerk to the House of Lords in 1763. About this period his melancholy asserted itself, and he made some attempts at suicide. December 7th, 1763, he was placed in an asylum at St. Albans, where he stayed for nearly two years.

Thence he came to Huntingdon to be near his brother John, and there met his especial friend, Rev. Morley Unwin. Mr. Unwin died suddenly in 1767, and at Rev. John Newton's advice the widow, with her son and daughter, removed to Olney. Cowper went with them. Their house was next door to Mr. Newton's, and the eventful poetic years, from 1767 to 1786, were passed in this quiet retreat.

Rev. John Cowper died in 1770, and Cowper wrote an account of his last illness, which Newton transcribed from his original manuscript, and a copy of which now lies before us. It is pathetic enough ; showing the love the poet bore his brother, and the simple and earnest efforts he put forth for his conversion. John was plainly renewed in heart, and said, in reference to his old conventional ideas and his new sense of spiritual religion : "I wish myself at Olney ; you have a good river there, better than all the rivers of Damascus."

The dying man, in his turn, faithfully dealt with Cowper's despondent nature, and lamented that when he had seen him in his morbid state of gloom he had not been able to help him. "When Mr. Madan came," he added, "*he* succeeded in a moment." And then he spoke, and with the fervor of the dying, about the futility of moralizing over people as he had done in his own parish. It was the Gospel which they wanted, and not warning or reproof alone. In his last hours he told Cowper he was "as happy as a king"—a contrast, indeed, to the darkness which later fell on the very man who had led him to Christ.

The marked events of the poet's life henceforward are Newton's removal to London in 1779 ; Rev. William Bull's suggestion, in 1782, that he should translate some of Madame Guyon's hymns from the French ; the presence of Lady Austen at Olney in 1781, and her suggestion of *The Task* in 1783, and the death of Mrs. Unwin in 1796. During these years he was in great darkness, from 1772 to 1779, in which year the *Olney Hymns*, with his previous contributions to their pages, were at last sent to the printer by Mr. Newton. It was, perhaps, at or about this date that the affecting "Fragment of a Hymn," "To Jesus the Crown of my hope," was written.

In 1792 the old indications of insanity had begun to reappear. By 1794 they were sadly and strongly re-established. When Mrs. Unwin removed, in 1795, to Norfolk, Eng., he again went with her at the urgency of friends. She seems to have combined sister and mother in her relations to him, and had utterly declined the thought of marriage.

The latest known composition from his pen is "The Castaway" (March, 1799), which was founded on an incident in Lord Anson's *Voyages*. Dropsy supervened upon the diseased condition of his system, and he died, April 25th, 1800. To all comforting expressions uttered to him in his last sickness he invariably replied: "You know it is false. Spare me, spare me!" He finally fell into a stupor, and passed peacefully away.

There is much of resemblance between Cowper and Charles Lamb. Under different conditions Cowper's humor would have been of that same "pawky," suddenly-original kind. Witness "John Gilpin" and these words (in "Elia's" very vein) about Mr. Bull, whom he describes as:

> "A dissenter, but a liberal one; a man of letters *and* of genius; master of a fine imagination, or rather not master of it; an imagination which, when he finds himself in the company he loves and can confide in, runs away with him into such fields of speculation as amuse and enliven every other imagination that has the happiness to be of the party. . . . Such a man is Mr. Bull; but—he smokes tobacco—nothing is perfect."

O Lord, thy work revive.—P. H. Brown, *altered.*

The text of this hymn is said to have been altered with Mrs. Brown's consent and approval. She desired that the altered form, as found in Dr. Nason's *Congregational Hymn-Book*, 1857, should be retained henceforward.

O Lord most high, eternal King.—Neale, *tr.*

This is the *Æterne Rex altissime* of Ambrose of Milan. The rendering is really by the compilers of *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, 1861, but is *based* on Dr. Neale's version.

O Lord of heaven, and earth, and sea.—C. Wordsworth.

Bishop Wordsworth's hymns are all dated from his *Holy Year* (first edition, 1862; second edition, 1863; and another, 1865). This is an offertory hymn, and there is an incident in the Talmud which very happily acts as a commentary to it:

> The Rabbi Tarphon was rich, but he was also very penurious. One day the Rabbi Akiba asked him: "Shall I invest some money for thee in a most profitable manner?" Now the Rabbi Akiba was reputed to be an extremely sagacious person, and it was an honor to have him make such an offer. Therefore the Rabbi Tarphon placed in his hands the sum of four thousand gold dinars. This money Rabbi Akiba quietly gave away to the poor, soon after he received it. Presently Rabbi Tarphon bethought him to inquire where the property was situated in which his gold dinars were invested. So he asked Rabbi Akiba. The wise man took

him to the school, and there called up one of the pupils, who recited for them the 112th Psalm. When the lad reached the verse which reads: "He hath dispersed, he hath given to the poor, his righteousness endureth forever"—"There!" said Akiba, "thy treasure is with David, the King of Israel, who hath spoken this truth." And when Rabbi Tarphon, in anger, cried out: "Why did you not tell me this? I could have distributed my property quite as well as you;" then Rabbi Akiba made reply: "Because it is a greater virtue to induce others to give than to give one's self."

O Lord, turn not thy face away.—Marckant. (?)

This is possibly by John Marckant, author of *Verses to Divers Good Purposes*, 1580. The reputed authorship of John Mardley is measurably given up. The hymn was appended to the first edition of Sternhold and Hopkins's *Psalms*, 1562, and a copy in the British Museum, dated 1565, has "Markant" instead of the usual "M." The alterations are by Bishop Heber. Their character and extent can only be estimated by a comparison with the original. Marckant is probably the "M." who translated Ps. 131 and 132 for the *Old Version*. It is not *absolutely* certain, of course, that the authorship is given correctly, for Sir Egerton Brydges and Mr. E. Farr have favored John Mardley, and as specialists they hold a high rank.

O Lord, we now the path retrace.—Deck.

This is James George Deck's hymn, "O Lord, when we the path retrace." It has six stanzas.

The author was the eldest son of John Deck, Esq., of Bury St. Edmunds, and was born in 1802. In 1829 he was in the army and stationed at Bangalore, India. By 1835 his health had failed, and he returned to England. He then became regularly identified with the Plymouth Brethren (founded by J. N. Darby), and ministered to their congregation at Wellington, Somersetshire. Next he resided at Weymouth, and about 1852 he emigrated to New Zealand. It was Mr. Deck who, in 1845, called public attention to the *Agapemenon* of Prince—a unique heresy which is fully displayed in Hepworth Dixon's *Spiritual Wives*.

O Lord, who by thy presence hast made light.—Massie, *tr.*

Mr. Richard Massie is the son of Mr. Richard Massie, and comes of an old family in Cheshire, England. Our author's mother was a Miss Townsend, and he is the eldest of a family of twenty-two children. He was born June 18th, 1800, and spent his childhood at Chester, where his father was settled from 1803 to 1832 over St. Brides' parish.

Mr. Massie is a gentleman of wealth and leisure, having a residence at Pulford Hall, Coddington, Cheshire, and another at Wrexham, Denbighshire, Wales. He has given considerable attention to literature, and published in 1854 a translation of *Martin Luther's Spiritual Songs*, and in 1860 the *Lyra Domestica: Translated from the Psaltery and Harp of C. J. P. Spitta.* This last collection contains several hymns, beside the present piece, which have come into general use.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share.—HOLMES.

It is a real surprise to find the *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* in the list of hymn-writers. But the two hymns which he has given us are among our most acceptable and admirable Christian lyrics. What they may lack in fervor they make up in poetry—a feature in hymns which cannot safely be despised, however much some of the earlier hymnists did despise it. The date of the present piece, by the way, is 1848, and it was published in the *Professor at the Breakfast Table* [*Atlantic Monthly*, November, 1859].

Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., was born in Cambridge, Mass., August 29th, 1809—his father, Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., LL.D., being at that time pastor of the First Congregational church. He was graduated from Harvard College in 1829, and having studied medicine at home and abroad, took his medical degree at Harvard in 1836. In 1838 he was Professor of Anatomy and Physiology at Dartmouth, and in 1847 was invited to the same chair at Harvard —a position which he held (and filled) until 1882, when he became *emeritus* and took a new and remarkable lease of literary life, which has not yet expired.

O LOVE, how deep! how broad, how high.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is a translation of the hymn, "*O Amor qui exstaticus*"—whose Latin text is dated between the fifteenth and seventeenth centuries, and is found in L. C. Biggs's *Annotations to Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, No. 143. It was first contributed to the *Hymnal Noted*, 1856.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee.—W. GLADDEN.

The Rev. Washington Gladden is better known as a pastor and journalist than as a poet or hymn-writer. He was born February 11th, 1836, at Pittsgrove, Pa., and received his education at Williams College, whence he was graduated in 1859. He then took a theological course, and entered the ministry of the Congregational Church.

He has been a pastor in Springfield, Mass., an editor of the *New York Independent;* the editor of *Sunday Afternoon*, a magazine which was merged into another publication after his departure from it; and is now (1886) the pastor of a Congregational church in Columbus, O.

The present piece was written for "The Still Hour" in *Sunday Afternoon*—a corner which was filled with devotional reading. It appeared in March, 1879, in three eight-line stanzas. The first and last of these constitute the hymn. The omitted stanza is too fine to be forgotten. We give it from the author's manuscript:

"O Master, let me walk with Thee
Before the taunting Pharisee;
Help me to bear the sting of spite,
The hate of men who hide thy light,
The sore distrust of souls sincere
Who cannot read thy judgments clear,
The dulness of the multitude,
Who dimly guess that thou art good."

Mr. Gladden himself says: "These lines were, of course, not adapted to the purposes of worship. I had no thought of making a hymn when I wrote the verses." The Rev. C. H. Richards is entitled to the credit of having first seen their fitness for the pages of a hymnal.

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem.

According to the latest and best researches this hymn is the more modern form of

"Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee."

OH, not my own these verdant hills.—S. F. SMITH.

The date given by Dr. Smith is 1860. There is no particular incident attached to its composition.

OH, not to fill the mouth of fame.—GILL.

This is taken from *The Golden Chain of Praise*, with the motto, "O Lord, truly I am thy servant," and the title is, "The True Servant." There are six stanzas. It was contributed to *Dawson's Collection*, 1853—which is the *nidus* of Mr. Gill's hymns.

When it is said in the Scriptures that the Hebrew slave who loves his bondage shall have his ear bored through and fastened to the door-post, the Rabbis expounded this to mean that he had heard from Sinai that he was to be God's servant and not the servant of man. If, therefore, he preferred to serve man rather than God, he should take the consequences and be liable to sale as a bondsman, who would not allow himself to be made free.

O PARADISE! O Paradise.—FABER.

This exquisite lyric is from a poem of seven stanzas, entitled "Paradise." It is one of the very loveliest things that Faber wrote, and is inseparably connected with Barnby's equally beautiful tune. The date is about 1854.

There is in this and in almost all the hymns of heaven, what the Germans know as *Heimweh*—longing for home. One catches this in the strain of Bernard of Morlaix, and in the verses of Peter Damiani. It fills the sad song of the captive "F. B. P." as he composes his "Mother dear, Jerusalem." It is felt in the hymns of Kosegarten, and of Richard Rolle, the "hermit of Hampole." Whoever sings this song, whether he be Hildebert or Neale, is uttering in his soul the cry, "O God, if I were there!" One of the finest of these strains we catch from James Craig (1682–1744):

"O'er to the new Jerusalem,
Where I with Christ may dwell,
And ever hear his own dear lips
His own dear story tell.

"Where in his presence I shall find,
The beauty I desire,
And the sweet glories of his face
Eternally admire."

OH, render thanks to God above.—TATE AND BRADY.

This is Tate and Brady's version of Psalm 106. The forty eight verses of the Psalm are brought into four parts—the first having forty-four lines, the second, thirty-six, the third, thirty-six, and the fourth, thirty-six. The hymn is usually formed from the earlier portion of the first part, though another stanza is sometimes taken from the close of the Psalm.

For some reason, which it is hard to imagine, Charles Wesley, in his *Poetical Version of the Psalms* (1743 ?), has included this as the rendering of Ps. 136. It is certainly *not* of his own composition, for it is in Tate and Brady's *New Version*, 1696, as we have just said. But its presence amid other paraphrases, which are presumably by Wesley, casts a curious doubt on Mr. Fish's "discovery," and on one or two hymns assigned to Wesley in consequence of it.

The history of Wesley's version of the Psalms is thus made uncertain and peculiar. The work was discovered in the well-known handwriting of Charles Wesley among the archives of a certain English college, and published in 1854 by Henry Fish, its finder. He may tell his own story from the page now open before us.

> "To those who ask, as some have done, 'Where has this manuscript been sleeping so long, and what was its pillow?' we answer, The shelves of a college; but what college shall be nameless, although the binding of the manuscript clearly indicates from whence it came. From the archives of that college, along with duplicates of books, this manuscript found its way into the London market; and it is believed that neither the vendors nor the buyer knew what it was. It was under these circumstances that the editor met with it, and he at once recognized the handwriting, and was happy to gain possession of so valuable a treasure. He has always viewed this event as providential, as it might have fallen into other hands ignorant of the fact that it was the work of Charles Wesley; and thus it might have been lost to the Church and to the world and to all generations."

The volume contains Wesley's translations, lacking about twenty-four, of the entire number of Psalms. The manuscript from which it is printed bears the book-plate of "Selina, Countess Dowager of Huntingdon"—which, of course, makes the date of her ownership later than 1746, and between that and 1790.

The date 1743 has been assigned to other pieces which are included in this manuscript. One is the version of Ps. 150,

"Praise the Lord who reigns above,
And keeps his court below."

Another is Ps. 131,

"Lord, if thou thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart," etc.

O Rock of Ages, one foundation.—Martin.

Rev. Henry Arthur Martin appears as the author of four hymns in Sir Arthur Sullivan's *Church Hymns* (S. P. C. K.—1881). They are:

"Sound aloud Jehovah's praises,"
"The Heavenly King must come,"
"O Rock of ages, one foundation,"
"Lord of the frost-bound Winter."

Our present hymn is based on Matt. 16 : 18, and is dedicated to St. Peter. It has five stanzas.

The author is vicar of Laxton, and resides at Newark-on-Trent. He was graduated at Christ Church College, Oxford, in 1855, and received his M.A. degree in 1857, being made deacon in 1856 and priest in 1857. His parish is "Laxton with Moorhouse," in the diocese of Lincoln, to which he came in 1858, having previously been curate of Hallow, Worcestershire, from 1856 to 1858.

Among the odd and singular things which are unearthed in these hymnological inquiries of ours is the fact that this minister's stipend is about $1300 (£261), and that he has "four acres of glebe and a house." This is spread broadcast to the world in an official publication.

O SACRED head, now wounded.—J. W. ALEXANDER.

Paul Gerhardt, 1656, took this hymn from the Latin of St. Bernard of Clairvaulx, and made it immensely popular by his translation: "*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.*" Dr. Alexander's version (dated 1829) is the translation of a translation. The present portion commences, in the Latin, "*Salve caput cruentatum.*" Like some other renderings from the German, this piece was contributed by its author to the *Deutsche Kirchenfreund* of Dr. Philip Schaff, 1849. From this it passed into general use. The Latin hymn is fully treated in the "Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

James Waddell Alexander was the eldest son of Rev. Dr. Archibald Alexander, D.D., born at Hopewell, Louisa County, Va., March 13th, 1804; graduated at Princeton College, 1820, and settled first in Charlotte County, Va., over a Presbyterian church. Thence he went to Trenton, and to the Professorship of Rhetoric and Belles-Lettres at Princeton. In 1844 he became pastor of the Duane Street Presbyterian church, New York City, returning to Princeton Seminary in 1849 as Professor of Ecclesiastical History and Church Government. In 1851 he was called to the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian church, and died at Sweet Springs, Va., July 31st, 1859.

He wrote and published several books, of which his *Thoughts on Preaching* has had the greatest success. His *Forty Years' Familiar Letters* were published in 1860, New York, in two volumes.

O SAVIOUR, precious Saviour.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This is in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 49, with the title, "Our King.—Ps. 45 : 11." It has four stanzas. Miss Havergal's poetical compositions were singularly dependent upon her moods. In 1868 she writes: "I have not had a single poem come to me for some time, till last night, when one shot into my mind. All my best have come in that way." The date is 1870.

O SAVIOUR, where shall guilty man.—C. E. MAY.

There is no record of this writer on which we are able to rely. It is probable that the name is that of a lady, as it does not appear in the university catalogues nor in the clerical lists. The hymn itself was contributed to the *Choral Hymn-Book* of Dr. P. Maurice, London, 1861.

The author, however, is *not* Miss Caroline May, whose *Hymns on the Collects* (New York, 1872) does not contain it, and who has personally assured us that it is not her composition, nor does she know who "C. E. May" is. Miss May was born at Croyden, England, about 1820. She has been an esteemed teacher at Pelham Manor, Westchester County, N.Y., for many years, and still resides there. Her hymns, contributed to the *Observer* and other periodicals, are meditative rather than lyrical. Miss May published her *Poems* in 1865, and has compiled a volume of *Treasured Thoughts from Favorite Authors* and one upon the *American Female Poets*. Her verses are characterized by correctness and piety, and it is somewhat remarkable that they have not been utilized in collections. But they are not really "hymns."

O SAVIOUR, who didst come.—OSLER.

Edward Osler, M.D., was born at Falmouth, January, 1798, and died at Truro, March 7th, 1863.

Dr. Osler contributed fifty hymns to the collection prepared by Rev. William John Hall (1836), and on his return to his native country he edited the Truro *Royal Cornwall Gazette* up to the date of his death.

Of the man himself we are told that he was "educated under the roof of a Dissenting minister," and studied medicine with Dr. Carvosso, of Falmouth, completing his course at Guy's Hospital, London. In 1819 he became house surgeon of Swansea Infirmary, and practised medicine in the town for six years. He wrote a treatise also for the Linnæan Society on *Burrowing and Boring Marine Animals.* At the age of twenty-seven he left Swansea for London, took a voyage to the West Indies (1830), and published, a little later, several other works. He returned to Cornwall in 1841. Some of his hymns accompany his writings on *Dissent*, and *The Church and King;* and others are in the *Mitre Hymn-Book* (Mr. Hall's collection).

Oh, see how Jesus trusts himself.—Faber.

This hymn is taken from "True Love," a poem in twenty-three stanzas, commencing, "Think well how Jesus trusts himself." The remainder of the poem runs into sentimentality and mawkishness, and is very far below these noble verses.

Oh, still in accents sweet and strong.—S. Longfellow.

This appears in the *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864, where it has four stanzas.

Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above.—R. Palmer.

Dr. Palmer, by a strange mischance, did not include this piece among his collected poems. It was written in the winter of 1842–3, at a time of revival. At the previous communion several had been received under circumstances that made Doddridge's hymn, "O happy day that fixed my choice," a most appropriate selection. Not caring to repeat it, and needing something similar, Dr. Palmer composed the present hymn. It was first published in *Parish Hymns* (Rev. S. C. Brace's collection), 1843.

Oh, that the Lord's salvation.—Lyte.

This is Mr. Lyte's version of Ps. 14, in four stanzas. It appeared in the *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834.

Oh, that the Lord would guide my ways.—Watts.

This is Dr. Isaac Watts's version of the 119th Psalm, the Eleventh Part, C. M. It consists of six stanzas, and is entitled, "Breathing after Holiness."

Oh, the sweet wonders of that cross.—Watts.

This is from the *Hymns*, Book III., No. 10 ["Nature with open volume stands," etc.] "Christ Crucified, the Wisdom and Power of God." There are six stanzas. The final stanza in *Laudes Domini* is a doxology which is taken from the *Baptist Hymn and Tune Book*, Philadelphia.

O thou essential Word.—Winkworth, *tr.*

This hymn is found in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, 1855, in six stanzas, from the German of Laurentius Laurenti, 1700. It is a hymn for Christmas Day, and begins, "*Du wesentliches Wort*," being based on John 1 : 1–14. It is really intended for the day of St. John the Evangelist, and Miss Winkworth in her translation omits verses 3 and 5, the original having eight stanzas in all.

Laurenti was precentor of the cathedral at Bremen. He was born June 8th, 1660, at Husum, in the duchy of Holstein, where his father was a citizen of repute. As he showed musical talent, his father, also a lover of music, planned for him a musical education. He therefore studied at Kiel, and in 1684 became precentor and choirmaster at Bremen. His hymns are generally adapted to the festivals of the Church. One of the best is, "Rejoice, rejoice, believers."

Laurenti died at Bremen, May 29th, 1722, and had published in 1700 one hundred and forty-eight hymns under the title, *Evangelica Melodica.*

O THOU from whom all goodness flows.—T. HAWEIS.

This hymn first appeared in Mr. Haweis's *Carmina Christo,* 1792, in six stanzas, with the text Neh. 13 : 31.

Henry Martyn twice refers to this sacred song in connection with some of his deepest experiences in the missionary work. August 23d, 1811, he speaks of the Moollah Aga Mohammed Hassan, a "very sensible, candid man," who "has nothing to find fault with in Christianity except the Divinity of Christ."

"It is this doctrine," adds Martyn, "which exposes me to the contempt of the learned Mohammedans, in whom it is difficult to say whether pride or ignorance predominates. Their sneers are more difficult to bear than the brickbats which the boys sometimes throw at me; however, both are an honor of which I am not worthy. How many times in the day have I occasion to repeat the words,

'If on my face, for thy dear name,
Shame and reproaches be;
All hail, reproach, and welcome, shame,
If thou remember me.'"

On the 12th of June, 1812, the scene is repeated. One of the Viziers (it is in Persia) says to him: "You had better say, 'God is God, and Mohammed is the prophet of God!'" Martyn replied: "God is God, and Jesus is the Son of God." They were fiercely enraged, and cried out in wrath and contempt, and one said: "What will you say when your tongue is burnt out for this blasphemy?" "Thus," continues Martyn, "I walked away alone to my tent, to pass the rest of the day in heat and dirt. 'What have I done,' thought I, 'to merit all this scorn? Nothing, I trust, but bearing testimony to Jesus.' I thought over these things in prayer, and found that peace which Christ hath promised to his disciples: 'If on my face, for thy dear name,' etc.

"To complete the trials of the day, a message came from the Vizier in the evening, to say that it was the custom of the king not to see any Englishman, unless presented by the ambassador, or accredited by a letter from him; and that I must therefore wait till the king reached Sultania, where the ambassador would be."

October 16th of the same year (1812), Mr. Martyn died at Tocat of a malignant fever. His final entry in his diary is of October 6th. "No horses being to be had I had an unexpected repose. I sat in the orchard and thought, with sweet comfort and peace, of my God; in solitude, my company, my friend and comforter. Oh, when shall time give place to eternity!"

The story of the "Maiden Martyr of Scotland," drowned in the Solway, and singing this hymn to the last, is a gross anachronism.

Mr. John B. Gough writes as follows about his father:

"During a retreat of the English army, when closely pursued by Marshal Soult, about the year 1809, my father, then about thirty years of age, was a soldier in the Fifty-second Light Infantry. He had been slightly wounded in the chest, and though his wound was not considered fatal, it was painful and irritating. The army had suffered fearfully from exposure, famine, and the heavy fatigues of an active campaign. I well remember my father saying to me: 'John, you will never know what hunger is till you feel the two sides of your stomach grinding together.' In that campaign men, mad with hunger, fought like wolves over the half-decayed hoof of a bullock; and often, when one of these poor animals, overcome with weakness and starvation, was staggering as if about to fall, the ready knife was applied to the throat, and the fainting soldiers, eagerly catching the blood in their hands, and hardly waiting for it to congeal, made it take the place of food. In this retreat the Fifty-second Regiment became—to use the American term—demoralized; and, while they staggered on, my father threw himself out of the ranks, under the shadow of a large rock, to die; he could go no farther. Lying there he took from his inner pocket a hymn-book (which I have to-day with all the marks of its seventy years upon it), and began to read the hymn in which is the verse,

'When in the solemn hour of death
I own thy just decree,
Be this the prayer of my last breath:
O Lord, remember me.'

"He must die—it seemed inevitable—though far from home, in a strange land. He was a Christian, and endeavored to prepare himself for the change. Suddenly a large bird of prey, with a red neck growing out of a ruffle of feathers, came swooping along, almost brushing my father's body with its wings; and then circling up, it alighted on the poin' of rock, and turned its blood-red eye on its intended victim.

"As my father saw that horrible thing watching and waiting to tear him in pieces even before life was extinct, it so filled him with horror and disgust that he cried: 'I cannot endure this; it is too terrible. When I am unable to drive that fearful thing away it will be tearing my flesh. I cannot endure it!' He rose to his feet and fell, then crawled and struggled away, till at length he crept into a poor hut, found safety, and soon after joined his regiment. Though he was very, very ill after that frightful episode, he recovered, and died in 1871, at the remarkable age of ninety-four years."

It is very plain that God did remember him, and sent this sharp horror to arouse and hasten his effort to escape from death.

O THOU God, who hearest prayer.—CONDER.

This hymn was caused by a serious accident which befell Mr. Conder, owing to a fall from his horse in 1836. Left to lie on his bed in pain and anxiety over his affairs, he wrote these verses. And yet Conder once said concerning certain subjective hymns: "On reading a hymn nobody inquires why it was written or attributes the feelings it depicts to the poet's actual, or, at any rate, present, experience." Times have surely changed since then!

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men.—PARKER.

There is no more noticeable name, either for ability or for independence, among American Unitarians than that of Theodore Parker. He was born in Lexington, Mass., August 24th, 1810, the youngest child of eleven. His ancestors fought in the Revolutionary War, where his grandfather commanded a company at the battle of Lexington, April 19th, 1775. The young Theodore was brought up in the workshop and in the field, and what education he obtained was at the district school. At seventeen he had advanced to the position of a teacher, and having entered Harvard College, in 1830, he remained at home, carrying on his studies in regular course; adding other branches that were not taught; supporting himself by giving private lessons, and going to Cambridge now and then to pass his examinations. This prevented him from taking his degree of B.A. with the class, but he received his M.A. in 1840. He was graduated from the Divinity School after two years of study, and then preached in various parts of Massachusetts. His ordination to the pastorate of the Unitarian church in West Roxbury occurred June 21st, 1837.

Here he experienced a great change in his theological views, and his published discourses, 1841–43, mark the trend of his thought. In 1843 he went to Germany, and on his return in 1844 he was urged to become the minister of a New Society formed in Boston. To this he consented, and was installed as pastor, January 4th, 1859. His congregation had no house of worship, but met first in the Melodeon and then in the Music Hall. The audiences were always large, and Mr. Parker not merely held them together, but lectured before lyceums in various parts of the country, and took an active share in the Abolition movement, and whatever partook of the nature of reform. An attack of hemorrhage from the lungs finally compelled him to seek Vera Cruz, in January, 1859, and thence to visit Europe, where he spent some time in Switzerland. He then stayed the winter of 1860 in Rome, and repairing to Florence, in April, found himself much enfeebled and died there, May 10th, 1860. He was buried in the cemetery outside the walls.

Biographies of Theodore Parker have been written by Rev. John Weiss and Rev. O. B. Frothingham. His vigorous and incisive style left a deep impression upon the generation which grew up under his ministry—an impression which it is not easy to efface. It is related of him that while he denied anything like Godhead to our Lord Jesus Christ, he was fond of keeping a bust of the Saviour upon his desk. And certainly the language of this hymn has a pathetic power when we remember who wrote it and how much he "hoped ever for the perfect day."

The hymn is really a sonnet. No date can be assigned to it with certainty. It is taken from Dr. Frothingham's *Life of Theodore Parker.*

O THOU, my soul, forget no more.—MARSHMAN, *tr.*

The first Hindoo convert to Christianity was Krishna Pal. Dr. John Thomas had labored from 1783 to 1800 with no success, when at last this man's heart was gained. Dr. Thomas had been reinforced by the more famous Baptist missionaries, William Carey and Joshua Marshman, and it is this Dr. Marshman who translated Krishna Pal's hymn from its original Bengalee. This first convert became a successful evangelist among his countrymen, and wrote several hymns which were very popular. He was a carpenter, of about thirty-five years of age, and while at his work he broke his arm. Dr. Thomas was called upon to set it, which he did, and then took occasion to preach the Gospel to the crowd. Krishna's gratitude led him to listen to an invitation to return and visit the Mission. He not only did this, but brought his wife and daughter, and on the 22d of December, 1800, he and his brother, Goluk, renounced their caste and sat down at table with the missionaries. This created a wild storm of rage, under which Goluk and the two women became intimidated, but Krishna persisted, and was baptized in the Ganges by Dr. Carey, in the presence of the Governor of India and many Hindoos and Mohammedans. Carey then addressed the multitude, pointing out that this was only a ceremony, and that none but Christ could save from sin. That evening, December 28th, the Lord's Supper was celebrated for the first time in Bengalee.

This hymn is peculiarly adapted to the communion, and for more than twenty years its author continued steadfast in the faith. He died of cholera in 1822. Mr. Butterworth, in his *Story of the Hymns*, has taken pains to secure these particulars from Baptist papers and magazines, and merits the honor due to his work.

Dr. Marshman was one of the translators of the Bible, and he prepared dictionaries of the Mahratta and Bengalee languages, and afterward rendered the New Testament into Chinese. He was born in Wiltshire, England, April 20th, 1768, and landed at Serampore in 1799, where he died December 5th, 1837. During the last years of his life—indeed, from 1826—he was at variance with the Baptist Missionary Society upon matters of polity. The Serampore Mission had been secured by the personal devotion and gifts of the missionaries, and they naturally objected to transferring the title of it to the society. When it is remembered that they had given fifty thousand pounds to the work, as well as sacrificed their own lives in it, there is at least room for question whether they were not justified in some of their views. But when Carey died, in 1834, and Marshman was left alone, the shock was ultimately fatal. The survivor of this deep friendship was a broken man from that moment, and died three years later. At the last his mind perceptibly failed. In his final hours he forgot his English, and used the language of his adopted land, talking and praying in Bengalee. One of his daughters married General Havelock.

O THOU that hearest prayer.—JOHN BURTON, JR.

We must distinguish this John Burton (known as "John Burton, Jr.") from "John Burton of Nottingham," who wrote "Holy Bible, book divine," and "Time is winging us away."

The present hymn is the production of John Burton, of Stratford, Essex, where he was born July 23d, 1803. The particulars of his life have been collected by Dr. Rogers in *Lyra Britannica*, to which he contributed "Jesus, our Lord! to thee we raise," etc. The father was a cooper and basket-maker, and the son followed his father's calling. When his father died in 1840 he became successor to his business.

Mr. Burton was brought up in a Christian home, his parents being members of the Congregational Church. From his childhood he himself appears to have displayed a devout piety which was greatly deepened by a painful illness. From his fifteenth to his twenty-fifth year he was in constant suffering, and nearly always in a helpless condition. His education was what he gained before he was thirteen, and such as he had increased by subsequent study. His facility in verse-writing enabled him to publish many pieces in the magazines.

The first of these appeared in 1822. The present hymn dates from 1824, when it saw the light in the *Baptist Magazine*, London. One of his works (*Christian Devotedness*) was written in the course of three winters, "mostly before day," and is a curious proof of its own title.

We have no record of his death. His days have been spent in quietness. English hymnody has songs which come from the tuft of grass as well as from the tall forest.

O THOU whom we adore.—C. WESLEY.

In the year 1782 Mr. Wesley published a tract of forty-seven pages, in two parts, entitled *Hymns for the Nation*, in which this piece appears.

"This work," says Mr. Creamer, "is not mentioned in the Life of Charles Wesley, but its contents were doubtless the production of his pen, having particular reference to the condition of the country at the time, England then being at war with her 'rebellious' transatlantic colonies. One hymn only from this tract, entitled 'On the American War,' has been inserted in the English and American hymn-books:

> 'Saviour, whom our hearts adore,
> To bless our earth again,
> Now assume thy royal power,
> And o'er the nations reign.'"

O THOU, the contrite sinner's friend.—C. ELLIOTT.

In the *Collection* of Rev. Henry Venn Elliott (first edition, 1833) this hymn first appeared publicly—and there by a printer's error it was attributed to Wesley. This mistake relentlessly pursued the piece into other collections, and lasted for some time, as such things usually do. Error is gyroscopic, and has great "persistency in the plane of rotation." The date has hitherto been variable, ranging in the different collections from 1834 to 1845.

O THOU whose bounty fills my cup.—CREWDSON.

This hymn is in *Lyra Britannica*, 1868, but not in the collection of Mrs. Crewdson's poems which is entitled *The Little While.* It bears the inscription, "Bless the Lord at all times."

O THOU, whose own vast temple stands.—BRYANT.

This hymn was written for the dedication of a church in Prince Street, New York City, which was afterward destroyed by fire. It begins, in *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith*, "Thou, whose unmeasured temple stands." The changed form appears in Sewall's (Unitarian) *Collection* (revised edition, 1845). There are four stanzas.

O THOU whose tender mercy hears.—STEELE.

The title given in the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, is "Absence from God." There are six stanzas.

OH, turn ye, oh, turn ye.—HOPKINS.

Josiah Hopkins, D.D., was born in Pittsford, Vt., April 18th, 1786, and united with the Congregational church in that place January 13th, 1803. His degree of M.A., in 1813 (presumably), and of D.D. in 1843 (certainly), came from Middlebury College. He was twice married; first to Miss Orril Dike, of Pittsford, in 1808; and afterward to Lavinia Fenton, of Rutland, Vt. He had one daughter, and his wife survived him. His ministerial life began in New England, after his graduation at Auburn Theological Seminary, and he was ordained pastor at New Haven, Vt., June 14th, 1809. From this New Haven he appears to have gone to the New Haven in Connecticut, where he labored from 1809 to 1830. Next we find him in the First church (Presbyterian) of Auburn, N. Y., from 1830 to 1846. Subsequently he preached in different places in the vicinity and at Seneca Falls, from 1851 to 1855. In 1847 he published the *Christian Instructor*. He was a trustee of Auburn Theological Seminary from 1831 to 1846, and his death occurred June 21st, 1862, at Geneva, N. Y., where he was a patient in the Water Cure, under treatment for asthma.

The hymn is in Dr. Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, Vol. I., 1830, in six stanzas.

OH, what, if we are Christ's—BAKER.

The date of this hymn, by Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, is 1852, and it is based on Rom. 8 : 18, and II Cor. 4 : 17, with I Pet. 6, 7.

"OH, what shall be, oh, when shall be."

["OH, glorious King, oh, happy state," etc.]—S. W. DUFFIELD, *tr.*

Together these pieces form the translation of the "*O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata*" of Peter Abelard, which was composed about the year 1134. Abelard was at that time abbot of St. Gildas, where the monks did their worst to poison him. He sent this, with other hymns, to Heloise, who was then abbess of the Paraclete. For the complete history of its recovery and identification the reader is referred to "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

This translation was made in the alcoves of the Astor Library, New York, in 1883. In examining the hymns prepared by Abelard for Heloise and her nuns, this struck the translator's eye, and he at once rendered it into English. Some months later an inquiry was made for this particular Latin hymn through the columns of the *New York Tribune*. Mr. Duffield responded by giving its history and publishing this version, which was then taken entire by Dr. Robinson for *Laudes Domini*.

O WHAT stupendous mercy shines.—GIBBONS.

To Dr. Thomas Gibbons we owe the *Memoirs of Dr. Watts* (1780), and the accounts of his life show him to have been a man of fine spirit and godly character, who numbered among his friends Lady Huntingdon and Dr. Samuel Johnson. He died quite suddenly of apoplexy, February 22d, 1785.

OH, what the joy and the glory must be.—NEALE, *tr.*

The original of this translation is now identified, by the present writer, as the work of the brilliant and unfortunate Abelard. It begins, "*O quanta qualia sunt illa Sabbata,*" and another rendering is, "Oh, what shall be, oh, when shall be," etc. Dr. Neale made his translation from the imperfect Latin text found in Mone, while Mr. Duffield used that in Migne's *Patrologia.*

OH, where are kings and empires now.—COXE.

This hymn, which is found in Bishop Coxe's *Christian Ballads,* and was first printed in *The Churchman* in 1839, is one of his best compositions. It has ten double stanzas, and in its abridged form it has certainly, on one occasion at least, vindicated its genuine power as a sacred lyric. It was when the General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance was convened in New York City, 1873. An eye-witness has described the scene and placed his account at our disposal:

"It was at the time," he writes, "when so much had been said about the 'prayer test,' and when we scarcely knew whether the faith of the Church might not have been shaken for the moment by the universal storm of scepticism. President Woolsey was giving the opening address. After referring to the prevalent scepticism, he looked up with that peculiar twinkle of the eye which we all recollect—at once expressive of denial and satisfaction—and repeated the first stanza of Bishop Coxe's hymn:

'Oh, where are kings and empires now,
Of old that went and came?—
But, Lord! thy Church is praying *yet,*
A thousand years the same!'

"For a moment there was silence. In another moment the full significance of the reference had flashed on every mind, and the response was instantaneous and universal. Shouts, waving of handkerchiefs from the ladies, clapping of hands, stamping of feet—I never knew anything like it. Round after round continued, until the storm of applause ended in a burst of grateful tears. No one doubted that the Church still believed in prayer, and that the tempest had passed without the loss of a sail!"

OH, where shall rest be found?—MONTGOMERY.

This is a hymn of true experience, in writing which Montgomery established his claim to a high rank among hymnists. It first appeared in 1819, and is revised and corrected in the *Original Hymns,* 1853, where it has the title, "The Issues of Life and Death." The text of Scripture is Heb. 4 : 9–11.

O WORD of God incarnate.—How.

Rev. William Walsham How, D.D., the present bishop of Bedford, is the son of William Wybergh How, Esq., of Shrewsbury, and was born in that town, December 13th, 1823. He was educated at Wadham College, Oxford, and was graduated in 1845, and received his M.A. degree in 1847. Then he entered the ministry, being curate of St. George's, Kidderminster, in 1846, and of Holy Cross, Shrewsbury, in 1848. Next he became rector of Whittington, Shropshire, in 1851, and in 1853 was appointed rural dean of Oswestry. He was honorary canon of St. Asaph's cathedral in 1860, and proctor of the diocese in 1869, becoming at about the same date one of the select preachers to the University of Oxford. In 1878 we find him as examining chaplain to the Bishop of Lichfield, and in 1879 the rector of St. Andrew Undershaft, with St. Mary Axe, in London; and also a prebend of St. Paul's.

Having been allotted successively to these very diversified ecclesiastical duties, he deserved the attention of the Crown as a man worthy of preferment; and in July, 1879, the queen appointed him to his present dignity.

OH, worship the King, all glorious above.—GRANT.

This is the eleventh of the twelve hymns of Sir R. Grant, posthumously published. The date is 1839, and it has six stanzas.

O ZION! tune thy voice.—DODDRIDGE.

Dr. Doddridge has numbered this as 118 in his volume, and given it the title, "The Glory of the Church in the Latter Day." A quaint foot-note to the word "spheres" in the closing line reads thus: "Spheres—orbs or paths, in which the stars move."

O'ER the gloomy hills of darkness.—W. WILLIAMS.

William Williams was called the "Watts of Wales." His *Hosannah* was published in 1759, and in it we find this hymn. The notable fact respecting the verses before us is that they are long antecedent to the great missionary societies, and hence are the real parent and source of those excellent missionary hymns which afterward crowded the pages of religious periodicals, and to which we have been able to add so few of any worth.

It may assist some other searcher if the hymns by Williams in the Countess of Huntingdon's *Collection*, 1788, are recorded here. They are, beside the present hymn,

"Jesus is all my hope."
"Jesus, whose almighty sceptre."
"Lord, let my spirit dwell."

OF the Father's love begotten.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is Dr. John Mason Neale's translation of the ancient hymn, "*Corde natus e parentis*," by Aurelius Prudentius Clemens, the first Christian poet, for whom see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." That Christ is the *Alpha* and *Omega* requires the exercise of our supreme faith. And yet in one sense the demand is not so great as we are sometimes given to suppose.

A student once asked the celebrated teacher Hillel why he should be expected to believe the oral as well as the written law. For answer Hillel wrote the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet on a tablet and said: "What is that?" The youth replied, "Aleph," and the sage continued: "And this one next?" Then as the student answered: "Beth," the teacher turned upon him suddenly with the demand: "How do you know that this is *Aleph* and that is *Beth?*" Of course the only reply was: "Because our instructors taught us so." And then said Hillel: "As thou hast accepted these in good faith, so accept the law."

ON Jordan's banks the Baptist's cry.—CHANDLER, *tr.*

This translation by John Chandler dates from 1837, and represents a Latin hymn by Charles Coffin, of Rheims, one of the main contributors to the Paris Breviary. It is the "*Jordanis oras prævia.*"

ON Jordan's rugged banks I stand.—S. STENNETT.

This is the famous hymn of Rev. Dr. Samuel Stennett. He was born in Exeter, in 1727, and his father, ten years later, became pastor of the Baptist church in Little Wild Street, London. With this church young Stennett united. Subsequently he was his father's assistant, and at length (1758) his successor. In this pastorate he continued until his death, August 24th, 1795. He was an eminent scholar, received his D.D. from King's College, Aberdeen in 1763; and has been somewhat noted as the friend of the reigning king, George III. Like his grandfather, he resisted all efforts to advance him to a higher place, and bravely endeavored to secure the repeal of the Test and Corporation Acts—which only occurred after his time, in 1828.

John Howard, the philanthropist, admired his writings—his style being clear and forcible as well as elegant. Altogether he composed about thirty-nine hymns, five of which (including this) were contributed to *Rippon's Selection*, 1787. The present hymn is no doubt an unintentional copy of Dr. Watts's "There is a land of pure delight." It has seven stanzas. "Rugged" is put for "stormy" in the first line, according to that dictate of modern taste, which calls for truth as well as poetry in such sacred verses.

On mountains and in valleys.—*Tr.* Dutch.

This hymn, with this assignment, is in the *English Presbyterian Collection*, 1867. *Cetera desunt.*

On our way rejoicing.—Monsell.

We find this in Mr. Monsell's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, in four double stanzas. The title is, "A Song of Joy," and the text is Acts 8 : 39.

On the fount of life eternal.—Caswall, *tr.*

The "*Ad perennis vitæ fontem*" of Cardinal Peter Damiani. The Latin hymn, based on Augustine, is the *most melodious* of all the mediæval Church songs. Mrs. Charles has admirably rendered it. Mr. Caswall's version is in twenty stanzas.

On the mountain's top appearing.—Kelly.

This hymn is in Mr. Kelly's first edition, 1804, and is in four stanzas, being based on Isa. 52 : 7.

On the 20th of September, 1839, Dr. Grant reached Mosul, in his missionary expedition to the Nestorians. The pasha of Mosul promised to protect him to the border of their country, but called them "mountain infidels," and said that they acknowledged no authority but their own. Accordingly Dr. Grant slowly climbed the mountain, and when he attained the summit he found the view "indescribably grand." Literally he stood on the mountain top as the herald of salvation to those people who dwelt below. Never were the words of a hymn more applicable than at that time. He writes :

> "The country of the independent Nestorians opened before my enraptured vision like a vast amphitheatre of wild, precipitous mountains, broken with deep, dark-looking defiles and narrow glens, into few of which the eye could penetrate so far as to gain a distinct view of the

cheerful, smiling villages which have long been the secure abodes of the main body of the Nestorian Church. Here was the home of a hundred thousand Christians, around whom the arm of Omnipotence had reared the adamantine ramparts whose lofty, snow-capped summits seemed to blend with the skies in the distant horizon. Here, in their munitions of rocks, God has preserved, as if for some great end in the economy of his grace, a chosen remnant of his ancient Church, secure from the beast and the false prophet, safe from the flames of persecution and the clangor of war."

The first person Dr. Grant met in the village was a young man whom he had cured of blindness a year previous. This fact opened the door to him at once, and the further history of the Nestorians is well known.

ON this day, the first of days.—BAKER, *tr.*

This is a translation by Rev. Sir Henry W. Baker, of the "*Die parente temporum*," from the Breviary of Le Mans. It was made in 1860, for *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and has seven stanzas in all. This has been mentioned as the earliest, and perhaps the only version of the Latin original into English. It is interesting to compare with this another similar hymn, that of Gregory the Great, "*Primo die, quo Trinitas*," in an admirable version found in Christophers' *Hymn Writers*, p. 207.

ON thy Church, O power divine.—AUBER.

We have here Miss Harriet Auber's version of Ps. 67. It is from *The Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829, and is in two stanzas.

ONCE I thought my mountain strong.—NEWTON.

Whoever looks for this in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, will not recognize it under the line, "Saviour, shine, and cheer my soul." It is called "The Change," with a reference to Book II., Hymn 34, "Though the morn may be serene," and Book III., Hymn 86, "Now may the Lord reveal his face." It has six six-line stanzas. The present hymn commences with the third. It is Book I., Hymn 44.

ONCE in royal David's city.—MRS. C. F. ALEXANDER.

This simple and beautiful hymn, written for children, is one of the best loved compositions of its author, the wife of the bishop of Derry. It has six stanzas, and is taken from the *Hymns for Little Children*, 1848, a work which vies with those of Dr. Watts and

Jane Taylor in its great popularity. Over a quarter of a million copies had been sold in 1868.

ONCE more, before we part.—HART.

This hymn is in Hart's *Supplement*, 1762. It has two stanzas and is written for the dismission of a congregation at the close of service. It has a very practical, although it may be called also a very prosaic, termination :

> " Go on to seek to know the Lord,
> *And practice what you know.*"

ONCE more, my soul, the rising day.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts has this among his Hymns, Book II., No. 6, with the title, " A Morning Song." It is in six stanzas.

It is odd for us to be able to annotate this hymn from the altogether irreligious pages of Philip Gilbert Hamerton. After speaking of the advantage of early rising upon the mental and moral fibre, he says :

> " The feeling of freshness, cleanliness, and moderate exhilaration will last for several hours, and during those hours the intellectual work will probably be both lively and reasonable. It is difficult for a man who feels cheerful and refreshed, and whose task seems easy and light, to write anything morbid or perverse. . . . Men"—and how significant to a religious mind is this addition !—" men who have the inestimable advantage of absolute tranquillity, at all times, do well to work in the morning, but those who can only get tranquillity at times independent of their own choice have a strong reason for working at those times, whether they happen to be in the morning or not."

ONE cup of healing oil and wine.—DRUMMOND.

William Hamilton Drummond was born at Larne, County Antrim, Ireland, August, 1778. He early lost his father—who was a physician, and died of a contagious fever—so that his training was entirely due to his mother's energy and intellect. She seems to have been a superior person, and her son, though at first destined for commerce, inclined toward scholarship and theology. After receiving his education at the University of Glasgow, he was licensed to preach and ordained as pastor of the Second Presbyterian church in Belfast, at the age of twenty-one. In 1816 he was transferred to the Strand Street chapel, Dublin ; and in that city he died, October 16th, 1865, in his eighty-sixth year. He wrote a number of poems, which are smoothly versified, and have some merit.

That is but coarse and wicked pretension, and not benevolence, which bestows its alms openly and in an ostentatious manner. Well might Rabbi Janay say to one who was giving charity in a public place: "Thou hadst better not have given at all, than to have bestowed alms so openly and put the poor man to shame."

The same doctrine is beautifully illustrated in the words of the "Vision of Sir Launfal":

"Who gives himself, with his alms, feeds three,
Himself, his hungering neighbor, and Me."

ONE is kind above all others.—MISS NUNN.

The first line is altered, to distinguish this hymn from Newton's piece, "One there is above all others." Miss Marianne Nunn was born in Colchester, 1779, and died unmarried in 1847. The hymn appeared on this side of the water in Dr. Leavitt's *Christian Lyre*, 1830, to which it came by the agency of a friend resident in Great Britain. The melody is given with it, but differs from "Caritas" in *Laudes Domini*, and from the well-known setting in *Gospel Hymns* by Mr. H. P. Main. Dr. Leavitt judiciously varied the first line, and printed it, "There's a friend above all others."

The Welsh air is known as "*Ar hyd y nos*," and the hymn was first published in the collection of Miss Nunn's brother, Rev. John Nunn, about 1813.

ONE sole baptismal sign.—GEORGE ROBINSON.

This hymn has been traced to Leifchild's *Original Hymns*, 1842, where it has six stanzas. It has been altered from its first form, and the author has not been identified. The text Eph. 4 : 5 seems to belong with it. There are several persons of this name who have possible claims to the hymn. We must, however, exclude Rev. George Wade Robinson, born at Cork, Ireland, in 1838, and who died at Southampton, January 23d, 1877. He is the author of a beautiful hymn in three six-line stanzas, in *Lyra Hibernica*, "Weary with my load of sin."

ONE sweetly solemn thought.—PHŒBE CARY.

Miss Phœbe Cary, a younger sister of the more celebrated Alice Cary (born 1820), was born in the Miami Valley, Ohio, September 4th, 1824. At the age of seventeen she wrote this hymn.

She published, jointly with her sister, a volume of poems in 1850. Encouraged by their success the sisters came to New York City in 1852, and there sustained themselves by literary work of various kinds. What this encouragement amounted to, in actual money value, can be learned from Phœbe Cary's own statement, in 1849, that the publisher was to give them one hundred dollars for their initial volume.

The memoir of the sisters, prepared by their friend, Mary Clemmer Ames, affords glimpses of their delightful home in Twentieth Street, saddened, however, by the chronic illness of Alice, who finally died before her sister. In the summer of 1871, Phœbe went to Newport, R. I., and

> "There," says her biographer, "without an instant's warning, her death-throe came. She knew it. Throwing up her arms in instinctive fright, this loving, believing, but timid soul, who had never stood alone in all her mortal life, as she felt herself drifting out into the unknown, the eternal—starting on the awful passage from whence there is no return—cried, in a low and piercing voice: 'O God, have mercy on my soul!' and died" (July 31st, 1871).

It is a matter of thankfulness that we have from her own pen the information we seek as to the origin of this hymn, and also that she was aware of the story which we append and which greatly cheered her. She wrote in the last year of her life:

> "I inclose the hymn and the story for you, not because I am vain of the notice, but because I thought you would feel a peculiar interest in them when you knew the hymn was written eighteen years ago (1852), in your house. I composed it in the little back third-story bedroom, one Sunday morning, after coming from church; and it makes me happy to think that any word I could say has done a little good in the world."

Col. [Rev.] Russell H. Conwell, of Boston, received a letter after Miss Cary's death from the old man referred to in the story. In it he declares that he has became a "hard-working Christian," while "Harry" has utterly renounced gambling and kindred vices.

The story—for which we are indebted to the personal observation and account of Colonel Conwell—is as follows:

> "In Macao, China, not far from Hong Kong, the principal occupation of the inhabitants is gaming. Here, on a certain occasion, a traveller found a company of gamblers in a back room on the upper floor of a hotel. At the table nearest him there was an American, about twenty-five years old, playing with an old man. They had been betting and drinking. While the gray-haired man was shuffling the cards for 'a new

deal,' the young man in a swaggering, careless way, sang, to a very pathetic tune, a verse of Phœbe Cary's beautiful hymn, 'One sweetly solemn thought.' Hearing the singing, several gamblers looked up in surprise. The old man, who was dealing the cards, put on a look of melancholy, stopped for a moment, gazed steadfastly at his partner in the game, and dashed the pack upon the floor under the table. Then said he, 'Where did you learn that tune?' The young man pretended that he did not know that he had been singing. 'Well, no matter,' said the old man, 'I've played my last game, and that's the end of it. The cards may lie there till doomsday, and I will never pick them up.' The old man having won money from the young man—about one hundred dollars—took it out of his pocket, and handing it to the latter, said: 'Here, Harry, is your money; take it and do good with it; I shall with mine.' As the traveller followed them down-stairs, he saw them conversing by the doorway, and overheard enough to know that the older man was saying something about the song which the young man had sung. It had, perhaps, been learned at a mother's knee, or in a Sunday-school, and may have been the means of saving these gamblers, and of aiding others through their influence toward that nobler life which alone is worth the living."

As certain questions have arisen respecting Miss Cary's belief, it may be as well to add that she was at first a member of the Church of the Pilgrims (New York City), under the pastorate of Rev. George B. Cheever, D.D. After his removal to New Jersey she attended the Church of the Strangers (Dr. Deems), in the old edifice of the Mercer Street (Presbyterian) church. For this congregation she prepared, in co-operation with Dr. Deems, a volume of hymns, 1869, which is still in use, and has been lately reprinted. This of itself, from the nature of its contents, is a sufficient reply to all questions concerning the lady's "orthodoxy." The present writer, as he turns page after page of such a book—for it is now before him in its first edition—grows increasingly grateful that the hymns which the Christian Church willingly adopts must be, and always will be, *Christian* hymns.

ONE there is above all others.—NEWTON.

This hymn is in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, Book I., No. 53, in six stanzas. It is based on Prov. 18 . 24. Portions of the original are bald and prosaic, but by the omission of the third and fifth stanzas the true unity of the piece has been preserved. We must distinguish this from Miss Nunn's hymn, which is often entered under the same first line.—See Mrs. Stowe's "Oldtown Folks."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers.—BARING-GOULD.

This is eminently a Sunday-school marching hymn. Let us join with it the incident at Magdeburg when the cruel Tilly sacked the town. The school children, in hopes to avert his wrath, marched across the public square, singing. It enraged him so that he put them all to death, and the chronicles tell us that from that moment victory and good fortune left him, and a sullen despair settled down upon him, so that he never smiled again.

The Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould composed this piece in 1865, and it first appeared in the *Church Times* (Episcopalian). The author is a clergyman of the Church of England, and has written *Curious Myths of the Middle Ages* and many similar works of research and value, including a condensation in several volumes of the vast *Acta Sanctorum* of the Bollandists, under the title of *Lives of the Saints*. This is his only successful hymn, though he has written others which are excellent.

He was born at Exeter, England, January 28th, 1834, and is the eldest son of Edward Baring-Gould, of Lew-Trenchard, Devon, which has been the family seat for three hundred years, and where our author now resides. He was graduated at Clare College, Oxford, as M.A. in 1856, and became incumbent of Dalton, 1869. The Crown appointed him, in 1871, rector of East Mersea, Colchester, and in 1872, on the death of his father, he succeeded to the property. In 1881 he also obtained the rectory of Lew-Trenchard. The variety of his attainments is shown by his publication of *Zitta: A Black Forest Romance*, in German, in 1882, and, a year later, in English.

ONWARD, Christian, though the region.—S. JOHNSON.

This hymn first appeared in the *Book of Hymns*, 1846, prepared by the author and Rev. S. Longfellow. It has six stanzas, and commences, "Onward, onward, though the region."

ONWARD, onward, men of heaven.—SIGOURNEY.

There are three double stanzas to this piece by Mrs. Sigourney, and the date is 1833. The Scripture text is Mark 16 : 15.

OPEN now thy gates of beauty.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

Miss Catherine Winkworth has given us this fine translation from the German of Rev. Benjamin Schmolke (1672–1737). It begins, "*Thut mir auf die schöne Pforte.*" It was first printed in 1734, and has seven stanzas. The title indicates that it was designed to be a communion hymn.

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed.—AUBER.

Miss Harriet Auber was born in London, October 4th, 1773, and died in her eighty-fourth year at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, January 20th, 1862. Her principal work was *The Spirit of the Psalms; or, a Compressed Version of the Psalms of David*, London, 1829. This must not be confused with Lyte's volume bearing a similar title, which appeared in 1834. Miss Auber's collection includes other poems than those original with herself. In some cases the names of the authors are given. In others, certain well-known hymns are suffered to stand without comment. All the rest are her own. She lived quietly, and in a retired way, but wrote much poetry, and it is believed that a great many of her productions are still unpublished. Her intimate friendship with Miss Mary Jane McKenzie continued for years, and until Miss McKenzie's death. Not long afterward she also died, and the memory of herself and her sisters is cherished affectionately in the neighborhood of Broxbourne and Hoddesdon, and among a large circle of friends and relatives.

OUR country's voice is pleading.—MRS. ANDERSON.

A Home Mission Hymn by Mrs. Maria Frances Anderson, daughter of Thomas F. Hill, Esq., of Exeter, England, and wife of Rev. George W. Anderson, D.D., of the Am. Baptist Pub. Society, Philadelphia. It was written in 1848 for the *Baptist Harp*, Philadelphia, 1849, with four double stanzas. The author was born in Paris, France, January 30th, 1819.

OUR Father, hear our longing prayer.—GEORGE MACDONALD.

George MacDonald, the novelist and poet, was born at Huntly, Aberdeenshire, December 10th, 1824. He was educated at King's College, and afterward at Highbury College, which he entered with a view to the ministry of the Congregational or Independent Church. There being some difficulty respecting his doctrinal belief he officiated for a time and then retired, though he has always preached as he has had the opportunity. He subsequently joined the Church of England, and has been ordained in that body as deacon and priest. He is best known by his writings, which are principally in the line of fiction. In *David Elginbrod* he has sketched his own early struggles, and in *Alec Forbes* he gives glimpses of his boyhood. It is in his Scotch stories that he is at his best, not in his more metaphysical books, or his poetry. He has really created the religious novel, but his stories for children are worthy of almost equally high commendation. He has made literature a profession, and has lived at Hammersmith, near London, being prominent as a writer since 1862. He was placed on the civil list for a pension of £100, not long ago, and the catalogue of his works is already extensive and valuable. In his volume on the *Miracles of the New Testament*, there are many most admirable and beautiful suggestions. Dr. MacDonald (he is LL. D.) was not entered in the ecclesiastical lists of the English clergy as late as 1884.

OUR Father ! through the coming year.—W. GASKELL.

This hymn is the composition of Rev. William Gaskell, an English Unitarian clergyman, whose wife—the author of *Mary Barton* and other works of fiction—is well known to students of literature. He was born at Latchford, near Warrington, 1805, and died, June 11th, 1884, in his seventy-ninth year. He is the possible author of a fine version of the hymn of Luther, "*Ein' feste Burg*," which is credited to him by Prescott, though it appears in Miss Winkworth's *Lyra Germanica* with no name attached. Miss W. certainly made another rendering, "A sure stronghold our God is he," for this commences, "God is our stronghold, firm and sure."

OUR God, our help in ages past.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 90. First Part, C. M., "vv. 1–5, Man frail, and God eternal." It has nine stanzas.

OUR Helper, God ! we bless thy name.—DODDRIDGE.

This, in Doddridge's hymns, commences, "My Helper, God ! I bless his name." It is designed for the New Year, and is entitled "Ebenezer ; or, God's Helping Hand, Reviewed and Acknowledged.—1 Sam. 7 : 12."

OUR Lord is risen from the dead.—C. WESLEY.

This is found in the *Psalms and Hymns*, 1741. The date is sometimes given as 1739.

Our sins, our sorrows, Lord, were laid on thee.--Eddis.

Mr. Edward Wilton Eddis is a member of that singular society called the "Irvingites" or "Catholic Apostolic Church." He is the same person who made a translation of the φῶς ιλαρὸν in *Church Hymns*, commencing, "O Brightness of the Eternal Father's face." This line of literary labor is quite natural to a man who affiliates with an organization so liturgical and elaborate as the Catholic Apostolic Church. They believe in a ritual which runs back to the ancient Greek, and "they are, upon the whole, the highest of High Churchmen." In Mrs. Oliphant's *Life of Edward Irving*, the incipiency of this movement (1835) is narrated. As late as 1856 the principles of the sect were so earnestly aggressive that a single individual offered $500,000 to plant chapels in all the principal cities of the United Kingdom. They are sufficiently numerous at present to be possessed of "seven churches" in London—this being a mystical number with them—and to be represented elsewhere in Great Britain and Germany. They lay stress on spiritual phenomena; and the "gift of tongues" with which the sect began is firmly accredited by them to divine inspiration. The members of this unique body of Christians are devout and sincere—but their assumptions are something which may well make Ritualism pause ere it competes with them on their chosen line of action. They are gradually disappearing, and it is scarcely probable that they will come to any other fate than that of the Sandemanians, who are now nearly extinct. Thirty years ago they did not number more than six thousand communicants, and they have not increased.

Of Mr. Eddis our information is very slight. He evidently shares the Second-Advent opinions of his fellow-believers, for he published before 1865 *The Time of the End and Other Poems.* In 1864 he prepared *Hymns for the Use of the Churches* (second edition, 1871). It is stated that this second edition contains sixty-two of Eddis's own hymns, many being translations and all dated. The date of the present piece is 1863. We do not know the author's residence or personal history.

Peace, troubled soul, whose plaintive moan.—Shirley.

The Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley was the cousin of Selina Shirley, Countess of Huntingdon. He belonged to "the noble house of Ferrers," his grandfather being the first Earl Ferrers, and his three elder brothers succeeding to the title as fourth, fifth, and sixth earls. The Countess of Huntingdon's father was the second earl, and he was thus her first cousin.

Walter Shirley was born in 1725, and received an education fitted to his station in life. He then entered the ministry of the Church of England, having been led to this course by his acquaintance with Rev. Henry Venn, of Clapham, whom he met at Lady Huntingdon's house. We find him holding the living of Loughrea, County Galway, Ireland, being presented to it by the Earl of Clanricarde, who was a family connection of the Shirleys.

There is no doubt that in this sphere he did his duty, and preached with fearlessness and spirituality. He was called to account for his "exceptionable doctrines," but asserted his determination to proclaim the Articles and Homilies "in defiance of the whole world." In a word, he was affected much as was his cousin, Lady Huntingdon, by the unspiritual and careless condition of the Church, and did his best to rouse his hearers to a new and better life.

In 1760 he met a great affliction in the conduct of his brother Launcelot, Lord Ferrers, who was arrested for the murder of his steward, a Mr. Johnson, at Staunton Harold, and who was finally condemned to death on the 18th of April. He had been imprisoned in the Tower, fully tried and sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered—all of which was executed at Tyburn, May 5th, 1760. It has been supposed that Mr. Shirley—who was deeply concerned for his brother and for the family name—wrote at that time the present hymn, of which the second stanza furnishes our usual first line, "Peace, troubled soul! whose plaintive moan."

In the years 1770–71 Shirley was involved in controversy with the Wesleys in respect to Calvinism. In 1764, at the instance of Lady Huntingdon, he revised her celebrated hymn-book, a task in which he displayed both judgment and independence. The hymn, "Sweet the moments rich in blessing," is Shirley's transcript from James Allen's "When my Jesus I'm possessing." He left so little of the original that the hymn is now properly credited to him instead of to Allen.

Shirley continued to exercise the office of a Christian pastor, faithfully preaching and teaching the truth, until he became very feeble by reason of a dropsical difficulty. This prevented him from going abroad, but it did not prevent him from gathering the people around him in his own home, where he preached the Gospel, sitting in his chair, to large numbers of anxious souls. He died, April 7th, 1786, at the house of his brother-in-law, George Kiernan, in Dublin.

PEACE, perfect peace, in this dark world of sin.
—E. H. BICKERSTETH.

This hymn is based on Isa. 26 : 3, and is found in *From Year to Year* (p. 2) for Evening Prayer. It has seven stanzas. This is the "Collect for Peace" on which it is based :

> O God, from whom all holy desires, all good counsels, and all just works do proceed ; give unto thy servants that peace which the world cannot give ; that our hearts may be set to obey thy commandments, and also that by thee, we, being defended from the fear of our enemies, may pass our time in rest and quietness, through the merits of JESUS CHRIST our Saviour. *Amen.*

Compare with this Heber's "God that madest earth and heaven."

PLEASANT are thy courts above.—LYTE.

This is a version of Ps. 84, by Rev. H. F. Lyte, and is found in full in his *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1834. Like all of this author's hymns, it exhibits facility of composition combined with deep spiritual feeling. In *Songs for the Sanctuary*, the final line of the first stanza is given correctly, "For thy fulness, God of grace." In *Laudes Domini* it has been unfortunately altered.

PEOPLE of the living God.—MONTGOMERY.

This hymn describes Montgomery's feelings at the prospect of being readmitted to the Moravian communion at Fulneck, November 4th, 1814. He was then just forty-three years of age, and had been the prey of great spiritual perplexity. At length he appears to have found peace and rest, and in these verses he has given the story of his struggle. The actual reinstatement took place on Tuesday, December 6th, and he was shortly afterward publicly acknowledged as being in good standing. His letter to his brother Ignatius is extant, and describes his feelings on that memorable occasion. In his *Original Hymns* these verses stand as

Hymn 51, "Choosing the Heritage of God's People." There are three stanzas.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow.—KEN.

This doxology closes both the Morning and Evening hymns of good Bishop Ken. It has been adopted universally by the American churches and has become the recognized expression of their moments of especial gladness. It is, in fact, a Protestant *Te Deum laudamus*, and the best of all is that it is an original composition. A careful investigation of the Ambrosian and other doxologies in the Latin reveals the interesting point just named. It is in no sense a translation, but is of its own kind, and unique, as compared with the doxologies already familiar to the Church.

The composer of the tune "Old Hundred," which is so invariably associated with the doxology, was Wilhelm Franc, a German, whose work may have been revised by no less a hand than that of Martin Luther.

The instances of the use of this sublime ascription of praise are almost too numerous to mention. One of the singular occasions for its employment was on the evening of Thursday, October 15th, 1884, when a great crowd filled the street in New York City before the Republican headquarters and the news of an important election in Ohio was received. It was two o'clock in the morning before the last bulletin was posted. Previous to this announcement a thousand voices had been singing uproariously, "We won't go home till morning," but the moment that the message was displayed the stereopticon flashed out the line, "Praise God, from whom all blessings flow. Good-night." The *Tribune*, in reporting the incident, said: "A deep-voiced man in the throng pitched the doxology, and a mighty volume of song swelled upward. Then the lights went out, and the happy watchers departed to their homes." There was a like incident in Wall Street, April, 1865.

It is related of the eccentric "Billy Dawson," that in 1835 he preached at the opening of the Bridgehouse Wesleyan Chapel, in Sheffield. During the inspiring services which followed, and which continued all day and late into the night, the doxology was sung not less than thirty-five times, as the only adequate method of giving thanks to God for his goodness.

A child on the top of Mount Washington was with her father above the clouds while a thunder-storm flashed and rumbled below. Where they stood all was perfect calm and sunshine, though the eye found nothing but the blue of heaven and a few rocks and mosses on which to rest. "Well, Lucy," said her father, "there is nothing to be seen here, is there?" But the child exclaimed: "Oh, papa, *I see the doxology;* all around seems to say:

'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him all creatures here below.'"

PRAISE, Lord, for thee in Zion waits.—LYTE.

This is Mr. Lyte's version of Ps. 65, and the date is 1834.

PRAISE the Lord, ye heavens adore him.—KEMPTHORNE (?) 1796.

The excellent notes to *Hymns for the Church and Home* give the authorship of this hymn to John Kempthorne, 1796, on the strength of the tracing conducted by the late D. Sedgwick (who died March 10th, 1879). Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson thus adds his authority on that side of the question, but it is by no means a settled point. One thing is certain, the hymn is in the *Hymns for the Foundling Hospital*, 1809, in which Mr. Kempthorne's verses were published. This book was prepared by Rev. W. Russell, and Mr. Sedgwick asserted that the four pieces by Kempthorne were:

"Forgive, O Lord, our frailties past."
"Great God, to thee our song we raise."
"Praise the Lord! ye heavens adore him."
"While health, and strength, and youth remain."

The hymn is referred by the *Springfield Hymns*, 1835, to the *Dublin Collection*, in which the authorship is again assigned, conjecturally, to Kempthorne. But there is no room for doubt that the first publication was in the neighborhood of 1796, or else that the piece was composed by Kempthorne during his prime, at about that date. Hence it is occasionally entered as "Anonymous, 1796."

This is apparently a free rendering of the 148th Psalm, though it is sometimes said to be a version of the 150th. John Kempthorne, its presumed author, was the son of Admiral James Kempthorne, and was born at Plymouth, June 24th, 1775. He was rector of St. Michael's, Gloucester and died at the rectory November 6th, 1838. His hymns appeared in 1809–10, and it is amazing that so prominent a hymnologist as Rev. L. C. Biggs should have credited this one to "Bishop Mant, 1849."

PRAISE the Saviour, ye who know him.—KELLY.

This hymn is based on Ps. 88 : 1. It is in the edition of 1809, in two stanzas.

PRAISE to God, immortal praise.—BARBAULD.

This hymn is by Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, the eminent English poetess. The original has nine stanzas, and can be found in any edition of her works. She wrote, in all, twelve hymns, of which

"Awake, my soul! lift up thine eyes." Six stanzas.
"Again the Lord of life and Light." Eleven stanzas.
"Blest is the man whose softening heart."
(From "Behold, where breathing love divine." Eight stanzas.)
"'Come,' said Jesus' sacred voice." Five stanzas.
"How blest the righteous when he dies."
"How blest the sacred tie that binds." Five stanzas.
"Praise to God, immortal praise." Nine stanzas.
"Sweet is the scene when virtue dies,"
"When as returns this solemn day,"

have a permanent place in the worship of the Church.

PRAISE to thee, thou great Creator.—FAWCETT.

Verses one and three are the only parts of this hymn which Fawcett includes in his collected pieces, 1782 and 1817. The entire production has been much amended and changed during the period of its use by worshipping congregations.

PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 65. First Part, C. M. "A Prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called." It has six stanzas.

PRAISE ye Jehovah! praise the Lord most holy.—LADY CAMPBELL.

Lady Margaret Cockburn-Campbell is the author of a number of hymns, which were issued in lithograph from her manuscript. She was married on the 20th of June, 1827, to Sir Alexander Thomas Cockburn-Campbell, who took the name of Campbell in 1825. He was a resident magistrate at Albany, West Australia, and died, April 23d, 1871. Lady Margaret was the eldest daughter of General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B., and had two children, Charlotte Isabella and Olympia. She died, probably in Australia, in 1859.

This hymn is in the *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1882, where it is printed from the author's undated, lithographed copy.

PRAYER is the breath of God in man.—BEDDOME.

Like the famous hymn of Montgomery, this is a rather didactic piece of poetry. And, like that, it has a merit which prevents it from being excluded by any rigid definition as to the form and nature of a hymn. We may be so exact in our limitations as to deny a place in our collections to sacred compositions of this character, and then when we desire to express the fact of prayer, we have not the very thing which we need. Here, for instance, can be grouped some illustrations of the universal habit of prayer, which may serve to reveal the difference between its right and wrong expression.

Among barbarous nations prayer takes the shape of petition for personal advantage, unpurified from selfishness, cruelty, or revenge. The Nootka Indian prays: "Great Quahootzee, let me live, let me not be sick, let me find the enemy, let me not fear him, let me find him asleep, let me kill a great many of him!" Father Breboeuf reports the prayer of a Huron thus: "Oki, thou who livest in this spot, I offer thee tobacco. Help us, save us from shipwreck, defend us from our enemies, give us a good trade, and bring us back safe and sound to our villages." In a similar strain the Kafirs pray: "Take care of me, take care of my children, take care of my wives, take care of all my people. Remove the sickness and let my child recover. Give me plenty of children—many boys and few girls. Give me abundance of food and cattle. Make right all my people." Of the negroes in the Caribbean Islands, it is reported that they lay their affairs before a supreme deity in their prayers, but that these prayers "have reference only to the body, to health, fine weather, a good harvest, victory over their enemies," and things of this selfish character. In the Polynesian islands the same féature of narrow and personal interest is seen. Samoans pray: "Look kindly toward this family; let it prosper and increase, and let us all be kept in health. Let our plantations be productive, let fruit grow, and may there be abundance of food for us your creatures. Here is ava for you, our war gods! Let there be a strong and numerous people for you in this land." In such a way the heathen are wont to relieve their hearts in prayer.

But the Christian conception of prayer is something as different from this as the prayer of Jacob at Beth-el (Gen. 28 : 20–22) differs from his prayer at the brook Jabbok. The first is a petition barely redeemed from ignorant heathenism—a bargain with God for prosperity of an earthly sort. The other is a spiritual plea which avows a determination not to let the angel go until he grants a blessing.

So much larger then is this Christian idea! The Rabbinical writers said that the heart was like a harp with many strings, some shorter, some longer, but all needing to be tuned and struck in their turn. And they also said that King David had an Æolian harp placed in his palace which was moved to music by the wind which came to its strings in the night. Then he would rise and compose a song of praise to Jehovah.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire.—MONTGOMERY.

Poets are unconscious prophets. They seize the symmetry of truth, and, in a way unknown to themselves, they shape their verses to express more than they themselves conceived. It is a remarkable instance of this that the "In Memoriam" of Tennyson has been taken by a Mr. Genung, and analyzed into a harmony of form and thought of which its author probably did not dream when he wrote it. Montgomery could not have imagined that in this, his most famous production, he was prophesying his own death. But in 1854, when he was over eighty years of age, the poet one evening conducted family worship as usual, and was especially fervent in prayer. Well might he have been so, for it was the last time his voice was to be heard on earth. He retired at once for the night, and in the morning he was found unconscious on the floor. He lingered until the afternoon, but never spoke again. Thus he literally "entered heaven with prayer."

Montgomery has told us, in the account which he gave to friends, that this hymn brought to him a great many testimonials of approval, more interest being taken in it than in any other of his poems. Strictly, as has been said again and again, it is not a hymn at all, but the Christian world has claimed and used it in public worship until it is a classic which is secure of a permanent place. We find it in Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, in eight stanzas. It is entitled "What is Prayer?" The concluding stanza was added by the author to give directness to the sentiment, and adapt it to the necessities of public worship.

The excellent Henry Venn says that often, when he could find no spirit of devotion in his own heart, he would turn to the 119th Psalm, and the fire would kindle in his breast. Others have taken for a similar purpose the hymns of Newton and such lyrics as that which is before us.

PRECIOUS promise God hath given.—NILES.

This well-known "Moody and Sankey" hymn was written by Mr. Nathaniel Niles, a resident of Morristown, N. J., and, at that time, a lawyer in New York City. Mr. Niles was born at South Kingston, R. I., September 15th, 1835. He composed these verses upon the margin of a newspaper in the railway car while on his way to business.

PURER yet, and purer.—ANON., 1858.

This piece is anonymous in the *New Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book*, 1858. No special mention is made of it in *Hymns and Choirs*.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart.—NEWTON.

This exquisite hymn, admirable alike in thought and expression, is found in nearly all our American books. It is Book III., No. 65, of the *Olney Hymns*, and has scarcely been altered in a single word. The fourth stanza has been omitted—and properly, for it is an anti-climax :

"Thus preserved from Satan's wiles,
  Safe from dangers, free from fears,
May I live upon thy smiles,
  Till the promised hour appears,
When the sons of God shall prove
All their Father's boundless love."

Two Scriptures are appended—Ps. 131 : 2 and Matt. 18 : 3, 4—and the title is, "The Child."

It was during the latter years of Mr. Newton's life, for he died December 21st, 1807, that Rev. Rowland Hill had the calmness to torture these verses into several four-line stanzas, and allow his name to accompany them, by inference, as their author. The *Evangelical Magazine* for June, 1802, contains a hymn commencing, "Jesus, make my froward heart," etc. It is there printed "as sung on Easter Monday last at Surry (*sic*) Chapel, by about 5000 Children after a sermon on Hosea XI. : 1. The Words by the Rev. R. Hill." Whoever desires to do so may find these very inferior verses in the *Evangelical Magazine*, or in Mr. Hill's *Collection of Hymns for Children*, 1819 ; by which date it is plain that he had not yet repented. The matter is settled beyond controversy by the early editions of the *Olney Hymns*. But Rowland Hill was an insatiable hymn-tinker, as a copy of his *Collection*, amended by him first in type and then again in ink, and which we have seen, clearly proves.

"I have often need, in my tribulations," said Luther, "to talk even with a child, in order to expel such thoughts as the devil possesses me with; and this teaches me not to boast, as if I of myself were able to help myself and to subsist without the strength of Christ. I need one, at times, to help me who, in his whole body, has not so much divinity as I have in one finger."

"For more than forty years," said Sir Henry Havelock to Sir James Outram, "I have so ruled my life that when death comes I might face it without fear."

REJOICE, rejoice, believers.—BORTHWICK, *tr.*

This is from the German of Laurentius Laurenti. The translation is found in *Hymns from the Land of Luther*, 1853, and the original hymn begins, "*Ermuntert euch, ihr Frommen.*" The present translation sometimes commences, "Rejoice, all ye believers."

REJOICE! the Lord is King.—C. WESLEY.

This is from the *Hymns for the Resurrection*, 1746. It had appeared in the *Moral and Sacred Poems*, 1744, and was revised by the author.

RETURN, my roving heart, return.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 29, "Communing with our Hearts.—Ps. 4 : 4." It has five stanzas. In the third, "*windings*" is the old word "*mazes*," explained in a foot-note to be "*windings*, perplexities."

RETURN, O wanderer, return.—COLLYER.

The author, Rev. William Bengo Collyer, contributed this "Hymn on Jer. 31 : 20," in six stanzas, to the *Evangelical Magazine* for May, 1806.

Rev. Dr. Armitage, of New York, in an anniversary address before the Tract Society, 1885, made this interesting statement: "A Christian engraver in this city told me, within a few days, that the great impression of his life was made by a print of 'The Only Son'—a boy with a bundle on his back leaving home; and God's Spirit asked, 'Where to?' That was enough."

RETURN, O wanderer, to thy home.—HASTINGS.

Dr. Hastings wrote this hymn about the year 1830. Shortly before his death he communicated to Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson that the hymn was written just after a stirring sermon by Rev. Mr. Kint, on the "Prodigal Son," delivered in a Presbyterian church in Utica. Fully two hundred converts were present, and the preacher at the peroration of his discourse, exclaimed: "Sinner, come home! come home! come home!" It was afterward easy work to write the hymn, and he subsequently printed it in *Spiritual Songs*, 1833.

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise.—POPE.

For a long time the favorite "hymn" from Alexander Pope was "Vital spark of heavenly flame." To a moderate extent the universal prayer ("Father of all in every age") was also looked upon as a Christian lyric—though it is rather an expression of general religiousness than of any Christian faith. Pope wrote to Sir Richard Steele regarding the first form of "Vital spark of heavenly flame," and declared it a free version of the dying words of the Emperor Hadrian. Pope seems, by a quotation from one of his letters, to have had in mind a fragment of Sappho as well as the verses of Hadrian. That fragment (B.C. 600) can be found in the *Spectator* for November 15th, 1711. The final form of Pope's ode was due to Sir Richard Steele, who wrote, December 4th, 1712, asking him to revise his original verses into something suitable for music. In reply he sent the hymn as it is now in current use. The original Latin is:

"Animula vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca?
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos."

We render these lines thus:

Thou wandering, pleasant, little breath,
The body's host and guest,
Where now dost thou abide beneath?
So naked, chill and pale in death;
Without thy wonted jest!

It is needless to print the biography of Alexander Pope—familiar as it is to all readers of English literature. He was born in 1688, and died May 30th, 1744. The translation before us appeared in the *Spectator*, May 14th, 1712, with a commendation by Addison. It is not strictly a song of praise or trust, but rather an extract from the *Messiah*, which is a rendering of the Fourth Eclogue of Virgil. That, in its turn, has been frequently compared with the prophecies of Isaiah and Ezekiel, to both of which it bears a strong likeness and from which it may have been derived. As at present, set to appropriate and majestic music, it constitutes one of the finest of modern "processional" or "recessional" hymns.

RIDE on! ride on in majesty.—MILMAN.

The Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D.D., is known to us as one of the best of Church historians. He was born in London, February 10th, 1791, his father, Sir Francis Milman, having been the physician of George III. He was educated at Oxford, where he took the Newdigate prize for English verse, 1812, and became a Fellow of Brasenose College, 1815. His ordination occurred in 1816. From 1821 to 1831 he was Professor of Poetry at Oxford. He was first appointed to the vicarage of St. Mary's, Reading (1816), and afterward (1835) to be rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and canon of Westminster. His promotion to be dean of St. Paul's was in 1849 Dean Milman's poetry—once highly esteemed—has disappeared from public notice. But the Broad Churchman still lives in his hymn, "When our hearts are bowed with woe," and the present piece.

After a life filled with devoted labor in his chosen lines of literature and scholarship—after leaving on record such works as the *History of Christianity* (1840; revised 1866), and the *History of Latin Christianity* (1856; revised 1858)—Dean Milman died at Sunninghill, near Ascot, September 24th, 1868. His histories extend over the period between the Birth of Christ and the Pontificate of Nicholas V. (1455). Of his religious opinions it can be briefly said that he advocated "the abolition of subscription to the Articles and proposed subscription to the Liturgy instead." This debate on creed subscription, by the way, is as old as the *Confessional* of Archdeacon Francis Blackburne, 1766.

The present hymn is for Palm Sunday. It and other pieces appeared in connection with Bishop Heber's hymns for the Christian year. The date is 1827.

RISE, glorious Conqueror, rise.—BRIDGES.

A real and grand hymn, taken from the *Hymns of the Heart for the Use of Catholics* (1848), by Matthew Bridges.

RISE, my soul, and stretch thy wings.—SEAGRAVE.

Rev. Robert Seagrave was born at Twyford, Leicestershire, November 22d, 1693—where his father, after whom he was named, was vicar from 1687 to 1720. He received his education at Clare Hall, Cambridge, being graduated B.A. in 1714, and M.A. four years later. In 1715 he took orders in the Church of England, but very soon showed his distaste for the low moral condition of the clergy. This opened the line of his life-work. He published, between 1731 and 1738, several pamphlets with this reformation in view, but it was like a voice crying in the desert and only hearing its own echoes. He therefore withdrew entirely from the Church of England, and imitated the course of Mr. Whitefield, whom he had already defended. In 1739 we find him the evening lecturer at Lorimer's Hall, Cripplegate, London. And on June 26th, 1740, Whitefield wrote to congratulate him on his attitude. He says :

> " And is one of the priests also obedient to the word ? Blessed be God, the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, who hath translated you from darkness to light—from the power of Satan to the service of the ever-living God. . . . O dear Sir, rejoice and be exceeding glad ; and let the love of Jesus constrain you to go out into the highways and hedges to compel poor sinners to come in. . . . Go on, dear Sir, go on, and follow your glorious Master, without the camp, bearing his sacred reproach. . . . O dear Sir ! though I know you not, yet my heart is enlarged toward you." With much more to the same effect.

In 1741, Seagrave met Whitefield, and became one of his valued co-laborers. And when the Tabernacle was erected in Moorfields, not far from Lorimer's Hall, Seagrave preached there also. This continued until 1750. In 1759 we have the testimony of Rev. John Griffith to the great spiritual benefit he had received from hearing Mr. Seagrave preach. And even in old age it would seem that he "brought forth fruit," and was "flourishing," for he was in active pulpit service beyond his sixty-sixth year. Others, however, think that his death occurred about 1755, when he was sixty-two. The date is probably unknown.

Seagrave's relations with the Calvinistic Methodists were close and cordial. He was an orthodox, capable and earnest preacher, and undoubtedly he achieved larger results than we can now discover. Mr. Sedgwick reprinted his fifty original hymns, with a biographical sketch, in his *Library of Spiritual Songs* (1860).

The *Hymns for Christian Worship*, 1742, were prepared by Seagrave for the Lorimer's Hall congregation and were issued in successive enlargements in a second (1742), third (1744), and fourth edition (1748). His original hymns were included in these books with other pieces of a high order of merit.

Rise, ye children of salvation.—Falckner, *tr.*

This hymn appeared in the *English Presbyterian Collection* (1867) with this designation.

Rock of Ages, cleft for me.—Toplady.

John Wesley wrote to Mr. Merryweather at Yarm, June 24th, 1770:

> "Mr. Augustus Toplady I know well; but I do not fight with chimney-sweepers. He is too dirty a writer for me to meddle with; I should only foul my fingers. . . . I leave him to Mr. Sellon. He cannot be in better hands. . . . Your affectionate brother,
>
> "John Wesley."

He also called him a "lively coxcomb," and added other epithets more forcible than polite. Finally he engaged in a regular controversy with him in downright print. Toplady retorted by styling Wesley "Pope John;" wondering whether the "insidious" predominated over "the acid" in his composition; spoke of his "hatching blasphemy;" said his forehead was "petrified" and "impervious to a blush;" and that he wrote "a known, wilful, palpable lie to the public."

When it is remembered that one of these men was the author of "Rock of Ages," and the other translated the hymn of Gerard Tersteegen into that almost ineffable rendering,

"O thou to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,"

we must stand abashed before the imperfections of even the best men. Yet it was the same David who wrote the 23d Psalm who left directions in regard to Joab, and we find the Solomon of Canticles to be a different figure from the man who followed after the gods of his "outlandish" wives. A hymn, by degrees, becomes dissociated from its author. It spreads heavenly wings. One hears the song caught up by many voices and does not know who first uttered it. In the fourteenth century it is said that all Europe was carolling the songs of an unknown singer, and when he was found he was a leper, who carried a little bell to warn people of his approach, and went muffled, for very loathsomeness, about the public streets.

When Toplady was near his death the physician perceived him to be much improved, and spoke encouragingly of his prospects. But the wiser patient replied : "No, no ; I shall die, for no mortal could endure such manifestations of God's glory as I have, and live." The next day he expired, while singing one of his own hymns, "Deathless principle arise."

It was to this "Rock of Ages" also that the beloved Prince Consort, Albert of England, turned, repeating it constantly upon his death-bed. "For," said he, "if in this hour I had only my worldly honors and dignities to depend upon, I should be indeed poor."

The imagery of this hymn merits a Bible-reading of its own. Compare: Ps. 78 : 15 ; Ex. 17 : 5, 6 ; Num. 20 : 11 ; Ex. 33 : 22 ; Ps. 27 : 5 ; Isa. 2 : 10 ; 1 Cor. 10 : 4 ; Jno. 19 : 34 ; 1 Jno. 5 : 6. These quotations are arranged in the order of the hymn.

When we come to the question of the date we find that this illustrious song was inserted in the *Gospel Magazine* for March, 1776, with the title, "A *living and dying* PRAYER for the HOLIEST BELIEVER *in the World.*" There is no doubt that it was originally intended to clinch a controversial article against Methodism.

Spurgeon says, with much vividness and power :

> "A glimpse at the thorn-crowned head and pierced hands and feet is a sure cure for 'modern doubt,' and all its vagaries. Get into the 'Rock of Ages, cleft for you,' and you will abhor the quicksand. That eminent American preacher, the seraphic Summerfield, when he lay a-dying turned around to a friend in the room, and said : 'I have taken a look into eternity. Oh, if I could come back and preach again, how differently would I preach from what I have done before.'"
>
> "Be much at death-beds," said Spurgeon to his students ; "they are illuminated books. There shall you read the very poetry of our religion, and learn the secrets thereof. What splendid gems are washed up by the waves of Jordan ! . . . I have heard humble men and women, in their departing hours, talk as though they were inspired, uttering strange words, aglow with supernal glory. These they learned from no lips beneath the moon ; they must have heard them while sitting in the suburbs of the New Jerusalem. God whispers them in their ears amid their pain and weakness ; and then they tell us a little of what the Spirit has revealed. I will part with all my books, if I may see the Lord's Elijahs mount their chariots of fire."

Mrs. Lucy Seaman Bainbridge, who, with her husband, Dr. Bainbridge, made the tour of the world in order to study Christian missions, tells a most beautiful incident in connection with this hymn :

> The Chinese women, it seems, are so anxious to "make merit" for themselves that they will perform any labor to escape the painful transmigrations of the next life. They dread to be born again as dogs or cats, and the highest hope possessed by them is to be reborn as men. In order to secure this they do any and every meritorious act. One whom Mrs. Bainbridge saw had with incredible labor dug a well twenty-five feet deep, and some ten or fifteen feet across. With her poor, weak hands she had excavated every foot of it, and it was only after this achievement that she learned of Christ and of the free Gospel of salvation. When Mrs. Bainbridge met her she was an old woman of eighty, and stretching out her crippled and aged fingers she and her visitor sang together :
>
> "Nothing in my hands I bring,
> Simply to thy cross I cling."

Rev. Dr. C. S. Pomeroy relates, that when he was visiting an Armenian church in Constantinople, he saw many in tears while they were offering praise, and on inquiry, found that they were singing a Turkish translation of this hymn of Toplady's :

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

And now as to the alterations of the text. There are two versions in *Laudes Domini*. No. 962 gives the lines as they are found in Toplady's *Hymn-Book*, July, 1776. In the *Gospel Magazine* "while" is *whilst*, and "to worlds unknown" is *through tracts unknown*. The expression "eyelids close in death," about which so much useless debate has clustered, was approved by Toplady himself, later in his life. In the *Gospel Magazine* and in the *Hymn-Book* it stands "eye-strings break in death!" Other variations are *wounded* for "riven," *the law's* for "thy law's," and *vile* for "foul."

We cannot close this account of a precious hymn without quoting these original and suggestive words of Rev. Alexander McKenzie, of Cambridge, Mass. :

> "I know that beautiful line of the hymn ; I would not take a note from its divine and blessed melody. It is true, but, like most single lines, it is but a fragment of the truth :
>
> 'Simply to thy cross I cling.'

Yes; with the arms of a clinging faith. I shrink from going on, lest any one should think I do not make enough of that which is the heart and life of piety, the simple trust in Christ and him crucified. But what did Christ ever say, what did the apostles ever teach, which warrants you in saying, 'All I have to do is to cling to the cross'? What did Jesus say about the cross? He said, 'Take it up and go about obeying the will of God.' Cling to the cross, not as one who is weary and is finding rest alone; not merely as one who is guilty and is there finding pardon alone. Cling to it, doing the will of God. Where would the world have been to-day if John and Peter and Paul had been content to cling to the cross and do nothing more? You have God to serve, and a man cannot do all the will of God sitting in a sanctuary, kneeling in a closet, clasping his arms around a sacred tree, or laying his cheek against the wood that is red with the blood of the Christ of God. By Christ alone are we saved, and Christ we are to follow. Cling to the cross, but not 'simply.' Cling to the cross, but go about clinging to it. Cling to the cross, but obey God while you cling, following his commandments with your deeds, glorifying him upon the earth, finishing the work which he has given you to do. Cling to the cross until the eternal glory comes; but while you cling, follow Christ whithersoever he leads you."

ROLL on, thou mighty ocean.—EDMESTON.

A missionary hymn included in James Edmeston's *Missionary Hymns*, 1822.

SAFE in the arms of Jesus.—FANNY J. CROSBY.

Mrs. Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne has written about three thousand Sunday-school pieces—some of them very widely known. She was born at South East, N. Y., in 1823, and lost her sight when six weeks old through the ignorant application of a warm poultice to her eyes. She has been an inmate of, and teacher in, the New York [City] Institution for the Blind, and united with the Thirtieth Street Methodist Episcopal Church in 1851. Married to Mr. Alexander Van Alstyne in 1858, she continues to write many verses.

The present piece was composed offhand, "in twenty minutes" ["*stans in uno pede*" *!*] for Mr. W. H. Doane, the musician, who gave her the theme. It has been popular, and at the funeral of General U. S. Grant, August 7th, 1885, its melody was a favorite with the bands.

It is more to Mrs. Van Alstyne's credit as a writer that she has occasionally found a pearl than that she has brought to the surface so many oyster-shells. It is not generally known that her pen traced the words of those very popular songs, "Rosalie, the Prairie Flower," "Hazel Dell," and "There's Music in the Air." Her earliest Sunday-school piece was "A Home Beyond the Tide"—written February 5th, 1864, for Mr. W. B. Bradbury. Her poems were published in 1844 and 1849, with another volume in 1858. [Dr. Duffield just before his death sent us the following note in reference to Miss Crosby: "I rather think her talent will stand beside that of Watts or Wesley, especially if we take into consideration the number of hymns she has written."—PUBLISHERS.]

The report of the McCall Mission in France, for January, 1886, has this touching story:

> "In another district, a dying girl named Julie was delighted when they sung to her in French, 'Safe in the arms of Jesus.' She asked a young friend who came to her sick-room, if she loved her. 'Yes,' was the reply. 'And I have another Friend who loves me; do you know him?' 'Jesus, you mean. Oh, yes, he is my best Friend!' When she knew that she must die, she sent a message to her absent brother: 'Tell him that I want him to love Jesus as I have learned to love him.' Her nurse repeated the verse, 'They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more.' Julie smiled, and said: 'How blessed that is! Thank you.'"

SAFELY through another week.—J. NEWTON.

This is from the *Olney Hymns*, Book II., No. 40. Its title is "Saturday Evening," and it has five stanzas.

SAINTS of God! the dawn is brightening.—MRS. MAXWELL.

By the kindness of Mr. J. B. Taylor Hatfield, into whose hands have come the hymnological papers of his father, the late lamented Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield, it is possible to give a definite account of the circumstances connected with this hymn.

In 1875 the Rev. Sheldon Jackson, D.D., then Superintendent of Home Missions in the West under the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, desired a "home mission hymn." It occurred to him that the offer of two prizes, one of $100 (for a hymn) and one of $50 (for a poem) would stimulate various authors to prepare such pieces. He sent this offer from the office of the *Rocky Mountain Presbyterian* to two hundred religious newspapers, in February, 1875, and requested Rev. Dr. Edwin F. Hatfield to act as chairman of a committee of three, and to name his two associates. They had full power to decide upon the merits of the various poems submitted.

Dr. Hatfield accepted this duty, and named the Rev. S. Irenæus Prime, D.D., editor of the *New York Observer*, together with Rev. Thomas S. Hastings, D.D. The award was made on the 28th of September, 1875, to Mrs. Mary Maxwell, of Danville, Va., who preferred to be known as "A Lady of Virginia."

A letter addressed, at a venture, to Mrs. Maxwell, has found her (1884) in Richmond, Va., and a mutual friend has kindly furnished the following facts regarding her life:

> She was born in Norfolk, Va. [no date obtained], and was the eldest daughter of Robert Robertson, a merchant. He was a Scotchman, and for years a ruling elder of the first Presbyterian church established in that part of Virginia. His wife was Frances Ferebe, whose ancestry is presumably Norman-French. Mrs. Maxwell's maternal grandfather died at Yorktown while "in the service of his country in the American army."
>
> Mrs. Maxwell was educated in Norfolk, and enjoyed remarkable advantages. In 1839 she was married to William Maxwell, a graduate of Yale College, and a favorite pupil of Dr. Dwight. This gentleman was an excellent scholar, a lover of letters, and "an eloquent speaker." At the time of his marriage he was President of Hampden-Sidney College, and afterward he was elected to the State Senate at a time when its members were conspicuous for their learning and ability. He subsequently edited the *Virginia Historical Register*. His death occurred in 1857. At the "breaking out of the Civil War," Mrs. Maxwell removed to Danville, and there remained with relatives "until the close of the conflict, when she returned to Richmond, where she still lives." She has frequently written verse and prose, but has always shunned any publicity. The present hymn was selected by the committee out of 700 competing pieces, but Mrs. Maxwell accepted the award only on condition that her name should not be given. This restriction being now taken off, there is no reason why these facts should not be known.

SALVATION is forever nigh.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 85, Second Part, L. M., v. 9, etc., "Salvation by Christ." It has four stanzas.

SALVATION, oh, the joyful sound.—WATTS.

This is Book II., No. 88, of Dr. Watts's hymns. It is entitled "Salvation," and has three stanzas. The fourth, which appears in *Laudes Domini*, commencing, "Salvation, O thou bleeding Lamb," was probably added by Rev. Walter Shirley in 1774, and we find it, with a chorus to the stanzas, in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*. The chorus is, "Glory, honor, praise and power," etc., and doubtless has the same origin as the annexed stanza.

SAVIOUR, again, to thy dear name we raise.—ELLERTON.

This hymn, by Rev. John Ellerton, is said to have been written in 1866 for "a Festival of Parochial Choirs, at Nantwich, Cheshire." In 1868 it was placed in the Appendix to *Hymns, Ancient and Modern.*

SAVIOUR, blessed Saviour.—THRING.

The original form of this hymn by Rev. Godfrey Thring has ten stanzas, and the date is 1862.

SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing.—EDMESTON.

For years this hymn (printed in 1820) formed part of the evening service in the church at Homerton, England, where Mr. Edmeston lived and died. He is said to have written it after reading, in Salt's *Travels in Abyssinia,* these words: "At night their short evening hymn, 'Jesus, forgive us,' stole through the camp."

SAVIOUR, happy would I be.—NEVIN.

This hymn is based on Isa. 12 : 2, with the title, "God is my Salvation; I will trust." It was written by Rev. E. H. Nevin, D.D., in 1858.

SAVIOUR! hasten thine appearing.—DECK.

A stanza of Thomas Kelly's hymn, "Hark, ten thousand harps and voices," opens with this same line. The date of that was about 1804, while Mr. Deck's publication was in 1838.

SAVIOUR, I follow on.—C. S. ROBINSON.

Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, D.D., LL.D., was born in Bennington, Vt., March 31st, 1829, and was graduated at Williams College in 1849. After a year and a half spent at Princeton Theological Seminary he entered Union Seminary, New York City, where he was afterward an instructor. He was ordained by the Presbytery of Troy, April 19th, 1855, and was pastor of Park Street (Presbyterian) church, Troy, N. Y., 1855–60; First church, Brooklyn, L. I., 1860–68; American Chapel, Paris, 1868–71. Since the last date he has been pastor of the Memorial Presbyterian church, New York City, which has been erected and freed from debt under his management. Dr. Robinson in 1876–77 was editor of the *Illustrated Christian Weekly,* and has compiled and published several successful hymn-books. The first of these was the *Songs* *of the Church*, 1862. Then came its revised form, the *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865, which was very widely adopted. About the time when Dr. Robinson returned from Europe to New York City there was a demand for an additional work of a slightly different character which he met by issuing (through the Century Company) the book called *Spiritual Songs*, 1878. In 1884 appeared the latest hymn-book of the series (for we are not now reckoning the abridgments and adaptations rendered necessary for Sunday-school and chapel use, nor including *Psalms and Hymns and Spiritual Songs*), and in this work, entitled *Laudes Domini*, the concluding volume of the list has been reached. *Laudes Domini* is a compendium of the best of the English hymns, together with the finest and strongest tunes. It is to this book, therefore, that the present annotations have been adapted, as the most convenient and latest selection of the familiar and precious lyrics of the great masters of hymnody.

Dr. Robinson is known to his intimate friends as a preacher and pastor, even more favorably than in his other relations. His homiletical skill and his methods of work have long ago, in their eyes, appeared as his specialty, and have surpassed the reputation which he currently receives from his hymn-books and lesson-notes. His published sermons are the best of proof that this opinion is not ill-based.

The present hymn dates from *Songs of the Church*, 1862, where it appears with the initials "C. S. R." It is worthy of the extensive use it has obtained.

SAVIOUR King, in hallowed union.—ANON., 1865.

This appears first in *Songs for the Sanctuary* (1865) with no author's name attached.

SAVIOUR, now the day is ending.—DOUDNEY.

Miss Sarah Doudney is quite a voluminous author of religious stories and poetry. She was born near Portsmouth, England, and lives at Ivy Lodge, Cobham, Hampshire. She is still unmarried, and her principal claim to permanent remembrance consists in the fact that she wrote "The Watermill," a poem in which occurs the refrain, "The mill cannot grind with the water that is past." She states in a letter to Miss Anna L. Ward (one of the compilers of the Hoyt-Ward *Cyclopædia of Practical Quotations*) that the poem was suggested to her by her discovery of the line in a tattered old scrap-book, where it was placed beneath the picture of a mill. Further than this she cannot trace it. Miss Doudney's religious poetry is mostly found in *Psalms of Life*, 1871 [with a preface by R. H. Baynes] (second edition, 1875), and in *Stepping Stones*, 1880. The present verses are from the *Children's Hymn-Book*, 1881. Other particulars are lacking.

SAVIOUR, let thy love for me.—KNOWLTON.

"Miss H. O. Knowlton," says Mr. W. F. Sherwin, in a personal letter, "was a school-girl in Illinois, put into communication with me by one of her teachers." He adds that she married shortly afterward, removed "to Minnesota or Dakota," and "disappeared from public view." Her present name and address are unknown.

SAVIOUR, send a blessing to us.—KELLY.

The date of this simple and direct petition is 1840. Even if we lack faith we are still to take our wants to the Lord : "Be it ours thy grace to prove."

SAVIOUR, teach me, day by day.—LEESON.

Miss Jane Elizabeth Leeson has written *Hymns and Scenes of Childhood* (third edition, 1842), from which this piece is taken. She is also the author of *Paraphrases and Hymns for Congregational Singing*, 1853. Her translations from the Latin and German languages are well executed, but the particulars of her personal history are withheld.

SAVIOUR, through the desert lead us.—KELLY.

This hymn, by Thomas Kelly, is based on Ps. 78 : 53, and is in seven stanzas. The date is 1804.

SAVIOUR, thy dying love.—PHELPS.

In the first series of *Gospel Hymns* we find this hymn, in four stanzas, with the title, "Something for Jesus." The author is Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, D.D.—a degree received from Madison University in 1854. He was born at Suffield, Conn., May 15th, 1816, graduated at Brown University in 1844, and then entered the ministry. He became pastor of the First Baptist church, New Haven, Conn., 1846, of Jefferson Street church, Providence, R. I., 1876, and at this same date was editor of *The Christian*

Secretary, published at Hartford, Conn. Dr. Phelps's writings comprise *Eloquence of Nature, and Other Poems*, 1842; *Sunlight and Hearthlight* [poems], 1856; *Holy Land: a Year's Tour*, 1863 (eleventh edition, 1877); *The Poet's Song*, etc., 1867, and *Bible Lands*, 1869.

SAVIOUR, visit thy plantation.—NEWTON.

This is found in the *Olney Hymns*, Book II., No. 51, "Prayer for a Revival," and is in five stanzas.

It is singular that no one has remarked the imagery of this hymn. The man who wrote it was formerly employed in planting lime and lemon trees upon his master's plantation at the mouth of the Sherbro River, in Africa. When the slips that he had set in the ground were "no higher than a young gooseberry bush," his master sneeringly said to him: "Who knows but by the time these trees grow up and bear, you may go home to England, obtain the command of a ship, and return to reap the fruit of your labors? We see strange things sometimes happen." It was meant, and understood, as a contemptuous speech, but John Newton really did return, in command of a ship, and with some hope of heaven in his heart, and saw these same trees grown to stature and bearing fruit.

SAVIOUR, when in dust to thee.—GRANT.

This "well-known Litany" is No. 2 of the twelve written by Sir Robert Grant. It was first published in the *Christian Observer*, 1815.

SAY, sinner, hath a voice within.—HYDE.

This hymn is by Mrs. Abigail (Bradley) Hyde, who said of it that it was "written down from my lips, by a young sister, when I was not able to hold up my head from the pillow."

There are six stanzas to this hymn in Nettleton's *Village Hymns*, 1824, and it is accompanied by the text, Gen. 6 : 3.

SAVIOUR, who thy flock art feeding.—MUHLENBERG.

In May, 1826, the Hymn Committee of the Protestant Episcopal Church met in New York City. Bishop Hobart, Dr. Turner, Dr. Wilson, and Dr. (then Mr.) Muhlenberg constituted the working sub-committee to which Dr. H. U. Onderdonk of Brooklyn was added. Dr. Muhlenberg records in his diary:

"On the score of my own compositions, amendments, etc., I have every reason to be satisfied. 'Saviour, who thy flock art feeding,' and 'How short the race our friend has run,' 'Shout the glad tidings,' 'I would not live alway,' and 'Like Noah's weary dove,' are those of mine which are wholly original. I am aware that they are wanting in the chief excellence of a hymn—devotional spirit. 'I would not live alway' was at first rejected by the committee, in which I, not suspected of being the author, agreed—knowing it was rather poetry than an earnest song of redemption. It was restored at the urgent request of Dr. Onderdonk."

SCORN not the slightest word or deed.—ANON., 1845.

This hymn is found in Briggs's (Unitarian) *Collection* (1845), and Adams and Chapin's (Universalist) *Hymn-Book* (1846). In both cases it is credited to the *London Inquirer*.

SEE Israel's gentle Shepherd stand.—DODDRIDGE.

In Dr. Doddridge's hymns this is No. 198: "Christ's Condescending Regard to Little Children.—Mark 10: 14." It has five stanzas; the date is 1755.

Perhaps we forget the little phrases of the evangelists as to this incident. Matthew says that Christ was expected to "put his hands on them and pray;" Luke that he should "touch" them, and Mark adds that he "took them up in his arms, put his hands on them and blessed them." And if it was a precious memory for such a child in later life to know that he had once been in the Saviour's arms, how precious it must also be to one who knows—even in our days—that he has been so committed to the Lord's love in his earliest moments.

SEE, the Conqueror mounts in triumph.—C. WORDSWORTH.

From the *Holy Year* of Bishop Christopher Wordsworth, 1862.

SERVANT of God, well done.—MONTGOMERY.

This hymn was written (about 1825) to commemorate the labors and death of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, a Wesleyan minister. He co-operated with the Wesleys for fifty-five years, refusing handsome offers elsewhere, and enduring great hardness as a good soldier. He had many trials, and was wretchedly poor, but was ultimately very successful in Glasgow. He conducted the singing at his own public meetings, but not until he had spent nearly all of his own money in hiring a precentor, at eight cents a service, to "lead the psalms," according to the custom of the Kirk of Scotland. At last he persuaded his congregation to take to the Methodist tunes and hymns, and they "liked them right well." He was nearly eighty when he was called away—a veteran honored and beloved. In a sermon not long before his death he had said: "I should like to die like an old soldier, sword in hand."

The piece is No. 311 in the *Original Hymns*, and is entitled, "On the Death of an Aged Minister." It has twelve stanzas, and is to be distinguished from Charles Wesley's

> **"Servant of God, well done ;**
> **Thy glorious warfare's past,"**

which was written for John Wesley's funeral sermon over Whitefield, November 18th, 1770. The date of the present hymn is 1816.

SEE the eternal Judge descending.—ANON., 1800.

This is probably an American hymn, as it is found in the *Baltimore Collection*, about 1800. Its stanza and style are very suggestive of Thomas Kelly, but the piece does not appear among his hymns. Dr. Joshua Leavitt places it, in seven stanzas, on the same page with "Hark ! the voice of love and mercy," in the *Christian Lyre*, 1830. The version in *Laudes Domini* corresponds with the altered form (in four stanzas) which Hickok gave to the hymn in his *Sacred Harp*, 1832.

The direct and awful truth-telling of this hymn finds an instructive illustration from those Welsh preachers who were celebrated for their honesty and force in proclaiming the Word of God. One of them, familiarly known as Billy Breeze, was at Bristol about the year 1810 or 1812 and was in the habit of making addresses which were very forcible, though not expressed in the most fluent English. On the occasion of which we are writing, he was associated with a younger man—a semi-rationalist fresh from the schools. Breeze suffered the neophyte to speak first, who took for his text, "He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned." He handled this solemn theme in an affected and puerile fashion, frequently growing sentimental over it, and finally *begging the pardon of his audience* for the sad statement that his text forced him to make. "Indeed," said he, "he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not—indeed, I regret to say, I beg your pardon for uttering the terrible truth—but, indeed, he shall be sentenced to a place which here I dare not mention."

This was quite beyond the patience of Mr. Breeze, which had already been badly strained. He was in no mood to palter with divine things. He broke out : "I shall take the same text to-night which you have just heard. Our young friend has been fery foine to-night ; he has told you some fery polite things. I am not fery foine, and I am not polite ; but I will preach a little bit of Gospel to you, which is this : 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*" He went on in this abrupt, incisive manner for some little time, at the close of each paragraph reiterating the text, and clinch-ing it with his peculiar disclaimer. Finally he said: "And now you will say to me: 'What do you mean by talking to us in this way? and who are you, sir?' And now I will tell you I am Pilly Preeze. I have come from the mountains of Cardiganshire on my Master's business, and his message I must deliver. If you will never hear me again, I shall not matter much; but while you shall hear me, you shall hear me, and this is his word to me and in me to you: 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned'; *and I begs no pardons.*"

The plain preacher was beset by the deacons in the vestry after service and with no intervening delay. "Mr. Breeze," exclaimed one, "your sermon to-night has been most insolent and shameful." And after a very sharp denunciation of such discourses and preachers, this insulted church officer wound up by saying: "In short, I don't understand you." "Ho, ho!" cried Breeze. "What! you say you don't understand me. *Eh!* look you, then, I will tell you I *do* understand *you.* Up in our mountains we have one man there, we do call him *exciseman.* He comes along to our shops and stores, and says: 'What have you here? Anything contraband here?' And if it is all right, the good man says: 'Step in, Mr. Exciseman; come in, look you.' He is all fair, and open and above-board. But if he has anything secreted there, he draws back surprised, and he makes a fine face, and says: 'Sir, I don't understand you.' Now you do tell me you don't understand me; but I do understand you, gentlemen. I do, and I do fear you have something contraband here; and now I will say good-night to you; but I must tell you one little word—that is, 'He that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be tamned,' *and I begs no pardons.*" Authentic tradition adds that this wholesome truth-telling was not forgotten by the audience, nor by the church officers.

SHEPHERD, with thy tenderest care.—ANON., 1865.

In *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865, this first appears. In *Church Melodies* there is a very similar hymn:

"Shepherd of the fold of God,
Who hast bought us by thy blood,
Make these little ones thy care,
Keep their hearts from every snare;
Bid them see thy heavenly charms,
Fold them in thy gracious arms.

"Shepherd of the fold of God,
Who the vale of sorrows trod,
Once thyself a little child,
Holy, harmless, undefiled,
Now these waiting children see,
Cause them to resemble thee.

"Shepherd of the fold of God,
Hear us from thy high abode;
For these lambs to thee we cry:
Let them on thy grace rely;
Let their follies be forgiven,
Fit them for the gate of heaven."

The earliest Christian hymn, "Shepherd of tender youth" (Dr. Dexter's version), is doubtless the prototype of these and others; as the 23d Psalm is of them all.

SHALL we gather at the river?—LOWRY.

Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., was born in Philadelphia, March 12th, 1826. In 1854 he was graduated from Lewisburg University in Pennsylvania, and shortly afterward entered the Baptist ministry. He has been pastor at West Chester, Pa., and in New York City and Brooklyn, as well as Professor of *Belles-Lettres* in Lewisburg. Thence he removed to Plainfield, N. J., where he now lives.

The present hymn was written on a sultry afternoon in July, 1864, in Dr. Lowry's study in Elliott Place, Brooklyn, N. Y. Having recorded the words the author sat down at his parlor-organ and composed the tune, which is now familiar to all Sunday-school children throughout the world.

SHINE, mighty God! on Zion shine.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 67, C. M., "The Nation's Prosperity and Church's Increase." The first line varies from the original, which reads, "Shine, Mighty God, on this our land." Dr. Dwight gives still another opening, "Shine on our land, Jehovah, shine," etc. There are seven stanzas.

SHINE on our souls, eternal God.—DODDRIDGE.

This is No. 53 of Dr. Doddridge's hymns, with the title, "Joy and Prosperity from the Presence and Blessing of God." It is based on Ps. 90 : 17, and has four stanzas. The designation of it in *Laudes Domini* as a version of Ps. 134 is therefore incorrect.

SHOUT the glad tidings, exultingly sing.—MUHLENBERG.

This was one of the hymns appended in 1826 to the American Episcopal Prayer-Book by the committee, of which Dr. Muhlenberg was a member, and to which he submitted this with others.

SHOUT, O earth! from silence waking.—W. H. HAVERGAL.

The date of this hymn is 1841, and it has five stanzas.

SHOW pity, Lord! O Lord, forgive!—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives us here his rendering of Ps. 51. It is the First Part, L. M., "A Penitent Pleading for Pardon," and has six stanzas.

"Surely," said a servant to her master after hearing the 51st, 130th, and 116th Psalms, "surely some persons long ago must have felt as I feel, for those Psalms seem to have been written for their use and comfort."

SINCE Jesus is my friend.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

Miss Catherine Winkworth has given us this fine version of Paul Gerhardt's hymn, "*Ist Gott für mich, so trete.*" The present hymn is a cento from the translation there given, commencing with the second half of the first stanza, "If Jesus be my friend." See, "Here I can firmly rest."

SINCE thy Father's arm.—H. A. P., *tr.*

The initials "H. A. P." are appended to this hymn in *Sursum Corda*, 1877, a very beautiful little collection of verses compiled by Mrs. Tileston, and published by Roberts Brothers, Boston. The translation is from the German of Karl Rudolph Hagenbach, but the editor mentions nothing further as to him or as to the translator.

While Hagenbach is eminent as a Church historian and theological professor, it scarcely occurs to us that he has a claim also upon the hymnologist. His name does not meet us in Kübler's long and excellent list of German hymn-writers, and his biographers do not dwell on this side of his character. But the facts of his life are easily secured.

He was born at Basel, March 4th, 1801, and educated at Basel and at Bonn. Thence he went to Berlin and came under the influence of Schleiermacher and Neander. Returning to Basel, through the influence of De Wette, he began to teach in 1823, and was soon made professor, continuing his connection with the University until his death. In 1873 he celebrated his fiftieth anniversary in this relation. During these years he had been widely influential as a preacher in addition to his fame as a scholar and instructor. In Basel he was born, in Basel he spent his life, and in Basel he died, June 7th, 1874. He is best remembered by his *History of Doctrine* (*Dogmengeschichte*) 1840 (fifth edition, 1867), and his *History of the Reformation* (English edition, 1878).

SING, O heavens! O earth rejoice.—MONSELL.

Mr. Monsell calls this "A Hymn for Ascension Day," and places it in his *Hymns of Love and Praise.* It has five four-line stanzas, which are condensed in *Laudes Domini* into two double stanzas, with the omission of the fourth of the original and of the "Alleluia" after each verse. The text appended is Ps. 47 : 5, 6.

SING, sing his lofty praise.—KELLY.

As found in Thomas Kelly's fifth edition, 1820, this is in six stanzas, with a reference to Ps. 147 : 12.

SING to the Lord a joyful song.—MONSELL.

This is the first hymn in *Hymns of Love and Praise,* by Rev. John S. B. Monsell, LL.D. It is based upon Ps. 145 : 1, 2, and consists of five double stanzas, of which the present four-line stanzas in *Laudes Domini* are the halves—the second verse being the chorus to each in turn:

"For he's the Lord of heaven and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To whom be praise forevermore."

The royal gardens of an English king were once thrown open to the people, who, as it soon appeared, were too fond of the flowers to keep their hands from them. The gardener complained to His Majesty, but the king only said: "What, are they so fond of flowers? Then plant some more!" And thus, in his generosity, God deals with us. Our principal enjoyment is in the destruction of what is so welcome and so beautiful; but he only plants fresh flowers, more and more.

SING we the song of those who stand.—MONTGOMERY.

This is found in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns,* where it consists of six stanzas, and is entitled "The Church Militant learning the Church Triumphant's Song." The date is variously given as 1825, 1846 and 1853. This is probably due to the amendments of Montgomery himself. The author has sometimes been called, "the Cowper of the nineteenth century," which is praise above his desert.

He was born in 1771, at Irvine, in Ayrshire, the region so long famous as the native place of Robert Burns. When he was about five years old, his father, who was a Moravian clergyman, removed to Grace Hill, a settlement of the United Brethren near Ballymena, Ireland, and shortly afterward to Fulneck, in Yorkshire, England. Thus, by the time he was eight years old, the child had resided in Scotland, Ireland and England.

The greater part of James Montgomery's life, however, was spent in Sheffield, to which town his name and that of Ebenezer Elliott have contributed much poetical renown. Of his hymns, William Howitt says: "Perhaps there are no lyrics in the language which are so truly Christian. We feel that he has caught the genuine spirit of Christ." It is by his hymns that Montgomery is remembered rather than by his more ambitious poetry. "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire"—though not strictly a hymn—will long outlast the *Pelican Island*; and "Hail to the Lord's Anointed" is loved by plenty of persons who never heard of *The World before the Flood*, or *The Wanderer of Switzerland.* But in these productions, as in his hymns, the poet spoke words of truth and soberness. His *West Indies* is an anti-slavery document of the most impressive sort. This grew out of the circumstance of his parents being sent as missionaries to the West Indies in 1783, where they died and were buried, one in Barbadoes and the other in Tobago.

After his education at Fulneck—which Mr. Howitt describes in his *Homes and Haunts*—we find Montgomery in 1787, at Mirfield, near Wakefield, in a retail shop. He was kindly treated, but was anxious to live in London, and engage in literature. This was not so successful as he hoped, and he soon returned to the counter at Wath, near Rotherham, and in 1792 he made his permanent home in Sheffield. Here he assisted Mr. Gales, printer of the *Register*, of which he became editor in 1794. He changed its name to the *Iris*, and conducted it for thirty years. As the principles of the paper were too liberal for the Government's ideas, Montgomery was twice fined and imprisoned, and to this imprisonment we are indebted for many of his best hymns. He never married, and was subject frequently to fits of religious despondency. In this respect he was certainly very like Cowper. The Government (by way, perhaps, of atonement) at length gave him a literary pension of two hundred pounds a year, and from 1822, until his death in 1854, he enriched the hymnody of the Church universal with many admirable lyrics.

He states that as a boy he wrote much poetry in the form of hymns ; as a man less ; and when, in middle life, he undertook it again, it was only done with diffidence and difficulty. He composed his verses, indeed, " very slowly and only by fits," when he could rouse his " indolent powers into exertion." He is desirous to " lie in wait for his heart " and have it strung " to the pitch of David's lyre." When seriously ill and quite advanced in years he once offered some of his hymns to his attending physician that they might be read aloud to him. But he became very much affected by them, saying that every one embodied some distinct experience, and adding that he hoped they might be profitable to others from this fact. His death occurred April 30th, 1854, during his sleep.

Hugh Miller, in the *Witness*, has described Montgomery's bearing and presence when he visited Edinburgh during his later years.

> " His appearance speaks of antiquity and not of decay. His hair has assumed a snowy whiteness, and the lofty and full-arched coronal regions exhibit what a brother poet has well termed the ' clear, bald polish of the honored head ;' but the expression of the countenance is that of middle life. It is a thin, clear, speaking countenance ; the features are high, the complexion fresh, though not ruddy, and age has failed to pucker either cheek or forehead with a single wrinkle. . . . The figure is quite as little touched by age as the face. It is well, but not strongly made, and of the middle size ; and yet there is a touch of antiquity about it, too, derived, however, rather from the dress than from any peculiarity of the person itself. To a plain suit of black Mr. Montgomery adds the voluminous breast-ruffles of the last age, exactly such things as, in Scotland, at least, the fathers of the present generation wore on their wedding-days." He was at that time just threescore and ten, and continued on earth for thirteen years longer.

SING with all the sons of glory.—IRONS.

The author of " Day of wrath ! O day of mourning"— the most popular English rendering of the "*Dies Iræ*," 1848—is also the author of this hymn, 1875. Rev. William Joseph Irons, D.D., was born at Hoddesdon, Hertfordshire, England, September 12th, 1812, and was the son of Joseph Irons (1785–1852), who wrote a few hymns which have not been generally adopted. The father was first a builder and then an Independent minister ; the son became celebrated for his adherence to the Church of England, and for his High Church views. Young Irons was educated at Queen's College, Oxford, 1833, became curate of St. Mary's, Newington, 1835; vicar of St. Peter's, Walworth, 1837; vicar of Barkway, Hertfordshire, 1838; and of Brompton, London, 1842. He has since then been prebendary of St. Paul's, London, and rector of St. Mary-Woolnoth.

Dr. Irons's writings are ecclesiastical and controversial. His hymns are derived from the *Metrical Psalter*, 1857, and the *Psalms and Hymns for the Church*, one hundred and ninety in number, 1875. He died, June 18th, 1883. The middle name of Dr. Irons is variously given. The Schaff-Gilman *Library of Religious Poetry* has it "Josiah." Dr. Allibone writes "Jonah." We follow Routledge's *Men of the Time*.

SINNERS, turn, why will ye die?—C. WESLEY.

This hymn is from a very long poem (sixteen eight-line stanzas) on Ezek. 18 : 31. It is taken from *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* (1741–56). The present piece in *Laudes Domini* contains the first three stanzas entire and nearly unaltered. After these have been taken, the remainder of the poem is unfit for use as a hymn.

The *Hymns on God's Everlasting Love* first appeared in 1741, a second edition (enlarged) in 1756, a third in 1770, and a fourth in 1792.

They were in the form of a tract which consisted of two parts, of thirty-six (1741) and forty-eight pages (1756) respectively. The change from "you" to "ye" which can be noticed in modern versions, is the work of John Wesley.

SION, to thy Saviour singing.—A. R. THOMPSON, *tr.*

Among the best class of recent translators from the Latin stands our American pastor and scholar, the Rev. Alexander Ramsay Thompson, D.D. He was born in New York City, October 22d, 1822, graduated at the University of the City of New York (1842), pursued a theological course at Princeton (1842–45), and was licensed in the latter year, by the Second Presbytery of New York, to preach the Gospel. After preaching as an assistant pastor in Brooklyn (Central church, R. P. D.) and in New York (Astor Place Presbyterian church) he accepted a call to the First Presbyterian church of Morristown, N. J., and was ordained January 10th, 1846, by the Presbytery of Elizabeth (O. S.). Dr. Hatfield has collected with his usual care the exact statistics of Dr. Thompson's pastorates, which we can here summarize. He gathered a congregation in East Brooklyn (1848) ; then was pastor, Tompkinsville, Staten Island, R. P. D. church (1848–51) ; Stapleton, Staten Island, R. P. D. (1851–58) ; Stated Supply, Second Congregational church, Bridgeport, Conn. (1859–62) ; associate pastor with Dr. G. W. Bethune, St. Paul's R. P. D. church, New York City, and at his death sole pastor (1862–74) ; North Reformed church (R. P. D.), Brooklyn (1874–). Dr. Thompson's renderings of the Latin hymns have latterly appeared in the *Sunday-School Times*, Philadelphia.

The present hymn is the "*Lauda Sion Salvatorem*," the famous hymn of St. Thomas Aquinas, for whom see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." It appeared in 1883 in the *Sunday-School Times.* There is further information under "Here the King," etc.

Dr. Thompson's best-known translation is, "The morning purples all the sky," which is the "*Aurora cœlum purpurat*," an "Ambrosian" hymn.

Sit down beneath his shadow.—F. R. Havergal.

This hymn is found in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 92. It is a Communion hymn, "Under His Shadow.—Cant. 2 : 3," and has six stanzas. Her own date for it in *Songs of Grace and Glory* is 1870.

Sleep thy last sleep.—Dayman.

This hymn first appeared in the *Sarum Hymnal*, 1868.

So let our lips and lives express.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's Hymn 132, Book I., and was first printed to follow a sermon on Titus 2 : 10–13. Its title is, "Holiness and Grace," and it has four stanzas.

So rest, our Rest, thou ever blest.—Massie, *tr.*

This hymn, in seven stanzas, is one of Solomon Frank's seven *Passion Hymns*, and is addressed to "Jesus in the Grave." Some have assigned the present translation to Rev. William Mercer (1811–1873), 1861. It certainly appears in six stanzas in his

Psalter, a copy of which, annotated by the veteran Daniel Sedgwick, is now before us. But Sedgwick, who has marked all the other hymns of Mercer with great care, has not credited him with this one. It is a version by Richard Massie, made in 1856.

There is another rendering of this same hymn by Miss Winkworth, "Rest of the weary! Thou," which is found in *Lyra Germanica*, I : 85. There is still a third in the *Psalms and Hymns* of Arthur Tozer Russell, No. 103.

The composer of the original German hymn, Solomon Frank, was born at Weimar on the 6th of March, 1659. The facts relating to his life are very obscure. He is known to have written many hymns on death and heaven, and of the three hundred which have been identified with his name there are some which are quite excellent. He was an admirer of Rist, and these *Passion Hymns* were published first in 1716. The original of this hymn is, "*So ruhest Du, O meine Ruh*," and it is to be found in Dr. Schaff's *Gesangbuch*.

Frank, who must be distinguished from Johann Frank and A. H. Franke, was Secretary to the Consistorium of Weimar, and died in that town, June 11th, 1725. He is also the author of another hymn, familiar to us in its translation as, "I know my end must surely come."

SOFTLY fades the twilight ray.—S. F. SMITH.

The author, Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., contributed this hymn, with several others, to the *Psalmist*, a Baptist collection, in 1843. It was written—so he has kindly informed us—in 1832. What the circumstances were which led him to compose it, we are not aware ; but it has the true melody of an evening song, such as the early Christians used to sing in those days which Dr. Cave commemorates, when at their toil or in their houses, and at morning and noon and evening their thanks and praises could be heard ascending in sweet strains to God. The beautiful little poem by Miss Dora Greenwell, entitled "Vespers," may fittingly take its place by the side of such a hymn of tranquil devotion as this :

> "When I have said my quiet say,
> When I have sung my little song,
> How sweetly, sweetly dies the day
> The valley and the hill along ;
> How sweet the summons, 'Come away,'
> That calls me from the busy throng !

"I thought beside the water's flow
Awhile to lie beneath the leaves,
I thought in Autumn's harvest glow
To rest my head upon the sheaves;
But, lo! methinks the day was brief
And cloudy; flower, nor fruit, nor leaf
I bring, and yet accepted, free
And blest, my Lord, I come to Thee.

"What matter now for promise lost,
Through blast of Spring, or Summer rains!
What matter now for purpose crost,
For broken hopes and wasted pains;
What if the olive little yields,
What if the grape be blighted? Thine
The corn upon a thousand fields,
Upon a thousand hills the vine.

"Thou lovest still the poor; oh, blest
In poverty beloved to be!
Less lowly is my choice confess'd,
I love the rich in loving Thee!
My spirit bare before Thee stands,
I bring no gift, I ask no sign,
I come to Thee with empty hands
The surer to be filled from Thine!"

SOFTLY now the light of day.—DOANE.

Rev. George Washington Doane, D.D., LL.D., was born in Trenton, N. J., May 27th, 1799. He was graduated from Union College, Schenectady, N. Y., in 1818, and was ordained to the ministry of the Episcopalian Church, August 6th, 1823, the ceremony taking place in New York City. Here he at once became an assistant in Trinity parish, and in 1825 removed to Hartford, to assume the duties of Professor of Rhetoric and *Belles-Lettres* in Washington, now Trinity, College. Three years later he was selected as the assistant minister, and finally became rector of Trinity church, Boston. From this position he was elevated to the dignity of the episcopate, November 31st, 1832, and put in charge of the diocese of New Jersey until his death, in Burlington, N. J., April 27th, 1859. It is his son, Rev. William Crosswell Doane, D.D., who was the first bishop of the diocese of Albany, and who has written a memoir of his father.

We owe to Bishop Doane a singular debt of gratitude, for it was he who gave to the *Christian Year* of Keble very much of its vogue in America. There now lies before the present writer a copy of the first American edition, 1834, enriched with Bishop Doane's annotations, and dedicated to his "next friend and more than brother, the Rev. William Crosswell, rector of Christ church, Boston." For the use of this volume he is indebted to Rev. E. E. Rankin, D.D., of Newark, N. J. The hymn itself is dated 1826.

SOMETIMES a light surprises.—COWPER.

This hymn was the last that Rev. R. M. McCheyne seemed to comprehend upon his dying bed. His sister read it to him, March 21st, 1843—four days before his death—and he appeared to know it. Then came on the delirium, but even in that delirium he was engaged in laboring for his people—fancying that he was pleading or praying with them, and once saying: "You may soon get me away, but that will not save your souls." In his final moments he raised his hands as if pronouncing the benediction, and so sank away to his eternal rest. "He was so sanctified," says a reviewer of his life, "his heart was a perpetual hymn."

Cowper contributed this as the forty-eighth hymn of Book III. of the *Olney Hymns*, in four double stanzas. It has two suggestive scriptural notes. One to the "unknown to-morrow" refers us to Matt. 6 : 34 ; the other to the "vine and fig-tree" draws our attention to Hab. 3 : 17, 18. It is interesting to know in this, as in other cases, what special part of God's Word was influencing the hymn-writer's mind.

There is, by the way, no good reason for placing "Rev." before Cowper's name as is now sometimes done. He probably "preached" a few times, but that was all ; he does not seem to have looked upon himself, or to have been looked upon, in that ecclesiastical light.

SON of God, to thee I cry.—MANT.

Bishop Richard Mant wrote this as an original hymn, and its precise shape can be seen in Dr. Roger's *Lyra Britannica*. The present hymn in *Laudes Domini* is derived from the *Church Hymnal* (Dublin, 1853), and fuses the one printed as above with another by the same author, "Jesus, our Light and Saviour," which *Lyra Britannica* also gives on p. 393. The latter is the one which is followed through three stanzas out of the four. The former is found in Dr. Mant's "Holydays of the Church," 1831.

SONGS of praise the angels sang.—MONTGOMERY.

This is No. 90 in James Montgomery's *Original Hymns*, consisting of six stanzas, and is of the date 1819, when it appeared in *Cotterill's Selection*. It is entitled "Glory to God in the Highest," and he has affixed to it the text, Luke 2 : 13. To those who think that fine scenery and extended landscape are necessary for poetic inspiration it may be well to commend the words of Montgomery himself :

> "From the room in which I sit to write, and where some of my happiest pieces have been produced," he said to his friend, Mr. Everett, "all the prospect I have is a confined yard, where there are some miserable old walls, and the back of houses which present to the eye neither beauty, variety nor anything else calculated to inspire a single thought except concerning the rough surface of the bricks, the corners of which have either been chopped off by violence, or fretted away by the weather. No ; as a general rule, whatever of poetry is to be derived from scenery must be secured before we sit down to compose ; the impressions must be made already, and the mind must be abstracted from surrounding objects. It will not do to be expatiating abroad in observations when we should be at home in concentration of thought."

SOON may the last glad song arise.—VOKE (?), 1816.

This is Prof. Bird's and the English ascription. The hymn is, however, *not* from the *Baptist Magazine*, 1816. He queries it thus as "in Mrs. Voke's style and on her favorite subject." We think there is great doubt of the authorship. The missionary hymns of that era are very like to each other.

SOUL, then know thy full salvation.—LYTE.

Among Mr. Lyte's flock at Brixham were many odd characters. There was a great deal of doctrinal debate, especially between Arminians and Calvinists. An old Arminian was once seen of a Sunday morning, just outside the door of the Calvinistic chapel, stirring a very filthy pool with a stick. He was notorious as a controversialist, so his opponents gathered around him and asked what he was looking after. Still probing in the mud, he said : "I am searching for the eternal decrees!" It was such people whom Mr. Lyte had to encounter—who could tolerate stagnant water in front of a chapel door, and who could stir it with a stick in order to taunt their adversaries. But how grandly does the doctrine of the divine will shine forth in this beautiful hymn! "It is of no consequence," says Hans Andersen's beautiful story, "if one is born in a duck's nest, provided it is only from a swan's egg."

The present hymn is a portion of the better-known lyric, "Jesus, I my cross have taken," which was composed, in six double stanzas, by Mr. Lyte in 1824. It commences in the original not as given here, but, "Take, my soul, thy full salvation," and embraces the last two stanzas of the larger piece.

SOVEREIGN of worlds! display thy power.—B. H. DRAPER.

The facts relative to this hymn have been long sought. It has, in its original form, seven stanzas, and has been cut in twain and made into two hymns, the second commencing with the line, "Ye Christian heralds, go, proclaim." The mythical "Mrs. Voke" has frequently received the credit of it, but it is found in Elias Smith's and Abner Jones's *Hymns for the Use of Christians*, Portland, Me., 1805—and the title is, "On the Departure of the Missionaries. By a Bristol Student."

We are indebted to the assiduity of Rev. John Forsyth, D.D., of Newburgh, N. Y., for the final solution of the problem. He printed in the *New York Independent*, September 17th, 1885, a full account of the matter, which we condense.

Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, whose initials, "B. H. D.," have at length identified him with the "Bristol Student," was born at Cumnor, near Oxford, England, in 1775. He came of a Church of England family, and was intended for the ministry, but poverty prevented his studies. He then became an apprentice to the printing business at the Clarendon Press, Oxford; joined the Baptist church in Oxford; and, on completing his apprenticeship, was recommended by that church as a student, and admitted to the Baptist Academy at Bristol, then under the care of Rev. John Ryland, D.D., author of the hymn, "In all my Lord's appointed ways." It was natural that the young man should take to hymn-writing in that atmosphere, and this piece must have been composed between 1802, when he entered, and 1804, when he was ordained as pastor of the Baptist church of Chipping-Norton, Oxfordshire. The "departure of the missionaries" fixes the date, for they sailed December 1st, 1803.

Mr. Draper removed from this position to another church at Southampton, where he died, October, 1843. He was a man of piety and earnestness; wrote little books for children, and published some other devotional works and sermons—thirty-six in all. His hymns are not traceable, though the *Baptist Magazine* contains a good deal of fugitive poetry signed with his initials.

Sow in the morn thy seed.—MONTGOMERY.

In Montgomery's *Original Hymns* (1853) this is Hymn 255, "The Field of the World." It has seven stanzas.

"Deeply interested as the Sheffield bard always was in the spiritual as well as the moral and social welfare of the young, he wrote a new hymn for each Whit-Monday gathering of the Sunday-schools of the town during a quarter of a century, and his hymn usually was the first on the broadsheet annually. As many as twenty thousand children have joined at one service there to sing the praises of God in the words of their honored townsman."

SPEAK to me, Lord, thyself reveal.—C. WESLEY.

This is taken from verses entitled "On a Journey," 1740. The second stanza, chosen here as the first, begins, "Talk to me, Lord, thyself reveal." There are six stanzas in all.

SPIRIT of God! descend upon my heart.—CROLY.

Rev. George Croly, LL.D., is credited by Dr. Allibone with the authorship of thirty-one distinct volumes and treatises. He was born in Dublin, August 17th, 1780, and was educated at Trinity College in that city, being graduated in 1798, and M.A., 1804. His life as a clergyman is identified with his long rectorship of St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, London, to which was added the living (oddly named) of St. Benedict Sherehog. He was given both by Lord Brougham. The theme of his writings is usually religious, but he has composed at least one masterpiece in fiction, *Salathiel*; and another in poetry, *Catiline: a Tragedy.* Of his minor pieces the best is "Earth to earth, and dust to dust." In 1854 he published *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*, to which he contributed ten psalms and ten hymns. There are five stanzas to the present piece, and its text of Scripture is Gal. 5 : 25.

Dr. Croly died suddenly, November 24th, 1860, while walking in Holborn, London. He was an extreme Conservative in politics and a fierce opponent of Liberalism of every sort.

"J. D.," the "author of the Life of Chatterton," dating his book from London, March, 1851, has given among other *Pen Pictures* a capital sketch of our author in the pulpit.

The parish church of St. Stephen, Wallbrook, he says, is "in an out-of-the-way thoroughfare at the back of the Mansion House," and has been celebrated "for its filthy condition, and for the warfare of its vicar with Alderman Gibbs."

The audience on that particular morning was quite small. Three fourths of the pews were unfilled, and "the remainder had, on a average, about two persons each in them. There were," continues J. D., "half a dozen benches, and these were occupied by miserable, old-looking charity children, frightfully dressed, and who appeared much as our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers might be supposed to look, when surveyed through the wrong end of a telescope. Then there were some shivering souls in the livery of the workhouse, whose teeth chattered again, and who evidently were sincere when they proclaimed themselves to be 'miserable sinners.' Everything and everybody looked damp and dingy, from the mahogany cherub smothered in dust, to the cracked-voice old clerk, who appeared to go through the service by heart; for he never once, that I saw, removed his hands from his pockets to turn a leaf.

"And no wonder the congregation was cold, for the church was damp and mouldy, and as dirty as though it had been shut up for a hundred years, and opened for the first time on that very morning. The clear, cold sunbeams of early December failed to pierce through the cobwebbed and crusted windows; the upper portion of the sounding-board of the pulpit was inch-deep in dust; the hangings of the pews were literally hangings, for they were tattered shreds; and the stone pavement was reeking with moisture." . . . "The Psalm having been sung through, the preacher rose. He was tall, and, in the pulpit, appeared of Herculean proportions. Surmounting a broad, massive chest was a head, massively shaped also, and connected with the trunk by a short, thick neck. This head was grandly formed, and its fine dome-like proportions were distinct enough, it being but thinly covered with short, stubbly hair, of an iron-gray color. Beneath a high and broad forehead, furrowed with deep, transverse lines, were two large, gray eyes; the nose was thick and large, and the mouth wide. An ample chin formed the lower portion of the face, whose chief expression was a mixture of confident boldness and severity.

"Scorning the aid of notes, Croly commenced his discourse without them, and closing the large Bible which lay on the cushion, he placed it on the seat behind him and read occasionally from a smaller book which he held in his hand. Unlike most pulpit orators, who usually commence in a low tone of voice, and gradually increase its volume as they warm up to their subject, Dr. Croly's first words were uttered in loud and sonorous tones which echoed and re-echoed through the almost deserted building. His subject was one which led him incidentally to refer to the splendors of ancient Nineveh, and certainly such a magnificent specimen of *word-painting* I never before heard. Listening to him was like reading scenes from his own gorgeously-eloquent "Salathiel," or perusing the Revelations (*sic*) by flashes of lightning. With a perfectly marvellous command of language he described the glories of the now ruined cities, and with an amazing fluency heaped splendor upon splendor; until as the eye grows dazzled by gazing on the changing pomp of a tropical sunset, when the amber and vermilion-hued clouds, piled on each other, assume a thousand fantastic shapes, so the mind became satiated by his numerous and superb illustrations. It was grand, but we may have too much of even grandeur. What the poor, ignorant, workhouse people and the shivering charity children thought of their minister's discourse, or how much the staid and sober parishioners were benefited by it, it is not for me to say, but I certainly thought that something less magnificent, and a little better suited to simple comprehension would have been more in place.

"That Croly is a man of vast power, and is possessed of a mind of gigantic grasp, his works testify, and that he is prodigiously energetic, both his sermons and his platform speeches sufficiently prove, but he is not a great preacher—the sphere for the exercise of his talents is not the pulpit—and on the platform he allows his violent political feelings and warm temper to run away with his judgment."

Dr. Croly at that date was the editor of the *Britannia*, a weekly newspaper, and J. D. adds this significant sentence to his racy account: "Since the above was written, St. Stephen's, Wallbrook, has been restored to its former splendor, and Alderman Gibbs, half-ruined by litigation, has resigned his aldermanic gown."

STAND up and bless the Lord.—MONTGOMERY.

In the *Original Hymns* this is Hymn 86, "Exhortation to Praise and Thanksgiving." It has six stanzas. Its proper date is 1825.

STAND up, my soul, shake off thy fears.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's hymns this is Book II., No. 77, "The Christian Warfare." It has six stanzas. It is a "rare, good soldier-song."

STAND up, stand up, for Jesus.—G. DUFFIELD.

This hymn has had such a history and has been so extensively honored of the Lord in the work of the Church that it absolves the present writer from any feeling of delicacy which he might otherwise have experienced in its annotation. It will remain to him as one of his own happiest memories that the same hand which pens these lines made the first copy of this fine lyric for the press. As well as he can, he therefore undertakes, in this article, to clear up a number of misstatements and errors which he has found associated with the hymn. Nor is there a briefer or better method than by quoting the author's own little leaflet entire.

"By request of friends, to answer inquiries, to correct mistakes, and save explanations, I reprint a hymn that has met with such wide and unexpected favor, and add this note.

"'Stand Up for Jesus' was the dying message of the Rev. Dudley A. Tyng, to the Young Men's Christian Association, and the ministers associated with them in the Noon-Day Prayer Meeting, during the great revival of 1858, usually known as 'The Work of God in Philadelphia.'

"A very dear personal friend, I knew young Tyng as one of the noblest, bravest, *manliest* men I ever met; not inferior in eloquence to his honored father, and the acknowledged leader of a campaign for Christ that has become historical. The Sabbath before his death he preached in the immense edifice known as Jaynes' Hall, one of the most successful sermons of modern times. Of the five thousand men there assembled, at least one thousand, it was believed, were 'the slain of the Lord.' His text was Exodus 10 : 11, and hence the allusion in the third verse of the hymn.

"The following Wednesday, leaving his study for a moment, he went to the barn floor, where a mule was at work on a horse-power, shelling corn. Patting him on the neck, the sleeve of his silk study gown caught in the cogs of the wheel, and his arm was torn out by the roots! His death occurred in a few hours. Never was there greater lamentation over a young man than over him, and when Gen. 50 : 26 was announced as the text for his funeral sermon, the place at once became a Bochim, and continued so for many minutes.

"The following Sunday the author of the hymn preached from Eph. 6 : 14, and the above verses were written simply as the concluding exhortation. The superintendent of the Sabbath-school had a fly-leaf printed for the children—a stray copy found its way into a Baptist newspaper—and from that paper it has gone in English, and in German and Latin translations all over the world. The first time the author heard it sung, outside of his own denomination, was in 1864, as the favorite song of the Christian soldiers in the Army of the James.

"One word more. The author is not his father, Rev. George Duffield, D.D., the Patriarch of Michigan, born 1796, and who died at Detroit, 1868. Neither is he his son, Rev. Samuel W. Duffield, born in 1843, graduated at Yale College, 1863, and now pastor of the Westminster church, Bloomfield, N. J. . . . His father has not yet lost his identity, and claims to be his own individual self—viz., Rev. George Duffield, A.M., pastor in Brooklyn, L. I., seven years; in Bloomfield, N. J., four years; in Philadelphia, ten years, leaving there in 1861; and the rest of his life an active pastor in the West—more than forty years in all; born

[September 12th], 1818 [at Carlisle, Penn.], graduated at Yale College, 1837, and at Union Theological Seminary, New York, in 1840, and now living in Detroit.

"Notwithstanding the many mutilations and alterations and perversions to which this hymn has been subjected, it is but proper to say, that since the night it was written, it has never been altered by the author in a single verse, a single line, or a single word, and it is his earnest wish that it shall continue unaltered until the Soldiers of the Cross shall replace it by something better.

"To adopt the words of Faber—'That our Blessed Lord has permitted this hymn to be of some trifling good to souls, and so, in a very humble way, to contribute to his glory, is to the author a source of profitable confusion, as well as of unmerited consolation.'

"GEORGE DUFFIELD.

"DETROIT, May 29, 1883."

And now follows the hymn in its author's preferred text:

"STAND UP FOR JESUS."

"Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high His royal banner,
It must not suffer loss.
From victory unto victory
His army He shall lead
Till every foe is vanquish'd,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

"Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The solemn watchword hear;
If while ye sleep He suffers,*
Away with shame and fear;
Where'er ye meet with evil,
Within you or without,
Charge for the God of Battles,
And put the foe to rout!

"Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The trumpet call obey;
Forth to the mighty conflict,
In this His glorious day.
'Ye that are men now serve Him,'
Against unnumber'd foes;
Let courage rise with danger,
And strength to strength oppose.

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* Matt. 26: 36-46.

"Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Stand in His strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,
Ye dare not trust your own.
Put on the Gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer;
Where duty calls or danger,
Be never wanting there!

"Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
Each soldier to his post;
Close up the broken column,
And shout through all the host!
Make good the loss so heavy,
In those that still remain,
And prove to all around you
That death itself is gain!

"Stand up!—stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song.
To him that overcometh,
A crown of life shall be;
He with the King of Glory
Shall reign eternally!"

It has always been understood that the death of Rev. Dudley Atkins Tyng came about through the arm mortifying. The third amputation, carried high into the shoulder, did not save him. At first only the lower portion of the arm was involved to all appearance, but in reality it was, as has been said, "torn out by the roots," as the ligaments and muscles were dragged into the machinery and strained and wrenched from the neck down. A cob of corn from that "threshing floor" has ever since hung on the study-wall of the author of the hymn.

The "Sunday-school superintendent" was Benedict D. Stewart, just deceased (1886), a gentleman long known and beloved in the Presbyterian churches of Philadelphia.

The hymn first appeared in full, in any permanent publication, in the *Lyra Sacra Americana* (1868) of Professor C. D. Cleveland, to whom Dr. Duffield gave a correct copy.

For some years the present writer was annoyed by a gross misprint in the hymn which was unintentional on the part of the compiler of the hymn-book in question, but which was none the less disagreeable. It was "his army shall *be led*" for "his army he shall lead," and it spoiled the sentiment as well as the rhyme.

The first regular use of the hymn for purposes of hymnology was in the supplement to the *Church Psalmist*, Dr. Beman's book, which was prepared by the Presbyterian Publication Committee (N. S.), Philadelphia, in 1859. It is in this publication that the hymn is altered into "watching unto prayer," and the responsibility for the alleged amendment must rest, for good or ill, with the chairman of the committee's sub-committee.

It may not be improper to mention that the hymn is repeatedly commended in *Hymns and Choirs*, the book issued by the compilers of the *New Sabbath Hymn and Tune Book.* They were among the earliest to recognize its worth, and gave to it the tune "Tyng."

In 1862 Dr. C. S. Robinson joined it to "Yarmouth." But, so nearly as can be ascertained, it was W. B. Bradbury who adopted the tune *Webb* in the *Golden Chain.* In Rev. Leonard Woolsey Bacon's book, the *Book of Worship*, 1866, this popular setting of it was also utilized.

The hymn has been rendered into other languages. A version in Chinese has been recently prepared by Rev. W. J. McKee, of Ning-po, China, and there is also a transfusion into Latin, and another, by J. D. Evans, into Welsh.

A pretty incident in connection with the use of the hymn is the story of the little four-year-old child of Dr. Roberts, of Princeton, who, hearing it given out in church, sang it fearlessly and to the admiration of the congregation. Moreover, the singing was with a loud voice and great joy, as of "something understood." It was at Saratoga, and the baby was far from home, but the hymn was very real and familiar, and the little voice made melody in it.

Dr. Duffield himself, in a private letter, says :

"There is one pleasure I have enjoyed in hymns, which is somewhat personal and of its own kind. On three different occasions—once in the General Assembly at Brooklyn, and once at a meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., and once at a mass-meeting of Sabbath-schools in Illinois, when outward and inward troubles met, and I was in great and sore affliction—I have entered the church and found that the great congregation was singing, 'Stand up, stand up for Jesus!'

"The feeling of comfort was inexpressible, to have my own hymn thus sung *to* me by those unaware of my presence. It was as though an angel strengthened me."

One of the original leaflets headed "Stand up for Jesus" is now before the present writer. Its quotation from Dudley Tyng's last words is, "Tell them to stand up for Jesus! Now let us sing a hymn." The verses in *Lyra Sacra Americana* are copied exactly from the original.

STANDING at the portal.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This is in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 89, "Faithful Promises" (a New Year's Hymn). It is based on Isa. 41 : 10, and the date given by the author is 1873.

STARS of the morning, so gloriously bright.—NEALE, *tr.*

Dr. Neale calls this "A Cento from the Canon of the 'Bodiless Ones'; Tuesday in the Week of the Fourth Tone." We heartily commend this title to musical archæologists in search of a topic on which to expend a little superfluous zeal. The fact is that Dr. Neale's titles in his *Hymns of the Eastern Church* are wonderfully æsthetic, and this is a fair example of their profound unmeaningness to the ordinary reader.

The original has six stanzas, of which the hymn in *Laudes Domini* uses the first two and last two. The author is St. Joseph of the Studium, from whom Dr. Neale has given us "O happy band of pilgrims," "Safe home, safe home in port," "And wilt thou pardon, Lord," and "Let our choir new anthems raise."

A characteristic story is told of the devotion of St. Joseph to his hymns:

> A certain citizen of Constantinople prayed faithfully in the church of St. Theodore of the Studium for three days, and had no benefit "from the intercessions of that martyr." As he was about to give up in despair, Theodore (so it is said) appeared in vague and shadowy vision before him, and explained that he and the other saints had been absent from the church attending to paradise the soul of Joseph, who had celebrated them so often in his songs of praise! This was a matter, doubtless, of much comfort to the citizen and of much glory to the hymnody of Joseph.

STEALING from the world away.—PALMER.

A hymn by Dr. Palmer which has been very popular from the date of its first publication. It was written at New Haven in 1834, and its text of Scripture is Ps. 36 : 9. It resembles in sentiment, though it scarcely equals, "Away from earth my spirit turns."

STILL, still with thee, my God.—BURNS.

' Mr. Burns,'' it has been well said, '' was a true Christian and a true poet, too soon called from toil and suffering to rest and triumph.'' Born in Edinburgh, Scotland, February 18th, 1823, James Drummond Burns received his education at the High School and University of his native place. At the time of the famous '' Disruption '' he was twenty years old and cast in his lot with the Free Church, under whose great leader, Thomas Chalmers, he received his theological training. In 1845 he was installed over the Free Church congregation at Dunblane. In a very short time the rigor of the climate told severely on a frame worn with hard study, and, in two years after his settlement, it was necessary for him to spend a winter in Madeira. In 1848 it was plain that he must permanently remove to a southern climate altogether. He therefore went to Madeira, and the next three years were spent in scenes favorable to both poetry and health. Here his *Vision of Prophecy* (published in 1856) was written. In 1854 he thought himself sufficiently recovered to try his pastoral work anew in the suburbs of London, at Hampstead. He is described by his biographer, Rev. Dr. James Hamilton (1868), as '' a tall, loosely-knit man, clad always in clerical black, with the gentlest of manners, a sad, resigned sort of voice, and with great sweetness of smile.'' He was at this period evidently '' weak and ill '' also, and it was clear that consumption had resolved to stalk and slay him, by those slow approaches which are so stimulating to the mind and so deadly to the body. His preaching was thus of an unearthly beauty, idealistic and loftily spiritual, but accepting the hard circumstances of earthly struggle as a preparation for heavenly glory. He knew nothing but Christ and Him crucified, and his wonderful fancy delighted to pay its tribute of love to the Redeemer of men. A poet whose dreamy intuitions of natural and metaphysical loveliness were preternaturally acute, he could descend from his high place of imagination at any moment to afford assistance to the sick or the poor. In this he was a noble example to all those would-be sensitive and ethereal souls, who must be nourished on the dainty food of compliment and sustained toward their best endeavors by the comforts of a robust body and the help of an undisturbed mind. This man, like Lyte or Cowper, or the weary singers of our finest songs, was singing with his breast against the thorn, as the old poets said was the habit of that sweetest singer, the nightingale. In 1864 his disease drove him to the Riviera. He had not been idle in Madeira—for there he had preached for five years. And now at Mentone he was eager to return to his parish. He endeavored to do so, but the effort was too great, and the next autumn found him back at Mentone for the last time. Here he sunk away and died, on the Sabbath, November 27th, 1864. He had been married in 1859.

We are indebted to the loving care of his friend, Dr. Hamilton, for many particulars of his personal life. The *Memoir* prepared by him contains much of Mr. Burns's poetry.

SUN of my soul, thou Saviour dear.—KEBLE.

This is from Keble's Evening Hymn in *The Christian Year*, commencing with the third stanza.

Rev. John Keble was the son of Rev. John Keble, vicar of Coln St. Aldwyn's, Gloucestershire, England, and was born on his father's estate at that place, April 25th, 1792. He was prepared by his father for college, and was graduated from Corpus Christi College, Oxford, 1810, taking his M.A. degree in 1813. A very brilliant scholar, he took many prizes during his course, and, in 1814, he was appointed Examining Master for three years. His ordination as deacon occurred in 1815, and he was made priest on Trinity Sunday of the year following. His ecclesiastical career briefly summed up is as follows: He was curate of East Leach and Burthorpe, 1815 to 1818; tutor in Oriel College, 1818–1823; curate, as before, with Southrop added, replacing his brother, Thomas, who had replaced himself, 1823; offered an archdeaconship by Bishop Coleridge, of Barbadoes, with a salary of £2000, which he declined, 1824; curate of Hursley, 1825. He became his father's curate at Fairford in 1826.

The Christian Year appeared in 1827—the result of long labor and of such polishing and revision as Gray put upon the *Elegy*. It had also the same classical success. It became, and has since remained, a household volume. Its ninety-sixth edition was revised by the same hand that originally wrote its pages.

In 1831 Keble was elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, though he did not remove thither; and he has sometimes been regarded —certainly by Cardinal Newman—as the true author of the Tractarian movement of 1833. His sermon on *National Apostasy* contained the germs of that agitation. Of the *Tracts for the Times* Keble wrote Nos. 4, 13, 40, 52, 54, 57, 60 and 89.

His father died in January, 1835, and he succeeded him in the vicarage, marrying, October 10th, 1835, Miss Charlotte Clark, the sister of his brother's wife. He next received, in 1836, the vicarage of Hursley, his former curacy, where his High-Church opinions were noted and disliked. He was also one of the seven contributors to the volume called *Lyra Apostolica*, over the signature "γ," and united with Drs. Newman and Pusey in editing the *Library of the Fathers*, 1838. He also proposed to supersede all other translations and to offer a Psalter of his own, but to no avail. In 1841 his professorship terminated. In 1846 appeared the *Lyra Innocentium*. Thenceforward he wrote but little, and that little was of an ecclesiastical and controversial character.

He was stricken with paralysis, November 30th, 1864, and survived in feebleness until March 29th, 1866, when he died at Bournemouth in his seventy-fourth year.

The brief but admirable commendation of him by Archdeacon Prescott, mostly drawn from personal sources, gives us a bit of the interior history of *The Christian Year*, to which many are strangers. In the poet's *Memoir*, by Sir J. T. Coleridge, it is stated that the poems were only published under the strongest pressure from Keble's friends. Arnold said: "Nothing equal to them exists in our language." Coleridge and Whately also approved them highly.

During 1827 the author therefore added what would complete the cycle of the Church year, and consented to publish what he always called "that book." Says Archbishop Whately, alluding to the hampered attitude of the poet to his theme: "He was like an eagle in chains." But when he put on the title-page, "In quietness and confidence shall be your strength," "he struck," says Prescott, "the key-note of all true religion." "I myself," he adds, "know no body of uninspired poetry, where purity and power, where knowledge of Holy Scripture and knowledge of the human heart, where the love of nature and the love of Christ are so wonderfully combined."

The work was published anonymously, and Keble was always its proprietor. "In twenty-five years, 108,000 copies had been issued, in forty-three editions. In April, 1873, when the copvright expired, 305,500 copies had been sold. Since that date the circulation has enormously increased, both in England and America." "It is a book," says Canon Barry, "which leads the soul up to God, not through one, but through all of the various faculties which he has implanted in it."

Bishop Doane published an American edition of it in 1835, with annotations.

SURE the blest Comforter is nigh.—STEELE.

This is the third stanza of the hymn in eight stanzas, commencing, "Dear Lord, and shall thy spirit rest," which is found in the *Poems of Theodosia*, 1760. Its title is, "The Influences of the Spirit of God in the Heart.—John 14 : 16, 17."

SURELY Christ thy griefs hath borne.—TOPLADY.

The revised version of this hymn, as prepared by Toplady, is found in D. Sedgwick's *Toplady's Poetical Remains* (London, 1860). It is among the *Select Paraphrases*, and is based on Isa. 53 : 4, 5, 12, "He hath borne our griefs." It has six six-line stanzas.

Augustus Montague Toplady was the son of Major Richard Toplady, who died at the siege of Carthagena soon after the child's birth. His mother's maiden name was Catharine Bate. Toplady's parents were married at Deptford, December 21st, 1737, and their first child, Francis, died in infancy. Augustus, the second, was born at Farnham, in Surrey, November 4th, 1740. His name was taken from his godfathers, Augustus Middleton and Adolphus Montague. Having been a bright and promising scholar at Westminster School, he was able to render his mother some assistance in prosecuting a claim for an estate in Ireland, though he was only a lad. It was perhaps due to this event that we find him at sixteen years of age deeply convicted of sin, from attending a meeting held in a barn at Codymain, in Ireland, where a layman was preaching. On February 29th, 1768, Toplady refers to the scene and to the circumstances. The text was Eph. 2 : 13, and the preacher's name was Morris.

"By the grace of God, under the ministry of that dear messenger and under that sermon," adds Toplady, "I was, I trust, brought nigh by the blood of Christ, in August, 1756. Strange that I, who had so long sat under the means of grace in England, should be brought near to God in an obscure part of Ireland, amidst a handful of God's people, met together in a barn, and under the ministry of one who could hardly spell his name. . . . The excellency of such power must be of God, and cannot be of man." Not long before his death he reaffirmed this statement, denying that he had been influenced by "Mr. John Wesley or any preacher connected with him," and affirming that his "Arminian prejudices received an effectual shock in reading Dr. Manton's sermons on the xviiith of St. John."

Between the ages of fifteen and eighteen he wrote many small pieces of verse. These were printed in a little 12mo at Dublin in 1759. Among them are some things that are really meritorious.

He entered the ministry June 6th, 1762, being ordained in Trinity Church [Dublin?]. In his subscription to the articles, homilies and liturgy he repeated his signature five times in order to show his devout assent to their principles. [This was akin to the action of Ben Jonson, who drank the full cup of communion wine to show his heartiness.]

Next he received the living of Blagdon, in Somersetshire, which he soon resigned. "In the year 1768 he took possession of the vicarage of Broad Hembury, in Devonshire, which he held until his death." The proceeds of this living amounted to £80, or about $400 per annum. "It was his chief aim," says Mr. Sedgwick, "to merit the highest and to be content with the lowest." Here he composed those writings by which he will be always remembered.

He was a man of frail and sickly constitution. The cold moist air of Devonshire doubtless helped him into a consumption. He was a most indefatigable student and often remained at his desk until two or three o'clock in the morning. Failing to exchange his position for another in a more congenial climate he removed to London in 1775, and preached as he had opportunity. After a time his friends secured for him the use of the French Calvinistic Reformed church, in Orange Street, Leicester-fields, on Sunday and Wednesday evenings. Toplady delivered his first discourse there on Sunday, April 11th, 1776, from Isa. 44 : 22. Two years and three months later his ministerial career terminated on this same spot. Often it seemed to those who heard him that he was "divested of the body," and already a participant in "the happiness that appertains to the Church triumphant."

It was in 1776 that he published his celebrated *Collection of Psalms and Hymns.* There are four hundred and nineteen of these pieces—which he altered and amended to suit himself. The different hymns were selected from as many as forty or fifty books, and some were of his own composition.

On Easter Sunday, April 19th, 1778, he attempted to preach from Isa. 26 : 19, but being excessively hoarse he could only name the text and descend from the pulpit. Four times more he preached, however, and on each occasion it was felt that his voice might never be heard again. He was but thirty-eight years old when he died, August 11th, 1778.

Mr. Sedgwick has preserved for us several interesting incidents connected with this good man's life :

> His Calvinistic belief was strong, even to sternness. He said of the doctrine of election that "God's everlasting love to his chosen people ; his eternal, particular, most free, and immutable choice of them in Christ Jesus, was without the least respect to any work, or works of righteousness, wrought, or to be wrought, or that ever should be wrought in them or by them ; for God's election did not depend upon our sanctification, but our sanctification depended upon God's election and appointment of us to everlasting life."
>
> When near his death he was told that his heart beat weaker and weaker. He replied with a smile : "Why, that is a good sign, that my death is fast approaching ; and, blessed be God, I can add that my heart beats every day stronger and stronger for glory." His last illness was full of such testimony to his happiness and confident trust. He once said that he "enjoyed a heaven already in his soul," and that God's consolations were so great that he had nothing left to pray for but "a continuance of them."
>
> He frequently called himself "the happiest man in the world." "Sickness," he said, "is no affliction, pain no curse, death itself no dissolution." Sometimes he declared that the day had been "a day of sunshine" to him, and that he had no words with which to express his delight. He rejoiced in the eighth chapter of Romans from the thirty-third to the thirty-ninth verses inclusive. "Once," he said, "I find as the bottles of heaven empty they are filled again." "The sky," he exclaimed, "is clear ; there is no cloud. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly !'
>
> About an hour before his death he called his friends and his servant, and told them he wished to know if they could give him up. On their replying that they could, if it was God's will, he answered : "Oh, what a blessing it is, you are made willing to give me up into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and to part with me ; it will not be long before God takes me, for no mortal man can live," said he, bursting into tears, "after the glories which God has manifested to my soul." Not long afterward he closed his eyes, and "fell asleep in Jesus."

The funeral services were conducted by Rowland Hill and Dr. Illingworth, on Monday, August 17th, 1778, and were attended by several thousand persons at Tottenham Court chapel, where he was buried under the gallery opposite the pulpit.

It must be noted that Wesley's hymn, "Christ, whose glory fills the skies," has been often credited to Toplady, and that, in Mr. Sedgwick's judgment, Toplady's "Deathless principle arise" might well have been written by Wesley. Toplady's signature in the *Gospel Magazine* was "Minimus," though he sometimes employed that of "Concionator."

Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve.—Edmeston.

There is no portion of the Sabbath which is lovelier than the evening. James Grahame, whose "Sabbath" is a much-neglected poem, has many references to it.

Mr. Edmeston has himself written the best comment on his own hymn by his verses upon "The Sabbath Evening":

"Is there a time when moments flow
More lovelily than all beside?
It is, of all the times below,
A Sabbath eve, in Summer tide.

"Oh, then the setting sun smiles fair;
And all below, and all above,
The different forms of nature wear
One universal garb of love.

"And then the peace that Jesus beams,
The life of grace, the death of sin,
With nature's placid woods and streams,
Is peace without, and peace within.

"Delightful scene! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief nor fear:
A heavenly hope, a peaceful breast,
A smile, unsullied by a tear.

"If heaven be ever felt below,
A scene celestial as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of unmingled bliss.

"Delightful hour! how soon will night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign!
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.

"Yet will there dawn at last a day—
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil its ceaseless ray!
The heavenly Sabbath never dies."

These words come fitly from him who also wrote:

"Saviour, breathe an evening blessing
Ere repose our spirits seal."

Sweet is the memory of thy grace.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's version of Ps. 145, Second Part, C. M., vv. 7, etc., "The Goodness of God." It is in five stanzas.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King.—Watts.

Dr. Watts has this as his version of Ps. 92, First Part, L. M., "A Psalm for the Lord's Day." It is in seven stanzas.

Sweet is the work, O Lord.—Auber.

This is Miss Auber's version of Ps. 92, published in 1829.

Sweet Saviour, bless us ere we go.—Faber.

In the hymns of Faber this appears as an "Evening Hymn," in six stanzas. The only stanza omitted in *Laudes Domini* is the fifth, but this would have held its place except for the length of the hymn :

> "Labor is sweet, for thou hast toiled,
> And care is light, for thou hast cared ;
> Let not our works with self be soiled,
> Nor in unsimple ways ensnared."

Frederick William Faber was of Huguenot origin, the seventh child of Thomas Henry Faber, Esq. He was born at the vicarage of Calverley, Yorkshire, England, June 28th, 1814, where his grandfather, Rev. Thomas Faber, was then vicar. The boy showed a decided talent for study, which was carefully and thoroughly cultivated. He was ardent, impulsive and poetical from his earliest years, and his childhood was spent amid scenes of beauty. But sorrow came soon to him, his mother dying in 1829, and his father about four years later. At Harrow, and then at Balliol College, Oxford, he received his education. It was to be expected that he would fall under the influence of a man who, at that time (1833), was originating a movement in the Church of England which was peculiarly attractive to a mind like Faber's—as it also was to his not dissimilar contemporary, Edward Caswall. This inspirer was John Henry Newman, now Cardinal of the Roman Catholic Church, and at that date the vicar of St. Mary's, Oxford. The *Tracts for the Times* presently followed, designed as the exposition of the "Church principles" of these agitators, and it is meagre enough notice for us to say of them that they cost the English Church a vast deal more than was at first supposed.

Ultimately they cost it Faber. He was made a Fellow of University College in January, 1837, then became deacon in August, then, May 26th, 1839, was ordained as a presbyter, and occupied the next four years with a pupil in a tour of Europe, drifting closer and closer to Rome all the while. The result had been really inevitable, to a man who took his angle of observation and thought under the influence of Newman. The very self-devotion and churchliness of his ideas caused him to forget, in the beauties of St. Bernard and the other lofty excellences of the old fathers of Roman Catholicism, that there ever was need for a Calvin or a Luther, or that Wickliffe had found it necessary to be a reformer. Faber was always an idealist, and his sweet and lovely spirit was drawn by the evident poetry and scholarship of Newman, as the metal is drawn by the magnet.

This explains everything. In 1843, Mr. Faber began his parish work at Elton, a rectory given him by his college, and there he displayed a self-denying earnestness which was as successful as it was uncommon. The place was noted for its intemperance and immorality—and it afforded scope for the most charming qualities in its rector's character. He reduced it to order and decency, became very popular as a preacher, and aroused the careless and profligate to a sense of their danger. Church attendance increased, and the parish grew to be as well-reputed for thrift and good behavior as it had hitherto been for vice and crime.

On Sunday evening, November 16th, 1845, this peaceful state of affairs was terminated, so far as the principal mover in it was concerned. Mr. Faber, during the service, announced that he must leave them, as he could no longer remain in the Church of England. The next day saw him admitted into the Roman Catholic communion at Northampton. He then went to Rome for a visit, and, on his return, founded a "Community" at Birmingham.

From Birmingham he removed (April, 1849) to London, where he had been placed in charge of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri. This position he held until his death, on the 26th of September, 1863. He was but forty-nine years of age.

The hymns which he wrote were collected and published in 1848. There were not many of them. The edition of 1849 was much enlarged, and that of 1852 contained sixty-six pieces. In 1861 the number had risen to one hundred and fifty. These hymns are so truly devotional in spirit, and so eminently appropriate to the religious use of all Christians, that they have been for a long time among the treasures of English hymnody. Editions of them have been issued, from which those that belong to the exclusive service of the Church of Rome have been eliminated, and in which the touching and exquisite lyrics which are so dear to all believers have been retained. This is in full accordance with the large desire of their author, who says this much and more in his preface. His language is:

> "It is an immense mercy of God to allow any one to do the least thing which brings souls nearer to Him. Each man feels for himself the peculiar wonder of that mercy in his own case. That our Blessed Lord has

permitted these hymns to be of some trifling good to souls, and so in a very humble way to contribute to His glory, is to the Author a source of profitable confusion as well as of unmerited consolation."

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing.—J. ALLEN.

This hymn is definitely assigned to Allen on the strength of his own marked copy of the *Kendal Hymns*, 1757. Its present form is due to the emendations of Honorable and Rev. Walter Shirley, in 1774, who placed it in Lady Huntingdon's *Collection*. It originally began, "While my Jesus I'm possessing," and was rough but strong. Shirley's finer taste rescued it from oblivion by a few judicious alterations.

SWEET the time, exceeding sweet.—BURDER.

The writer of this hymn, Rev. George Burder, was the author of the *Village Sermons*. He was born in London, June 5th, 1752, and had the misfortune to lose his mother in 1762, while he was still a child. As he showed some ability in drawing and in sketching, it was thought that this fact would determine his profession. He was consequently placed under the tuition of Isaac Taylor, an artist, and studied at the Royal Academy. At an early age he evinced sincere piety, and when he heard Mr. Whitefield these impressions were deepened. When he was twenty-three he began to preach, having become a member of the Tabernacle Church in London, and at length he gave up his artistic pursuits for the ministry. He was ordained, October 29th, 1778, as pastor of the Congregational church at Lancaster, and in 1783 removed to Coventry, where he continued for twenty years.

Mr. Burder's pen furnished him an efficient means of doing good—his *Early Piety*, *Village Tracts* and other writings being read by very many. He was a valued contributor to the current religious periodicals of that day and an editor of the *Evangelical Magazine*. It was one of his successes to take Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* and *Holy War*, lecture upon them, and publish text and commentary together. In 1797 the *Village Sermons* had a great sale, and did much good, and in 1799, Burder, with other clergymen, founded the "Religious Tract Society." Impressed with a desire to bless as large a number of persons as he could, he wrote twelve *Sea Sermons*, the nautical phrases being reviewed and corrected by a minister who had served in the navy. Five years later, 1826, he put forth twelve *Cottage Sermons*, and again, 1820, twelve *Sermons for the Aged*. All of these publications were extraordinarily successful, and are here mentioned for that reason.

In 1803, Mr. Burder became the secretary of the London Missionary Society, and preached at Fetter Lane. The next year he helped to found the "British and Foreign Bible Society." His sight gradually failed him, and he grew quite infirm, but he was able to preach until within three months of his death, which occurred in his eightieth year, May 29th, 1832.

The collection of hymns which bears his name was first published in 1784. It embraced many authors, and the original hymns in it—three in number—are marked with the letter B.

SWEET was the time when first I felt.—NEWTON.

This hymn is from the *Olney Hymns*, Book I., No. 43, "Oh that I were as in Months past!—Job 29 : 2." It has eight stanzas.

SWEETER sounds than music knows.—NEWTON.

We find this piece in the *Olney Hymns*, Book II., No. 37, where it is entitled "Christmas Hymn: Praise for the Incarnation," and has five stanzas.

SWELL the anthem, raise the song.—STRONG.

The Rev. Nathan Strong, D.D., was born in Coventry, Conn., October 16th, 1748. Here he was educated, and from this town he went to Yale College, where he was graduated with honor in 1769, taking the valedictory oration over no less a competitor than the future President of Yale, Timothy Dwight. Dr. Strong first studied law and then abandoned this for theology. In 1772 he was a tutor in the college, and in 1773 he accepted the pastorate of the First Congregational church, of Hartford, Conn., where he was ordained, January 5th, 1774, and in which he continued to minister up to the date of his death.

Dr. Strong was an earnest patriot, and espoused the cause of the colonies against the mother country in the Revolutionary War. Afterward he labored even more earnestly to stem the tide of infidelity induced by the ebullition of this new freedom. His biographers give him a noble character for zeal and devotion to true religion, especially to "revivals," which were then in great disrepute. The church of which he was pastor was also known as the "North Presbyterian Church," and from this he dates a volume on a subject still under debate, viz., "The Doctrine of Eternal Misery Reconcilable with the Infinite Benevolence of God, and a Truth plainly asserted in the Christian Scriptures."

Dr. Strong was remarkable not merely for his goodness, but also for a keen sense of humor, and for odd and witty speeches. He was a man of great geniality, a charming companion, and a warm and helpful friend to all who were in need of his sympathy and advice. He is described as a person possessing more than an ordinary power of reading character, and as a counsellor sought and trusted by the most influential men of his day.

In the preface to his *Village Hymns*, Mr. Nettleton says: "I have obtained permission to insert a few of the originals from the *Hartford Selection*. These, though already familiar to many, will yet be consulted with feelings of new interest when associated with the names of Strong and Steward." There are eight of Dr. Strong's hymns in this collection (1824), taken from the *Hartford Selection*, 1799. He died in 1816, in New Haven. He passed away on Christmas day, after a short, but painful, sickness. It may well be believed that the loss of such a man fell like a blow upon New England, and that in 1824 his memory was still green.

The style of the good doctor's verse is modelled on Watts, Doddridge and Newton. His other pieces are quite forgotten, but this one remains to attest his merit.

TAKE my heart, O Father! take it.—ANON., 1849.

This hymn, doubtless of New England Unitarian origin, is in C. A. Bartol's *Hymns for the Sanctuary*, 1849, and is "Anon.," also in *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864, where it begins, "Take my heart, O Father! mould it."

TAKE me, O my Father, take me.—PALMER.

We are informed by the author that this piece is based on Luke 15 : 18, and was written in 1864. Of this hymn an English lady wrote (1884) to Dr. Palmer in a most affecting way:

> She had been very ill; too weak to speak and almost to think, and during those weary hours these lines had been her comfort beyond any other verses which she could recall. On her recovery she called the attention of her friends to the hymn, and, learning that Dr. Palmer's residence was in Albany (though in fact it was in Newark, N. J.), she expressed

her gratitude and appreciation for the service he had rendered her by his Christian song. He had received the letter but a few days before he communicated these facts to the present writer during an extended and delightful interview.

TAKE my life and let it be.—HAVERGAL.

This is Miss Havergal's well-known and deeply suggestive "Consecration Hymn." It was written in an outburst of joy that she had been instrumental in the conversion of certain dear friends.

It appears in her *Poems*, p. 235, and the date in her *Songs of Grace and Glory* is 1873. Her own account of its composition is given in a letter to a friend.

> "Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take My Life.' I went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house, some unconverted and long prayed-for, some converted but not rejoicing Christians. He gave me the prayer, Lord, give me *all* in this house! And He just *did*. Before I left the house every one had got a blessing. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart, one after another, till they finished with '*Ever, only, all, for Thee.*'"

"TAKE up thy cross," the Saviour said.—EVEREST.

Rev. Charles William Everest was born at East Windsor, Conn., May 27th, 1814, and intended to become an editor, but finally entered the ministry, and was ordained priest in 1842. His education was received at Trinity College, Hartford, whence he was graduated in 1838. From the date of his ordination he was rector of the parish of Hampden, near New Haven, Conn., for thirty-one years. During thirty years he also maintained a school which was successful and important. His death occurred at Waterbury, Conn., January 11th, 1877, and he was at that time an officer in the "Society for the Increase of the Ministry." The hymn was written and published about the year 1833, and while unusual in American collections is in nearly all of the recent English books. It found its way, among other collections, into *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, and L. C. Biggs, in *English Hymnology*, praises it as "a beautiful American hymn," and states that it was first published in *Visions of Death, and Other Poems*, 1833. There are five stanzas, which are printed in the notes to the *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1882.

TEACH me the measure of my days.—WATTS.

This version of Ps. 39, Second Part, C. M., vv. 4–7, is in six stanzas. No one has called attention to the close resemblance between two stanzas of this (1719) and two of the version by Miss Anne Steele (1760). While the plagiarism is unconscious and natural, it is, nevertheless, very real :

> " Almighty Maker of my frame,
> Teach me the measure of my days,
> Teach me to know how frail I am,
> And spend the remnant to thy praise.
>
> " My days are shorter than a span,
> A little point my life appears ;
> How frail at best is dying man !
> How vain are all his hopes and fears !"

The Psalm reads : " Lord, make me to know mine end, and the measure of my days, what it is ; that I may know how frail I am. Behold, thou hast made my days as a handbreadth ; and mine age is as nothing before thee," etc.

TEACH me to do the thing that pleaseth thee.—MONSELL.

This is taken from J. S. B. Monsell's *Hymns of Love and Praise*, p. 92. The text is, Ps. 143 : 10, and it has four stanzas.

TELL it out among the nations.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

Mr. Sankey, who composed the tune for this hymn, relates that the verses were written by Miss Havergal while lying very ill in Wales. She heard the church bells ringing, and, not being able to attend divine worship, she occupied herself by preparing the hymn as an expression of her hope and desire. The words—and the tune also—suggest the chiming of the bells. The date was 1872.

TELL me whom my soul doth love.—WOLCOTT.

The date of this hymn is given to us by Rev. Dr. Samuel Wolcott as February 6th, 1870. " As printed in *Spiritual Songs*," he writes, " the apostrophe (' Shepherd's ') makes it refer to the chief Shepherd. I designed simply a paraphrase of Cant. 1 : 8—' shepherds' tents.' " The title is " Shulamith."

We may add here that " Christ for the world we sing," was written Feb. 17th, 1869, and has been adopted by Yankton College, Dakota, as the hymn with which each term opens. " Goodly were thy tents, O

Israel," bears the date May 31st, 1881, and is called a "Home Missionary Hymn."

TEN thousand times ten thousand.—ALFORD.

This hymn was written about the year 1866 (Miss Havergal says 1867), and has a peculiar interest in view of Dean Alford's lovely private life. Upon his tomb was carved the inscription, "*Deversorium viatoris proficientis Hierosolymam*" ["The inn of a pilgrim journeying to Jerusalem"]. The hymn receives Dr. Schaff's emphatic commendation in the *Schaff-Herzog Cyclopædia* (art. *Alford*), and no one can read it without feeling the thrill of its fervor. Most appropriately, it was the song chosen for the final services in the churchyard at the dean's funeral.

THE atoning work is done.—KELLY.

This is based on Heb. 10 : 21, and is in four stanzas, in Thomas Kelly's edition of 1806.

TENDER Shepherd, thou hast stilled.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

Miss Winkworth has rendered this hymn from Johann Wilhelm Meinhold in her *Lyra Germanica* (Second Series, 1858). Her version begins, "*Gentle* Shepherd, thou hast stilled," etc.—another instance of the manner in which the labor of the hymnologist is made difficult by an altered first line. The German words begin: "*Guter Hirt, du hast gestillet.*" Meinhold was born at Netzelkau, in the island of Usedom, February 27th, 1797.

He studied theology at Greifswalde; was rector at Usedom and elsewhere in Pomerania, and in 1844 "undertook the parish of Rehwinkel, near Stargard." He opposed the revolution of '48, and, being inclined to Romanism, he resigned his parish in 1850. After that date he resided in Charlottenburg until his death, November 30th, 1851. He wrote a religious epic poem, *Otto of Pomerania;* and his miscellaneous pieces were published in two volumes. His novels, the *Amber Witch* and *Sidonia*, are notable.

The translator, Miss Catherine Winkworth, who died in 1878, was the daughter of Henry Winkworth, of Alderley Edge, near Manchester, England, and was born in London, September 13th, 1829. Her contributions to hymnology are included in *Lyra Germanica*, first series, 1855, and second, 1858; and in her *Christian Singers of Germany*, 1869—a very exhaustive and popular work. On *Lyra Germanica* Pastor Kübler wrote a volume of excellent annotations which is now quite rare.

THE Church has waited long.—BONAR.

The Anglicans have taken this hymn of Dr. Bonar into full communion. It is styled by them an "Advent Hymn," and was written in 1844 and published in 1856.

THE Church's one foundation.—STONE.

This is Rev. S. J. Stone's best hymn, and first appeared in 1865 in his *Lyra Fidelium*, a series of twelve hymns upon the Apostles' Creed. This was set to the phrase, "I believe in the Holy Catholic Church."

THE Comforter has come.—ANON., 1858.

This hymn is No. 504 of Dr. Hastings's *Church Melodies* (1858), where it is a C. M.: "The Holy Comforter has come." The first line of each stanza is now shortened by two syllables.

THE dawn of God's new Sabbath.—CROSS.

For a long time in the various British collections there was attached to this hymn the name of "Ada Cambridge." It was the maiden name of the authoress, by which she was better known than by her married name. She is the daughter of Henry Cambridge, and was born at St. Germains, Norfolkshire, England, November 21st, 1844. Her *Hymns on the Holy Communion* were published in 1866, with a preface by Rev. R. H. Baynes; and, besides this volume, she has issued *Hymns on the Litany*, and a novel called *The Two Surplices*. In 1869 she married Rev. George Frederick Cross, of Coleraine, Victoria, Australia. Her husband was ordained in 1871, and in 1877 became the incumbent of that parish on the other side of the world, and has since resided there.

THE day is gently sinking to a close.—C. WORDSWORTH.

Bishop Wordsworth's hymns are generally to be credited to the *Holy Year*, 1862.

The present piece recalls the fine painting by Paul Delaroche—the vision of Christ walking upon the sea. By a graceful and most suggestive method of interpretation the distant figure moves in a glory of its own light, indistinct, undefined, and yet inspiringly beautiful and coming nearer with comfort out of the storm.

THE day is past and gone.—LELAND.

John Leland was born at Grafton, Mass., May 14th, 1754, and was an eminent and active Baptist clergyman in Virginia from 1775 to 1790. He subsequently resided in Massachusetts and New York. His autobiography is the principal source of information respecting his personal history. It was published in 1845, and contained some of his other writings. He composed other hymns, none of which are now in use. This autobiography shows him to have been a man of considerable force, and one who aided in the election of James Madison over Patrick Henry at the time of the Virginia Convention.

Elder Leland is described as being "tall, muscular, and commanding. Age had slightly bent him in later years, but that added to his patriarchal venerableness. He had a noble head, a high, expanded and slightly retreating forehead, a nose a little aquiline, and a bright, beautiful, sparkling, blue eye, which eighty-seven years had not dimmed. The expression of his eye, especially in the pulpit, was electrical. In his manners and personal intercourse he was plain, courteous, and dignified. He was bland and kind to all. No man could approach him with a rude familiarity."

He was a man of ready wit and almost boundless eccentricity—except in prayer, when he was always devout and solemn. Sprague's *Annals*, Vol. VI., contains a notice of him. He died at North Adams, Mass., January 14th, 1841. There is an Ambrosian simplicity about this hymn which suggests at once a pure and unaffected piety, like that of the early Church. The piece is really classic in its unpretending beauty. We are bound to add, however, that Leland's other hymns, as given in *Dossey's Choice*, 1833, are not equal to this.

A recent number of the *Century Magazine* (September, 1885, p. 772) contains a beautiful incident in which this hymn has its part. The lady records in her diary of the siege of Vicksburg (June 5th, 1863) that their house was finally struck by a shell. "The candles," she continues, "were useless in the dense smoke, and it was many minutes before we could see. Then we found the entire side of the room torn out. The soldiers who had rushed in said: 'This is an eighty-pound Parrott.' It had entered through the front, burst on the pallet-bed, which was in tatters; the toilet-service and everything else in the room smashed. The soldiers assisted H—— to board up the break with planks to keep out prowlers, and we went to bed in the cellar as usual. This morning the yard is partially ploughed by a couple that fell there in the night. I think this house, so large and prominent from the river, is perhaps taken for headquarters and specially shelled. As we descend at night to the lower regions, I think of the evening hymn that grandmother taught me when a child :

'Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears ;
May angels guard us while we sleep,
Till morning light appears.'

Surely, if there are heavenly guardians we need them now."

THE day, O Lord, is spent.—NEALE.

We have here one of Dr. John Mason Neale's most beautiful original hymns (written 1842) from his *Hymns for Children* (three series ; 1844 and later). "No mediæval research, no wandering among the strange ordinances and phantasies of the Eastern Church, ever drew John Mason Neale away from the pure, simple faith in his Saviour, Jesus Christ." So writes Archdeacon Prescott, and one who reads this hymn can well believe it. If any comparison is desired between this and any similar production we may properly place beside it the lovely lyric of John Cennick :

"When, O dear Jesus, when shall I
Behold thee all serene
Blest in perpetual Sabbath day
Without a veil between ?"

This hymn of Dr. Neale's is so perfectly finished in every word and phrase that not one syllable has been altered since it was first printed. Dr. Beman, with his rare good taste, selected it years ago for his *Church Psalmist*, and it stands in *Lyra Britannica* almost alone, as an original production of its author. It seems to have been among the earliest of Dr. Neale's compositions, and its concluding doxology is worth quotation, for the present one is by another hand.

"From men below the skies,
And all the heavenly host,
To God the Father praise arise—
The Son and Holy Ghost."

Dr. Beman omitted this—and, as it would seem, with good reason, for it falls far short of the other stanzas.

THE day is past and over.—NEALE, *tr.*

This is the *τὴν ἡμέραν διελθών* of St. Anatolius, first sung in 450 A.D. It is a great favorite in the Greek isles. To Chios and Mitylene it is what Bishop Ken's hymn is to us.

THE day of praise is done.—ELLERTON.

Sometimes this is written, "Our day of praise is done." The date is 1867.

An appropriate comment on this hymn is found in Alphonse Karr's *A Tour Round My Garden :*

> . . . "The sun is about to set ; the white blossom of the water-lily gathers its petals together and shuts up closely. The birds have ceased to sing, and quarrel for the snuggest places under the leaves ; you may see the colors you admired in the morning reappear in the heavens ; but they have assumed severer and deeper shades. The rose-color of the morning is red in the evening ; the yellow is orange, the lilac has become violet ; the globe of fire descends and disappears in a red fog, which looks like the lighted ashes of a volcano. The trees in the East, in their turn, receive the adieu and last look of the sun, as the trees in the West received his good-morning and his earliest ray. . . . It is night.
>
> "But the night has its birds, its flowers, and its insects which sleep during the day and which awake while the others sleep. The moon is their sun. . . . Night is the time in which trees breathe the oxygen which is as necessary for their existence as it is for ours. In the daytime they will expire and return to the air much more of it than they have taken ; the action of the sun decomposing the carbonic acid gas. . . . This . . . explains the pleasure we experience in the daytime under trees, a happiness which is not to be attributed merely to the freshness and shade. . . .
>
> . . . "Not one of the plants, not one of the insects of which I have spoken to you . . . blossoms, shows itself, shuts up, is transformed, or dies, either before or after the epoch, the day, the hour, assigned it."

THE day of resurrection.—NEALE, *tr.*

Dr. Neale, who made his translation in 1862, calls this the "glorious old Hymn of Victory" (*αναστάσεως ἡμέρα*). It is a part of the canon for Easter of St. John Damascene (died, *circa* 780 A.D.), and the circumstances under which this canon is sung are described by the translator in a quotation which we give in full. The scene is at Athens :

> "As midnight approached, the archbishop, with his priests, accompanied by the king and queen, left the church, and stationed themselves on the platform, which was raised considerably from the ground, so that they

were distinctly seen by the people. Every one now remained in breathless expectation, holding their unlighted tapers in readiness when the glad moment should arrive, while the priests still continued murmuring their melancholy chant in a low half-whisper. Suddenly a single report of a cannon announced that twelve o'clock had struck, and that Easter day had begun ; then the old archbishop, elevating the cross, exclaimed in a loud, exulting tone : 'Christos anesti !' 'Christ is risen !' and instantly every single individual of all that host took up the cry, and the vast multitude broke through and dispelled forever the intense and mournful silence which they had maintained so long, with one spontaneous shout of indescribable joy and triumph, 'Christ is risen !' 'Christ is risen !' At the same moment the oppressive darkness was succeeded by a blaze of light from thousands of tapers which, communicating one from another, seemed to send streams of fire in all directions, rendering the minutest objects distinctly visible, and casting the most vivid glow on the expressive faces full of exultation of the rejoicing crowd ; bands of music struck up their gayest strains ; the roll of the drum through the town, and further on the pealing of the cannon announced far and near these 'glad tidings of great joy ;' while from hill and plain, from the seashore and the far olive-grove, rocket after rocket ascending to the clear sky, answered back with their mute eloquence, that Christ is risen indeed, and told of other tongues that were repeating those blessed words, and other hearts that leap for joy ; everywhere men clasped each other's hands, and congratulated one another, and embraced with countenances beaming with delight as though to each one separately some wonderful happiness had been proclaimed ; and so in truth it was ; and all the while, rising above the mingling of many sounds, each one of which was a sound of gladness, the aged priests were distinctly heard chanting forth a glorious old hymn of victory in tones so loud and clear that they seemed to have regained their youth and strength to tell the world how 'Christ is risen from the dead, having trampled death beneath his feet, and henceforth they that are in the tombs have everlasting life.' "

St. John of Damascus (Damascenus) is described by Dr. Neale as the "last of the fathers of the Eastern Church, and the greatest of her poets."

"It is surprising," he adds, "how little is known of his life. That he was born of a good family at Damascus—that he made great progress in philosophy—that he administered some charge under the Caliph—that he retired to the monastery of St. Sabas, in Palestine—that he was the most learned and eloquent writer with which the Iconoclasts had to contend—that at a comparatively late period of life he was ordained priest of the Church of Jerusalem, and that he died after 754 and before 787, seems to comprise all that has reached us of his biography." His Arabic title of *Ibn-Mansur* was derived from his father's name ; at least so says Asseman. It is uncertain whether he is the same as *John Arklas*, an ecclesiastical poet of that period. His hymns are for Easter, and Ascension, and the feast of St. Thomas. And Dr. Neale (an "advanced" Ritualist) rejoices in the poet's "eloquent defence of Icons"—"Icons" (from εἰκων) being nothing more nor less than graven and molten images.

THE day of rest once more comes round.—KELLY.

This hymn of Kelly's dates from 1806. It has three stanzas, and is based on Num. 10 : 2.

Rabbi Jehudah, one of the celebrated doctors of the Jewish law, was wont to call his pupils' attention to the fact that the Israelites broke the first Sabbath, and therefore God suffered them to go into captivity. He would point, in proof of this, to the statement that the people went out to gather manna on the holy day, and that the very next chapter says, "Then came Amalek and fought with Israel in Rephidim."

THE gloomy night will soon be past.—TREGELLES.

Samuel Prideaux Tregelles was one of the most distinguished biblical scholars of the century; a man whose sheer ability placed him among the band of Revisers of the New Testament, although his ill health prevented his fulfilment of the duties thus assigned to him. He was born of Quaker parentage at Wodehouse Place, Falmouth, England, January 20th, 1813. He received his early education at the Falmouth Grammar School, and was afterward employed in the Neath Abbey Iron-Works for several years (1828–1834). In 1836 he became a private tutor in Falmouth. By the time that he was twenty-five he had developed a strong inclination for the critical study of the New Testament text, and had settled with himself that this was to be his life-work. In 1838 he issued the first specimens of his labor of collation and comparison, and in 1844 the first real instalment of the task was published. His intention was to construct a Greek Testament as nearly perfect as possible, and derived from the best and purest sources. The Apocalypse was the beginning of this series of texts, and in pursuance of his studies Dr. Tregelles spent much time and made many researches among ancient manuscripts. He saw at Rome, but was not allowed to collate, the *Codex Vaticanus*, in 1845. Not until 1857 did his work assume its due proportions, and in 1861 he was stricken with paralysis while supervising the issue of Part II. In 1870 he received another shock, and Part VI. did not appear until 1872. This closed the list of books, but the *Prolegomena* were finally sent out under the editorship of Dr. Hort and A. W. Streane, in 1879. On the 24th of April, 1875, Dr. Tregelles had died at Plymouth.

It must not be supposed that this single line of research constituted the sum of this good man's life. He was active in all benevolence; and in 1850 the University of St. Andrews gave him the degree of LL. D. He also published a number of works bearing on the general subject of his studies, and it can be safely said that modern scholarship owes much to his labors. In religious connection he has been called a "Plymouth Brother," but, although he sympathized with many of their opinions, he never positively allied himself with them. His name was on the civil list for a pension of £100 in 1863, and later for £200. This would indicate that his love of critical scholarship did not leave him time to care for money.

THE God of Abraham praise.—OLIVERS.

Thomas Olivers was born at Tregonan, a village in Montgomeryshire, in 1725. His parents died when he was but four years of age, and his youth was spent without much oversight from his relative and guardian, a Mr. Tudor, who was a farmer in the same county. At eighteen he was bound apprentice to a shoemaker, but he soon—as he confesses in his *Autobiography*—became notorious for wickedness in a parish where "sin abounded."

Among the best evidences of his renewed heart were his prompt payment of various small debts, and his immediate and open avowal of the Lord Jesus Christ. Mr. Olivers says of his own conversion, that he had been listening to a sermon preached by Whitefield, at Bristol, upon the text, "Is not this a brand plucked out of the fire?"

"When the sermon began," he declares, "I was certainly a dreadful enemy to God and to all that is good; and one of the most profligate and abandoned young men living." But by the time it concluded he was a different person. He was under the deepest conviction of sin and desire for righteousness. He fasted and prayed until his knees grew stiff, and he was lame in consequence for quite a length of time. "So earnest was I," he says, "that I used by the hour together to wrestle with all the might of my body and soul, till I almost expected to die on the spot."

Mr. Olivers became one of the Wesleyan travelling preachers, and labored first in Cornwall and then elsewhere in England and Ireland. He travelled fully one hundred thousand miles, and often encountered great opposition and persecution. These he met with patience and success, and finally ended his course with joy in March, 1799, in the city of London.

Under date of July 29th, 1805, Henry Martyn writes:

"I was much engaged at intervals in learning the hymn, 'The God of Abraham praise;' as often as I could use the language of it with any truth, my heart was a little at ease. There was something peculiarly solemn and affecting to me in this hymn, and particularly at this time. The truth of the sentiments I knew well enough. But, alas! I felt that the state of mind expressed in it was above mine at the time, and I felt loath to forsake all on earth." This was on his voyage to India.

The hymn itself, which is a magnificent lyric, is given in full in Christophers' *Epworth Singers.* Mr. Olivers had been listening to a sermon from a Jewish rabbi at Westminster, where he was visiting his friend, John Bakewell. On his return from the synagogue, where he had also heard Dr. Leoni sing an old Hebrew melody, Mr. Olivers composed these stirring words to the tune. Montgomery admired this hymn greatly, and placed it above any he knew for majesty and elevation of thought. There have been fully thirty editions of the unabridged hymn, and Dr. Adam Clark loved it and taught it to his children, one of whom at eighty years of age could still recall its music and words.

Richard Pattison, a devoted Methodist missionary in the West Indies, said: "Many times, in storms on the ocean, or crossing from one island to another in small vessels, I have held by a rope, and sang:

'The watery deep I pass,
With Jesus in my view;
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue;—'

and I have felt my faith in God wonderfully strengthened."

Another, and quite an affecting incident, in connection with this hymn, was its use by a young Jewess who had but lately given her heart to the Saviour. Her baptism enraged her father, who was the chief of his synagogue, and he vowed to kill her. She found refuge in the house of the minister who had baptized her, "and there," says an eye-witness, who was brought to Christ by the scene, "I saw her, in the hour of bitterness, when the reality of her abandonment by the house of her fathers first came upon her. It did not damp her joy in Christ Jesus, and I shall never forget the scene when she stood, with clasped hands, her black, lustrous eyes upturned to heaven, and her dark but expressive face lighted up, and lifting up her voice sang snatches of what she had already learned to call her own hymn—

'The God of Abraham praise.'"

THE harvest dawn is near.—BURGESS.

Rev. George Burgess, D.D., was born in Providence, R. I., October 31st, 1809. He was graduated at Brown University in that city in 1826, and after a brief tutorship went abroad and studied for two years at Bonn, Göttingen and Berlin. On his return he entered the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church, in 1834, and almost immediately became the rector of Christ church, Hartford, Conn. From this position he was elevated to the episcopate, and consecrated Bishop of Maine, October 31st, 1847. His residence in Maine was Gardiner, where he performed the duties of rector in Christ church during the remainder of his life. Bishop Burgess died at sea, near Hayti, April 23d, 1866, and was buried at Gardiner, Me. His writings embrace several poems, and the *Book of Psalms* in English verse, 1840, whence this piece is taken.

THE head that once was crowned with thorns.—KELLY.

This hymn was written in 1820, and in the edition of that year we find it, in six stanzas, based on Heb. 2 : 10.

After about sixty years' experience of the blessings of the Gospel, Mr. Kelly was asked if anything that he had seen or heard had changed his opinions. He replied: "What pacified the conscience then, does so now. What gave hope then, does so now. Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ."

THE heavens declare his glory.—CONDER.

A life of Josiah Conder, the author of this version of Ps. 19, was prepared by his immediate relatives, and includes much of his personal correspondence. It is from this source that we have taken our information as to the dates and facts of his career.

Josiah Conder was born in Falcon Street, Aldersgate, London, September 17th, 1789, the fourth son and sixth child of Thomas Conder. The boy's grandfather was Dr. John Conder, a noted Dissenting clergyman. Thomas was also a stanch Nonconformist, and the son grew up in the ancestral faith. At five years of age, being inoculated for small-pox, the disease destroyed the sight of his right eye. Fearing that the other eye would be lost the boy was sent by his parents to Hackney to be treated by electricity. Here his physician became his teacher, and carried him through the fundamental principles of French and Latin, with other studies. At fifteen he was qualified to enter his father's bookstore as an assistant.

In this new position he employed his time to advantage by conversing with the intelligent people who visited the place. This soon led to a pronounced interest in literature, and in 1810 we find him, with Ann and Jane Taylor, and Eliza Thomas (afterward his wife), and some more aspirants for fame, joined in a volume of composite verse called *The Associate Minstrels.* Unlike many similar ventures, this book was of sufficient merit to secure a second edition, in 1812.

The year 1812 is also commemorated in the career of Mr. Conder by his contribution of three hymns to the collection of Dr. Collyer, one of them being a version of the 23d Psalm. Two years later the young writer obtained the control of the *Eclectic Review,* which threw him into close relations with a number of the best literary people of the day. He was thenceforth constantly occupied in literary pursuits upon his own account. He published and prepared many works, mostly on religious topics, the titles of which are given at length by the biographers.

The Patriot newspaper was also one of his undertakings, started by him in 1832, in connection with Mr. J. M. Hare ; and to this journal Mr. Conder gave his business attention and personal thought until his death. Never entirely out of the embarrassments of pecuniary struggle, he still maintained a hopeful and trustful spirit. And there is no doubt that his hymns are dear to Christians because of the echoes of their own conflicts which they find in these verses.

Mr. Conder collected his poems, including all his hymns, in a volume which was nearly ready for the press at the time of his decease. It supersedes all previous publications, and is entitled *Hymns of Praise.* The author died at St. John's Wood, London, December 27th, 1855 ; and his book, already complete under his revision, was issued posthumously in 1856. Nor must we forget that Mr. Conder's *Congregational Hymn-Book,* 1836, has long been recognized among standard collections of hymns.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord !—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives us in these verses his rendering of Ps. 19, L. M., "The Books of Nature and of Scripture Compared ; or, the Glory and Success of the Gospel." There are six stanzas to the hymn.

Dr. Watts had no experience of the later discoveries, but he anticipated the outburst of enthusiasm in the pages of Lockyer's Elements of Astronomy :

> "What wondrous coloring must be met with in the planets lit up by these glorious suns, one sun setting, say in clearest green, another rising in purple, or yellow, or crimson ; at times two suns at once mingling their variously colored beams !"

There is a group in the Southern Cross composed of over one hundred stars of the most effective shades of color, only seven of them, however, exceeding the tenth magnitude. Two are red, two are green, three are pale green and one is greenish blue.

Mr. Ballou tells us, in his *Due West*, of a remarkable sermon preached by "Bishop F——, of Massachusetts," on the deck of the steamer "Kashgar," in the Arabian Sea : "He stood on the quarter-deck, bareheaded, his snow-white hair crowning a brow radiant with intellect, while the attentive passengers were seated around, and over his head glowed the wondrous orbs of which he discoursed."

Nor must it be forgotten that the *Astronomical Discourses* of Dr. Thomas Chalmers were among the earliest monuments of his great eloquence—such power have the stars to

> "Burn and brand
> His nothingness into man."

THE Holy Ghost is here.—SPURGEON.

Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon was born at Kelvedon, Essex, June 19th, 1834, and after receiving some education at Colchester, became usher in a school at Newmarket. He declined to study for the ministry as an Independent, and joined the late Dr. Robert Hall's Baptist congregation (which had formerly been Robert Robinson's) at Cambridge. This resulted in his making a tour as village preacher and tract-distributer, and his first sermon was delivered at Teversham, near Cambridge. He was known as the "Boy Preacher," and was presently invited to settle at Waterbeach. At the early age of seventeen he thus had charge of a congregation, and almost immediately became famous. His meeting-house was crowded, and soon he was urged to accept the chapel formerly in charge of Dr. Rippon, in New Park Street, Southwark, London. In 1853 he made his advent in the metropolis, and within two years his people were enlarging their place of worship. For four months he occupied Exeter Hall during the repairs, and that, too, was crowded. The enlarged chapel also proved insufficient, and Surrey Music Hall was engaged. But as a very sad accident and panic occurred in it in 1856, the great "Tabernacle" was built in Newington, and opened in 1861. Since that date Mr. Spurgeon has ranked among the foremost preachers of the world, handling his immense audiences with remarkable executive power, and publishing hundreds of sermons and other writings. He has conducted a Preachers' College, and is the responsible editor of the *Sword and Trowel* and compiler of *The Treasury of David*, an exhaustive work on the Psalms. He also prepared a hymn-book in 1866, to which he contributed fourteen psalms and ten hymns.

THE King of love my Shepherd is.—BAKER.

Two lines of this hymn were the last words of its author, Rev. Sir H. W. Baker, just before his death :

> "And on his shoulder gently laid,
> And home, rejoicing, brought me."

The date of the piece is 1868, and the topic is evidently the 23d Psalm.

THE Lord descended from above.—STERNHOLD.

From Sternhold's version of Ps. 18 this hymn is taken, commencing with the ninth stanza. It is related of the learned Scaliger —whether father or son is not stated—that he declared he would prefer to have been the author of the second stanza of this hymn ["On Cherub and on Cherubim"] than to have written any of his own works. The elder Scaliger was born 1484, and died 1558. The younger was born 1540, and died 1609. Sternhold composed the version somewhere about 1549.

Thomas Sternhold was Groom of the Robes to Henry VIII. and to Edward VI. He was born in the neighborhood of 1500, and died in the month of August, 1549. He is said to have versified fifty-one Psalms, and Hopkins fourteen—the fuller particulars can be found under "All people that on earth do dwell." Thomas Campbell, who did not enjoy anything that had the least particle of roughness (but who did not hesitate to filch from rough

Vaughan) has some disparaging remarks on the Sternhold and Hopkins psalms. Warton, in his *History of English Poetry*, discusses them freely. No reader of the delightful Richard Harris Barham will forget his irreverent four-line foot-note in the *Ingoldsby Legends :*

"My friend, Mr. Hood,
In his comical mood,
Would have probably styled the good Knight and his Lady—
Him 'Stern-old and Hop-kins,' and her 'Tête and Braidy.'"

But, after all the belittling and the ridicule, they are by no means to be despised altogether. This version is far preferable to that used as recently as 1861 by the Church of Scotland :

"He also bowèd down the heav'ns
and thence he did descend ;
And thickest clouds of darkness did
under his feet attend.

"And he upon a cherub rode,
and thereon he did fly :
Yea, on the swift wings of the wind
his flight was from on high."

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know.—MONTGOMERY.

In the *Original Hymns* this is No. 40, "The Lord the Good Shepherd.—Ps. 23." It has four stanzas, and comes from the *Songs of Zion*, 1822.

One of John Wesley's associates, named Samuel Bradburn, was much esteemed as a good preacher and an excellent man. At a time when he was in straitened circumstances, Mr. Wesley sent him a five-pound note, with the following letter : "Dear Sammy,—'Trust in the Lord and do good ; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.' Yours affectionately, John Wesley." The reply was prompt : "Rev. and Dear Sir,—I have often been struck with the beauty of the passage of Scripture quoted in your letter, but I must confess that I never saw such useful expository notes on it before. I am, reverend and dear sir, your obedient and grateful servant, S. Bradburn."

THE Lord is risen indeed.—KELLY.

This is No. 12 of Thomas Kelly's third edition (1809), and is based on Luke 24 : 34. It has eight stanzas, which are reprinted in full in Mr. Foxcroft's *Resurgit*, 1879. Miss Havergal—with whom Kelly is a prime favorite owing to his *singable* verses, and who has reinstated him in popular esteem—gives the date of this hymn as 1804.

The Lord Jehovah reigns.—Watts.

This is Hymn 169, Book II., "The Divine Perfections." It has four stanzas.

Dr. Watts wrote three pieces with this first line :

"The Lord Jehovah reigns!—
Let all the nations fear."

"The Lord Jehovah reigns,
His throne is built on high."

"The Lord Jehovah reigns
And royal state maintains."

This is the second of the three. The first, as he originally wrote it, is, "The *God* Jehovah reigns."

The Lord my pasture shall prepare.—Addison.

Mr. Courthope, in the *English Men of Letters* series, says :

> "Though the eighteenth century had little of that feeling for natural beauty which distinguishes our own, a man of Addison's imagination could hardly fail to be impressed by the character of the scenery in which his childhood was passed. No one who has travelled on a summer's day across Salisbury Plain, with its vast canopy of sky and its open tracts of undulating downland relieved by no shadows except such as are thrown by the passing cloud, the grazing sheep, and the great circle of Stonehenge, will forget the delightful sense of refreshment and repose produced by descent into the valley of the Avon. The sounds of human life rising from the villages after the long solitude of the plain, the shade of the deep woods, the coolness of the river, like all the streams rising in the chalk, clear and peaceful, are equally delicious to the sense and to the imagination. It was doubtless the recollection of these scenes that inspired Addison in his paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm :
>
> 'The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
> And feed me with a shepherd's care.' "

The father of Joseph Addison was Launcelot Addison, rector of Milston, near Amesbury, in Wiltshire, England, and afterward the Dean of Lichfield. The lad was born May 1st, 1672, and grew up under his father's intense Episcopacy and bitter hatred to all things Puritan. So strong was the feeling in this prejudiced person's breast that, when he was at Oxford under the "Visitation," he had expressed it in a way to make his longer tarrying at that seat of learning quite impossible. For a time he then acted as tutor, next as chaplain at Dunkirk after the Restoration, and finally at Tangier. Since "times go by turns" he was then recalled and given the living of Milston, which was worth £120 a year, and here his son was born. Addison's mother was the sister of the bishop of Bristol, William Gulston, and the atmosphere in which the future poet and essayist grew up was consequently fairly congenial.

He was educated at Oxford, became an excellent classical scholar, and eventually took rank as the finest prose writer of his generation. After holding certain Government offices and marrying Charlotte, Countess of Warwick, he was promoted to be an Assistant Secretary of State, in 1717, under Sunderland, his old friend. His business qualities in this position have been severely criticised—Pope, for instance, declaring that Addison was incapable of "giving out a common order," from the fact of his "endeavoring to word it too finely," and saying in addition, that our author "had too beautiful an imagination to make a man of business." Addison's autograph dispatches are the best disclaimers to be offered against this misstatement.

The friendship of Addison and Sir Richard Steele led to the establishment of the famous *Spectator*, whose essays were the true original of the modern "editorial," and they might safely be employed as a model for some editorials even as recently as this present year of grace, 1886.

In personal character Addison was also much esteemed. It is quite untrue—and we have good Bishop Berkeley's testimony to it—that his life was shortened by excessive drinking. In point of fact his mortal and insatiable enemies were asthma and dropsy, which carried him off between them—like Sarpedon in the "Iliad"—at only forty-seven years of age. He died on the 17th of June, 1719, at Holland House, and his earthly remains lay in state in that Jerusalem Chamber of Westminster Abbey where the Revisers of the Bible so lately sat during their prolonged labors. The single authentic anecdote as to his dying moments comes from the poet Young, who affirmed that Addison sent for the Earl of Warwick, and said to him: "See in what peace a Christian can die!" Tickell, a lesser star in the poetic firmament, shone upon his funeral with an elegy which has no illumination for us, except a sort of glowworm light shed upon the ceremonies which occurred.

There is no longer any real controversy as to the authorship of the piece before us; but, having personally and fully examined the claims of Andrew Marvell, it may not be amiss if we briefly enumerate the doubts and their discomfiture.

Addison's five hymns are reprinted in his *Works*, edited by Richard Hurd, D.D., Bishop of Worcester, in 1811. In his preface the bishop states that Addison confided the task to him and that he has collected whatever his author had composed. This is the *primâ facie* evidence for the authenticity of the pieces. As they stand in the *Spectator*, the numbers and hymns are as follows:

441.—The Lord my pasture shall prepare.
453.—When all thy mercies, O my God.
465.—The spacious firmament on high.
489.—How are thy servants blest, O Lord.
513.—When rising from the bed of death.

The lord bishop gives all these to Addison without debate.

If we inquire what portions of the *Spectator* are really marked with Addison's authorship beyond peradventure, we shall learn that he signed his papers either C., L., I., or O.—being the letters of that Muse's name.

The laborious Dr. Nathan Drake has estimated that Addison wrote two hundred and seventy-four of the series, and Steele two hundred and forty, while the remainder were divided among eighteen known and many unknown contributors. There are fifty-three anonymous essays which are not traceable at all. Hence we are led to infer that the mere fact of anything being in the *Spectator* carries no absolute presumption of its authorship, and this even when the paper bears a definite initial.

Addison, it must be added, never positively claimed the hymns, yet he really did so by implication, as his language proves. The apparent exception is the hymn, "When rising from the bed of death," which Addison says was communicated to him by "that excellent man in holy orders whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that society who assists me in my speculations." But when Dr. Watts, in No. 461, offers him a psalm and a letter, he prints both in such a manner as to separate himself from any doubt upon the authorship. And, following that letter, Addison clears up the little literary mystery by these words: "It is no small satisfaction to have given occasion to ingenious men to employ their thoughts upon sacred subjects from the approbation of such pieces of poetry as they have seen in my Saturdays' papers. *I shall never publish verse on that day but what is written by the same hand* [our italics], yet I shall not accompany those writings with eulogiums, but leave them to speak for themselves." Now all these five numbers belong on a Saturday. Either then Addison wrote them all, or he wrote none of them.

The positive charge was made by Captain Edward Thompson in his life of Andrew Marvell [London, 1776, 3 vols. 4to], that he has found in Marvell's handwriting, and among his authentic poems, the following pieces, in a certain manuscript volume of about the year 1670:

1. "When all thy mercies, O my God."
2. "When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand."
3. "The spacious firmament on high."

Captain Thompson then charges Addison with appropriating 1 and 3, and Tickell (not Watts) with having seized the other. Unfortunately, the ballad of "William and Margaret"—the undoubted composition of Mallet—is in that same book! The result has been that Captain Thompson's dates and charges have both been disproved. Andrew Marvell, the author of the "Emigrant in the Bermudas," was born in 1620, and died in 1678. The *Spectator's* hymns date from 1712. There is but one single point remaining to be noticed. It is the spelling of the verses attributed to Marvell where "equall," "mann," "ledd," "gratefull," "joyfull," and "tasts" are forms which are too ignorantly antiquated to belong with the rest of the orthography, and which indicate either a contemporary, but uncultured hand, or else a very clumsy and impudent style of literary forgery. Marvell was altogether too capable and honorable a man for his memory to need any dubious laurels. The legitimate inference is that Captain Thompson did not distinguish in his "MS. volume" between the poems written by Marvell's "own hand," and those others engrossed "by his order"—which probably means that they were copied in later by some one who had no idea of the rapt gaze with which the coming biographer would scan them!

THE Lord my Shepherd is.—WATTS.

Psalm 23, S. M., in six stanzas, according to the version of Dr. Watts.

THE Lord of glory is my light.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's rendering of Ps. 27, First Part, C. M. (vv. 1–6). There are five stanzas, and the title is, "The Church is our Delight and Safety."

THE Lord, our God, is full of might.—WHITE.

Henry Kirke White bears an honored name among the early dead of the English poets. In any work of general biography the account of his life can be found. Yet he deserves a notice, on the side of hymnology, different from that which he receives in a merely literary point of view.

Born at Nottingham, England (March 21st, 1785), the son of a butcher, there are many particulars of his origin and premature death which remind us of John Keats. D. M. Moir, who is one of the finest critics of English poetry that we possess, says of him: "No such permanent temple of fame as that which Kirke White has reared was ever built on sand. He possessed the poetical temperament in a higher measure than any other English poet who has prematurely died, except Chatterton, Keats, and, perhaps, Michael Bruce." His poems were published in 1803, and he died while a student at Cambridge, in 1806. Thus he was cut off at a time by far too soon for us to estimate his powers, and the constant progress toward excellence in all that he did revealed much of what might have been reasonably expected from him in later and maturer years. The lines "To an Early Primrose," and to the "Herb Rosemary," and the "Shipwrecked Solitary's Song to the Night," are in evidence before us; and the unfinished poem, "Time," together with the "Churchyard Song of the Consumptives," will only strengthen the impression.

It is no wonder that Southey and Coleridge should have admired his posthumous verses when they came to examine the papers which were put in their hands. Southey—who is at his best in this sort of literary labor—prefaced the *Remains* with a sympathetic essay, which went a long way to establish the fame of the dead man. Even Byron forbore to strike Kirke White, when he satirized nearly every other contemporary.

The parents of the poet were not indifferent to his talents. He received as good an education as the place afforded, and his mother, desiring to do even better by him, opened a young ladies' school, which gave her the means to supply him with more advantages. It is true that during the temporary failure of some of these efforts the lad worked for awhile at a stocking-loom, and was engaged in such uncongenial labor at the age of fourteen. But this was not through any lack, on his parents' part, of a desire to see him abundantly well educated. Possibly the very reverse is true; and, if he had not been so stimulated and encouraged, his mortal career might have been both happier and longer.

From the stocking-loom he entered the office of Messrs. Coldham & Enfield, in Nottingham, and thus commenced the study of law. Here he soon acquired a great deal of information; dabbled in chemistry, astronomy and electricity; practised himself in drawing and music; and attacked the Latin, Greek, Italian, Spanish and Portuguese languages; keeping up meanwhile a diligent study of law. The youthful Crichton also developed a taste for mechanics and literature, and lectured, we are told, when only fifteen, "for two hours and three-quarters, *extempore*, on 'Genius.'"

From the first this marvellous versatility of mind was as apparent in poetry as in any other pursuit, and presently this and his piety became his most marked characteristics. His associates were nearly all Deists or infidels. One of them, by the name of Robert Almond, being converted, had several talks with White, in which the poet was convinced of the truths of religion, and soon afterward made an open profession of his faith. How frank and simple this religion always was we may learn from an anecdote preserved with respect to his hymn, "The Hiding-Place," which commences, "Awake, sweet harp of Judah, wake!" It is related that he sung this to his companions while rowing on the Trent, and that he composed and added at that time the final stanza, "Then pure, immortal, sinless, freed," etc.

Not long after his conversion he determined to study for the ministry, and his education was undertaken by such men as the Rev. Charles Simeon and the missionary, Henry Martyn. They were interested in the brilliant young man, and procured for him the means needful to secure him a course of instruction at Cambridge. He is therefore on the record as a "sizar"* at St. John's College, October, 1805. He was in the first rank at the next examination, and also at the principal examination of the year following. But consumption had now set in, produced and encouraged by his application to his studies, and he died, on Sunday, October 19th, 1806.

Among the posthumous papers placed in the hands of his literary executors was one which contained what is perhaps his last hymn. It is written on the back of a mathematical exercise, and begins, "Much in sorrow, oft in woe." Dr. Collyer and Miss Maitland have severally revised this; and Miss Maitland's version, "Oft in sorrow, oft in woe," is in frequent use. His hymns (ten in number) appeared in Collyer's *Collection*, 1812.

Thus passed away this gifted and pious man. It was to him that Byron, in his *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, applied the simile of the "struck eagle stretched upon the plain," whose feather "winged the shaft that quivered in his heart." Employed by Moore and Waller as well as by himself—and as old as the Greek anthology—the figure was never more fittingly used than by the reckless lord in reference to the consumptive student. Here, indeed, "Science' self destroyed her noblest son."

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* A student admitted to the lowest rank with respect to expenses, and performing, like the Oxford *servitor*, certain duties in connection with the college.

THE Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want.—ROUS.

Francis Rous, or Rouse, was born, in 1579, at Halton, in Cornwall, where he inherited Halton Hall, near the banks of the Tamar. His education was received at Broadgate Hall, now Pembroke College, Oxford. He then studied law, and was a Member of Parliament under Charles I., and afterward sat for Devonshire, in 1653; and for Cornwall, in 1656. He had previously, in 1643, been Provost of Eton. He had a place in the House of Lords in 1657, and was one of Oliver Cromwell's Privy Council. What Cromwell thought of him can be gathered from the fact that he appointed him as one of the "triers of clerical candidates"; and that he, although a layman, was chosen to be a member of the Westminster Assembly of Divines. The sessions of this body continued from 1643 to 1652, and the House of Commons presented to it a recommendation of Rous's version of the Psalms as early as November 20th of the year 1643. This was adopted, and the book was published in 1646. In 1649 the General Assembly of the Kirk of Scotland approved it, and this is the version which has been in use there ever since. On this side of the water the Reformed and United Presbyterian bodies still employ it. It has a rude vigor of its own, and is not altogether destitute of merit, though it has been severely censured for its prosaic and ungraceful verses. The version of Ps. 23 is universally accepted—and it has been supposed that the beautiful scenery of the Tamar affected it and that Sir William Muir of Rowallan caused its present shape.

Rous did not escape the tongue and pen of opposition in his lifetime. Anthony a' Wood speaks in this disrespectful manner of him: "This person, who was usually stiled by the loyal party the old illiterate Jew of Eaton, and another Proteus, hath divers things (especially of divinity) extant, wherein much enthusiastic canting is used."

Our author's complete works were issued in 1657, the year before his death. The folio including them is now rare enough for Dr. Allibone to say to the lover of rare books: "Secure this volume."

THE mercies of my God and King.—LYTE.

There is a difference of but one letter between "chance" and "change." But in that difference lies the distinction between Fate and Providence. God's word is not swerved from its intelligent movement by blind destiny ; nor turned into a new course by mere novelty. It was the fashion to make the Greek temples as like to groves as possible, that among their columns—permanent and multitudinous—one might have all the blessings of the forest and all the peace of the shrine. And to the Christian God's wings are above, God's everlasting arms are beneath, and columnar providences sustain the one because they are founded upon the other. No wonder, then, that we are praying in this song for the spread of the "templed Gospel"! The date is 1834.

THE morning light is breaking.—S. F. SMITH.

Dr. Smith places the date of this composition in 1832, and says of it that it

"has been a great favorite at missionary gatherings, and I have myself heard it sung in five or six different languages in Europe and Asia. It is a favorite with the Burmans, Karens, and Telegus in Asia, from whose lips I have heard it repeatedly." He also speaks of having heard it "in Europe, especially among the Portuguese Protestants in their own country, as also in Brazil, in South America." Few hymn-writers could say that God had so used their hymns ; and fewer still could hear their own songs returning in other languages to them. That Dr. Smith has done so is almost if not quite unique in hymnology. We have ourselves heard the hymn sung in its Siamese form.

THE place which God alone reveals.—NEWTON.

In the *Olney Hymns*, Book III., No. 102, we find this piece. It has no title, but there is a reference at the word "feels" to Phil. 4 : 7. There are two four-line stanzas, and the little hymn is intended as a doxology. Dr. Robinson, in *Laudes Domini*, has also added the "doxology in Long Metre" from Bishop Ken.

THE people of the Lord.—KELLY.

A hymn with a similar first line by Richard Burnham, 1796 (*alt.*), must not be mistaken for this. The present hymn is in Thomas Kelly's fifth edition, 1820, but not in the third, 1809.

THE radiant morn hath passed away.—THRING.

In *Hymns Ancient and Modern*, 1861, this is No. 19. Rev. Godfrey Thring is stated by Archdeacon Prescott to be the rector of Alford with Hornblotton, Somersetshire, and prebendary of Wells. He was born at Alford, in England, March 25th, 1823, and is the successor of his father in the rectory, 1858. He was educated at Shrewsbury School, and at Balliol College, Oxford, where he was graduated in 1845. His *Church of England Hymn-Book*, 1880 (with new edition, 1882), is highly praised. The earliest publication of his hymns seems to date from 1862. Forty of these hymns he issued in a volume in 1866.

THE roseate hues of early dawn.—C. F. ALEXANDER.

The present piece first appeared in 1853 in the (S.P.C.K.) *Psalms and Hymns for Public Worship*. Later it was recast, made into an evening hymn in 1858, and appeared in Mrs. Alexander's *Legend of the Golden Prayer*, 1859.

THE Sabbath-day has reached its close.—C. ELLIOTT.

The date of this hymn is 1839.

That is a beautiful tradition which tells us how old Matthias von den Gheyn (1721-1785) used to play the chimes of Louvain on Sunday afternoons. The aged man, wearing his three-cornered hat and carrying a heavy stick, with a great knob on its top, would come into the Grande Place—the people all greeting him and making way for him. Presently they would see him entering the church of St. Peter, and in a few moments the clear music of the bells would be heard sounding far across the sunset fields, and echoing and re-echoing through the angles of the town. It was like heaven's own melody, and for forty years it was heard every holy day, calming and resting the listeners.

THE sands of time are sinking.—COUSIN.

This entire poem—for it is one—is to be found in nearly all current collections of religious poetry. There are nineteen stanzas.

Mrs. Anne Ross (Cundell) Cousin, daughter of David Ross Cundell, M.D., of Leith, married Rev. William Cousin, a clergyman of the Free Church of Scotland, at Melrose. This hymn was first published in 1857 in the *Christian Treasury*. The pathetic interest of it arises from the story which it tells, and which is one of the memorable events in Scottish history.

Fox's great *Book of Martyrs* does not come down to Samuel Rutherford's period (1600-61), or it would, perhaps, have recorded his persecutions; though his threatened fate was averted by his death in prison. He was born about 1600, at Nisbet, Roxburghshire, Scotland, and died at St. Andrews, March 20th, 1661. He received the degree of M.A., at Edinburgh, 1621; became Professor of Humanity; ceased from this office in 1625; studied theology, and was settled at Anworth, 1627. He was an able and impressive preacher, and Dean Stanley calls him "the true saint of the covenant." His theological services were great. In view of his defence of Calvinistic doctrine, he was invited to the Chair of Theology at Utrecht. "On the 27th of July, 1636, he was cited before the High Commission Court to answer for his nonconformity to the acts of Episcopacy and his work against the Arminians." This cost him his position at Anworth, and he was banished to Aberdeen. The Covenanters being successful, he returned to Anworth in 1638, and in 1639 was made professor at St. Andrews. In 1643 he was a Scotch commissioner to the Westminster Assembly, and served four years, during which time he wrote *The Due Right of Presbytery; The Trial and Triumph of Faith*, and a very famous pamphlet called *Lex Rex*. This last was burned under his windows in St. Andrews, after the Restoration (in 1660), by order of the Committee of Estates. It was written by way of reply to the Bishop of Ross.

The Restoration brought him into disgrace and peril. He was deprived of his offices, and attainted of high treason before Parliament. But while the citation was pending there was a more imperative citation served. In his answer to the demand for his presence, he wrote: "I am summoned before a higher Judge and judicatory: that first summons I behove to answer; and, ere a few days arrive, I shall be where few kings and great folks come."

Rutherford's *Familiar Letters* and the *Trial and Triumph of Faith* are well known and much read, even now. Rev. Dr. Andrew Bonar, 1851, and Rev. W. P. Breed, D.D., 1865, have made special studies of his life and writings; and he is mentioned in Stanley's *Church of Scotland*, 1872, and in Mitchell's *Westminster Assembly*, 1883.

As an example of Rutherford's pure spiritual piety, we quote an expression which Bickersteth, in his *Christian Student* (2d ed., 1829, p. 96) has thought worthy of citation:

> "Christ makes us most like himself in his own essential portraiture and image in sanctifying us; justification does but make us happy, which is to be like the angels only. Neither is it such a misery to lie a condemned man and under unforgiven guiltiness, as to serve sin and work the works of the devil, and, therefore, I think, sanctification cannot be bought; it is above price. God be thanked forever that Christ was a told down price for sanctification."

THE Saviour! oh, what endless charms.—STEELE.

Miss Anne Steele—whom the older hymn-books consistently call *Mrs.* Steele—was the eldest daughter of Rev. William Steele, the pastor of a Baptist church at Broughton, Hampshire, England. The date of her birth is settled by weight of authority as the year 1716. Dr. Rogers—a very accurate hymnologist, and one who is closely followed in this instance by such careful annotators as W. F. Stevenson and Dr. C. L. Hutchins—places it in 1717. But Belcher, Miller, Bird and Hatfield adopt 1716, and this—although the statement is not capable of complete demonstration—seems to carry the best authority with it. Dr. Rogers has probably erred—as he does in another case, where he says that Kirke White died in his 21st, instead of 22d year—and by this slight slip he has pulled into the little crevasse the other two men who had tied on to his guide-rope.

Miss Steele early displayed great love for poetry and some skill in composing it. At fourteen she united with her father's church, and under the date of November 29th, 1757, her father's diary has this entry:

> "This day Nanny sent part of her composition to London to be printed. I entreat a gracious God, who enabled and stirred her up to such a work, to direct in it and bless it for the good of many. . . . I pray God to make it useful, and keep her humble."

Mr. Steele's uncle and predecessor at Broughton was highly commended by Bishop Burnet, who told one of his clergy that he "must preach better than Henry Steele" if he would prevent his congregation from going over to the Dissenters.

Miss Steele was an invalid, owing to an injury received in childhood, and she always suffered from pain and enforced confinement to her room, and sometimes was actually helpless in her bed. The death of her father, September 10th, 1769, had much to do with her nervous prostration. Her lover also—a Mr. Elscourt—was drowned, while bathing in the river, not long before the day set for the wedding. He was a man of promise and ability, and his loss saddened the remainder of her life. But her Christian trust never faltered. It may be objected to her hymns that they are occasionally like the songs of the daughters of Huzzab, who went "tabering on their breasts" with dove-like lamentation; but these hymns cannot be spared from our modern collections. They are in the books used by every denomination of Christians.

We find them in their earliest published shape in the *Collection* of Rev. Dr. Caleb Evans, of Bristol, in whose fifth edition, 1786, they are distinguished by the letter T. for "Theodosia"—the signature under which her *Poems* were published in two volumes, 1760. That original edition is now before us, and confirms what has been said about the somewhat melancholy and affectionate tone of her address to the Saviour. But it also reveals how very slight, after all, have been the amendments in the verses themselves. The changes have consisted rather in the elision of stanzas than in the alteration of language—though it is but fair to add that the language does not altogether escape the critic's pen.

Miss Steele died in November, 1778, and among her last words was the triumphant Scripture, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

THE Saviour kindly calls.—ONDERDONK.

This appears to be a recasting of the hymn, "See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands." One is C.M., and the other is S.M. But Doddridge's hymn has unquestionably furnished the original of this, which is attributed to Bishop H. U. Onderdonk.

THE shadows of the evening hours.—PROCTER.

Miss Adelaide Ann Procter, the author of "The Lost Chord," was the daughter of the poet, Bryan Waller Procter (Barry Cornwall), and is the "golden-tressed Adelaide" of one of her father's finest poems. She inherited genius of a high order, and her poems are not unworthy to rank, in some cases, with those of Mrs. Browning and Christina Rossetti. One of her contributions to *Household Words* attracted the favorable notice of Charles Dickens, the editor, who was her father's intimate friend. She had sent it anonymously, and the pleasant little mystification is told in the *Life of Dickens*. It seems that she feared an acceptance of her productions on the ground of personal acquaintance. She continued to write for this and other periodicals during her brief but bright career.

Miss Procter was born in Bedford Square, London, October 30th, 1825. Her *Legends and Lyrics*, 1858, met with instant and permanent favor, and this book can be readily procured in any large bookstore to day. In 1851 she became a convert to the doctrines and practices of the Roman Catholic Church. She was sincerely devout, and her zeal outran all prudence, and disregarded times and seasons, health and weather. In fact, her "flushed earnestness" caused her death, in London, February 2d, 1864.

The fine article by Dickens in the *Atlantic Monthly* for December, 1865, supersedes any need of further notice here.

THE Son of God goes forth to war.—HEBER.

The date is 1827, and this hymn was written for St. Stephen's Day. It may be noted appropriately here that the bishop's first publication of hymns was in 1812, and that in 1827 his original design of furnishing pieces for the *Church Year* was posthumously carried out, with additions from Jeremy Taylor, Addison, Sir Walter Scott, Dean Milman, Whately and others. His own compositions are fifty-seven in number.

THE spacious firmament on high.—ADDISON.

This is Joseph Addison's version of Ps. 19 : 1–4, which appeared in No. 465 of *The Spectator*, August 23d, 1712. Its authorship has been in dispute, and Watts, Tickell and Marvell have been proposed as proper claimants, but we have examined the point fully elsewhere, and need not delay upon it here. This piece certainly was not doubted to be by Addison when Caleb Evans made it the first hymn in his *Collection*, with the signature "A."

Mr. Christophers (in *Hymn Writers and their Hymns*) has beautifully described the cathedral-close at Lichfield where Addison often wandered as a boy :

> "It was evening when, for the first time, we entered that reverend inclosure. The sun had gone down, and it was our time of preparation for the Sabbath. Where could such an hour be more solemnly kept than amidst the associations which, seen and unseen, gathered beneath the shadows of so venerable a sanctuary? The outer world was growing dim, but everything that was visible offered an agreeable introduction to the invisible. Among the whisperings which came to the ear of fancy, as we paced up and down that noble avenue on the north side of the church, known as 'the Dean's walk,' there came many remarkable names which, as they touched us in succession, called up some deep thinking about the present life and action of those who once enjoyed the shade of these same trees, and figured familiarly in these same sequestered dwellings. On this scene the last century had witnessed some curious interlacings of character. The sober and the frolicsome, the comic and the tragic, the sacred and the profane, had strangely mingled and manœuvred here at times. Many a day had seen Addison, as a schoolboy, passing to and fro through the deanery garden.
>
> "There the wit and imagination of Farquhar were stimulated to immortalize the dishonors of his licentious age ; there the Bishop's Registrar, Gilbert Walmsley, saved his own name from oblivion, by acting the patron to David Garrick. At the end of the walk the eye could

wander over the parapet of the close, and command the beautiful valley where Samuel Johnson used to wander in early life. The mysteries of nightfall were beginning to shroud it here and there; but Stow Hill was standing in clear outline against the sky, in affectionate watchfulness over its still waters. There, at the foot of the hill, was the old tower of St. Chad's Church, where tradition says: 'Ovin heard the angels sing at St. Chad's obit.' We lingered long watching the brightening reflections of the stars in Stow Pool, and musing on the possibility of angels taking a part in the anthem at a saint's burial, until our ear caught a sweet, thrilling harmony coming up seemingly from the recesses of the cathedral crypt, and floating tremulously along the dark aisles above. Was it the music of angels? It might rather be the voice of choristers tuning themselves for the morrow's psalmody. But it touched one's very soul, and called up the voice of a psalm from within. Just then the rising moon threw up her light from the horizon, and gave the last inspiring touch. The spirit of Addison himself might be there joining us in his own inimitable psalm—

'The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.'"

The Spirit breathes upon the Word.—Cowper.

This is the true transcript of the poet's experience. From December 7th, 1763, to the middle of July, 1764, Cowper's feelings may be summed up under two heads, "conviction of sin and despair of mercy." He had attempted his own life in November, 1762, by hanging himself to the bed-frame with a strong garter. The iron of the frame twice gave way, and then he secured the noose to the angle of the door, pushed away the chair on which he stood, and for a time lost all consciousness. Returning life came with a sensation like a flash of lightning striking through his whole body. He had fallen in consequence of the breaking of the cord, and was thus mercifully preserved from death. From this period he was in the deepest distress. He imagined newspaper libels where there were none, and was confident that he had committed the unpardonable sin.

In the month of July, 1764, he took up a Bible that he had found lying on a bench in the garden and opened it to what happened to be the eleventh chapter of John. He was profoundly moved by the words, and resolutely seating himself, he began to turn the pages with a deliberate purpose to find peace and rest The very first verse he encountered was Rom. 3 : 25. Immediately on reading these words we have his own testimony that the truth broke in upon him ; and, to quote his actual language, he "received strength to believe, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon him." "In a moment," he says, "I believed and I received the Gospel." Thus in William Cowper's heart, as in St. Paul's, God caused the light to shine out of darkness. From that moment when the world of darkness shone "with beams of heavenly day" poor Cowper, in spite of all physical and mental hindrances, aspired to pursue the steps of him he loved, and desired to behold the glory which should break upon his view "in brighter worlds above."

It would be easy to add to this instance of the "Spirit breathing upon the Word" several notable examples of distinguished Christians whose eyes were opened in such a manner. The case of Augustine is well known. That of Hilary—written at length in "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns"—is not so well known. That of Hedley Vicars is scarcely known at all. In the month of November, 1851, Captain Vicars was idly turning the leaves of a Bible when his eye fell upon the verse, "The blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin." He closed the book, and said : "If this be true for me, henceforth I will live, by the grace of God, as a man should live who has been washed in the blood of Christ." And he did.

Good George Herbert was right :

"A verse may find him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice."

The Spirit in our hearts.—Onderdonk.

Rev. Henry Ustick Onderdonk, D.D., was the second Bishop of Pennsylvania. He was born in the city of New York, March 16th, 1789 ; graduated at Columbia College in 1805 ; and received the degree of M.D. at the University of Edinburgh. Having returned to America and practised for a short time, he gave up his profession and studied theology under the direction of Bishop Hobart. He was ordained deacon, December 8th, 1815 ; and priest, April 11th, 1816—in both instances by Bishop Hobart. After a missionary work in Canandaigua, N. Y., he became rector of St. Ann's Church, Brooklyn, 1820, and thence was elevated to be the Assistant Bishop of Pennsylvania, October 25th, 1827, with Bishop White. He became sole bishop in 1836, at Bishop White's death ; but, in 1844, owing to some dissatisfaction, he sent his resignation to the House of Bishops. It was accepted, but he was at the same time presented for trial on the ground of intemperance, and was suspended from all sacerdotal functions. In 1856, however, he was restored to his office and to the ministry. He died in Philadelphia, December 6th, 1858. His hymns in the American *Prayer-Book Collection* were nine in number, viz., Nos. 14, 105, 106, 109, 131, 195, 203, 208 and 211. He versified also (in the same *Collection*) Psalms 16, 23, and 59.

He must not be confused with Benjamin T. Onderdonk, bishop of the diocese of New York, although their dates and circumstances were very similar. Henry Ustick Onderdonk, the author of the present hymn (written in 1826) was born in New York, March, 1789, and died in Philadelphia, December 6th, 1858. The other was born in New York in 1791, and there died, April 30th, 1861. The Bishop of Pennsylvania was suspended from his Episcopate in 1844, and was restored in 1856. The Bishop of New York—strangely enough—was also suspended, in 1845; but, in spite of the protestations of his friends and his own assertions of innocence, was never restored at all. The one came into full exercise of the bishop's office in Pennsylvania in 1836, the other in New York in 1830.

This hymn has been accepted by the various denominations of Christian believers. It is evidently founded on the invitation in Rev. 22 : 17, which is undoubtedly an ancient hymn of the Apostolic Church.

To Bishop Onderdonk has been also attributed the hymn, "The gentle Saviour calls." But this is by Doddridge, and is No. 198 in his *Collected Hymns*, and a modification of it. "The Saviour kindly calls," is probably from another hymn by Doddridge, and *may* have been made by Dr. Onderdonk. The hymn, "On Zion and on Lebanon," is, beyond question, by the bishop.

THE sun is sinking fast.—CASWALL, *tr.*

Rev. L. C. Biggs, in his *Annotations to Hymns, Ancient and Modern,* says that:

> "Every effort has been made to discover the original of this hymn, but in vain. It was, the translator believes, in the possession of one of the former members of the Edgbaston Oratory, contained in a small book of devotions. It can scarcely be older than the eighteenth century." At its side he gives a Latin version: "*Sol præceps rapitur, proxima nox abest,*" which has been made from the English words. Mr. Caswall, however,

states that this first line is the same as that in the original, and that he found the beautiful little piece in "a printed foreign collection belonging to the Rev. Nicholas Darnell." Unfortunately he forgot to take the name of the book, and now not even Mr. Darnell can recover it.

The present writer—with every facility at his command in the way of an exhaustive index of the Latin hymns, which he has recently prepared—has also been unable to detect its whereabouts. The full form of the English version is given herewith, and will intensify our regret at the loss of the original :

"The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies ;
Let love awake and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

"As Christ upon the cross
His head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned,

"So now, herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live.

"So now beneath His eye
Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
Abiding in the breast.

Save that His will be done
Whate'er betide ;
Dead to herself, and dead
In Him to all beside.

"Thus would I live : yet now
Not I, but He
In all His power and love
Henceforth alive in me.

"One sacred Trinity !
One Lord Divine !
May I be ever His,
And He for ever mine."

THE swift declining day.—DODDRIDGE.

This hymn contains six stanzas, two of which afford a capital example of the inequality of Doddridge's verse. Our present piece, in current use, is so smoothly and strongly fine that it is well worth this annotation :

V. 1.—Unchanged.
2.—Doddridge has "*instantaneous* [!] night."
3.—"His Word blots out the Sun
In its meridian Blaze ;
And cuts from smiling vigorous Youth
The Remnant of its Days.
4.—"On the dark Mountain's Brow
Your Feet shall quickly slide ;
And from its dreadful Summit dash
Your momentary Pride."
5.—Unchanged.
6.—"Through all the horrid Gloom" is Doddridge's line.

The hymn has thus been saved by a judicious excision and two judicious changes, and is to day what we find it, an harmonious and beautiful evening song.

THE strife is o'er, the battle won.—POTT, *tr.*

The date of this hymn is 1860. It is a translation of the "*Finita jam sunt prælia,*" the original of which is given by L. C. Biggs in his *Annotations to Hymns, Ancient and Modern.*

THEE we adore, Eternal Name.—WATTS.

In Dr. Watts's *Hymns* this is Book II., No. 55: "Frail Life and Succeeding Eternity." It has seven stanzas.

"The Rev. George Bellamy fell a victim to fever in Demerara. During his severe sufferings, while a colored servant was bathing his head with vinegar, he solemnly exclaimed:

'Thee we adore, Eternal name,
And humbly own to Thee,
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be.'

The faith of the poor black servant was manifested in the reply, 'Massa no 'fraid; dis sickness for de glory of God.'"

THEE will I love, my strength, my tower.—J. WESLEY, *tr.*

This is John Wesley's rendering of the hymn of "Angelus Silesius," and is "a very beautiful and faithful translation, which omits only one verse of the original."

This *nom-de-guerre* of "Angelus Silesius" was adopted by Johann Scheffler. He chose "Angelus" because of Johannes de Angelis, a Spanish mystic of the sixteenth century, who wrote a poem on the triumph of love. "Silesius," he added, because he was himself born in Breslau, Silesia (in 1624).

Scheffler was a mystic of the school of Jacob Böhme, and was reared in that nursery of mysticism, Silesia. Here Valentine Weigel (d. 1588) had opposed all Church forms; and here, at Gorlitz, up to 1624, lived Böhme. It is to be feared that Vaughan (*Hours with the Mystics*, II., 5) does not admire Scheffler, since he calls him the "virulent, faggotty-minded pervert, Scheffler." He denies that Scheffler *is* Silesius, and we must set his authority (in 1860) against that of Kübler (in 1865), if we prefer to believe that he is correct. It is no part of the present work to decide abstruse controversies—only to announce and to sum up the facts as stated by competent scholars. In the *Schaff-Herzog* (1884, art. *Scheffler*) we apparently reach a definite conclusion. The account agrees with that of Kübler, and the violent antipathies and struggles of Scheffler, after he seceded from Böhme's followers and became a Jesuit, tally with all the severe things uttered by Vaughan. No two persons could be more diverse than "Angelus Silesius" with his sentimental contemplations, and the monk of St. Matthias in Breslau who penned those bitter controversial tracts against the Lutherans.

Scheffler at first studied medicine in Strasburg, Leyden, Padua and Breslau. At Padua he became acquainted with Böhme's writings. In 1649 he was appointed physician to Duke Sylvius Nimrod, of Wurtemburg-Oels. There he began to be dissatisfied with Lutheranism, and in 1653 entered the Church of Rome, having always admired Tauler and Thomas à Kempis. Next he was physician to the German Emperor, Ferdinand III., but soon took actual priest's orders (1661) in the Jesuit monastery above mentioned. Here he died, July 9th, 1677.

Of the hymns which he wrote, a number were printed at Breslau in 1657. The edition of 1668 contained two hundred and six, most of which were composed before his departure into the Church of Rome. These various pieces are to be found in his *Cherubinische Wandersmann*, embracing his minor poems, and in his *Geistliche Hirtenlieder* ("Spiritual Flock-Songs"—a collection of hymns).

The *Cherubic Wanderer* is full of Emersonianisms—if we may coin a word. For example:

"God in my nature is involved,
As I in the divine;
I help to make his being up,
As much as he does mine."

Or this:

"I am as rich as God; no grain of dust
That is not mine, too: share with me he must."

We need not wonder that this high-flown self-assumption carried him to the door of a Jesuit convent. It is in the very key of much that passes with Romanist theology for heavenly rapture, and delight in God. Vaughan quotes Thomas Fuller here, who says aptly that expressions like these "do knock at the door of blasphemy, though not always with intent to enter thereat." In short, it is a thinly-disguised pantheism.

Our present hymn is the "*Ich will dich lieben, meine Stärke.*" Other hymns of Scheffler in modern use are:

"Nothing fair on earth I see."
"Thou holiest Love, whom most I love."
"Loving shepherd, kind and true."
"Most high and holy Trinity."
"O Love who formedst me to wear."
"Now take my heart, and all that is in me."
"Great High-Priest who deign'dst to be."

We are indebted to "the pietists of Halle," and especially to Freylinghausen for the use of these hymns by the Evangelical Church. Albert Knapp says of them: "From whencesoever they may come, they are an unfading ornament to the Church of Jesus Christ." Erdmann Neumeister said: "*Papæus hic Angelus, sed bonus*"—"this Angelus is a Papist, but a good one." George MacDonald has rendered several of them in *Scribner's Monthly* and other publications.

"The late Richard Cobden, one of the foremost advocates of free trade, and one of the originators of the Anti-Corn-Law League, . . . was greatly aided in his political career by his sincere and unobtrusive piety, and at the end of his most useful and valued life and labors he consoled his own heart and delighted his beloved friends by repeating the first verse of this hymn by Angelus:

'Thee will I love, my strength, my tower;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all Thy works, and Thee alone:
Thee will I love, till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with chaste desire.'"

THERE is a blessed home.—BAKER.

Perhaps this is the original of the hymn, in the Malagasy hymn-book, which the martyrs of Madagascar sang at Favavohitva.

"There," says the account, by one of the native Christians (1847), "they burned them, fixed between split bars. And there was a rainbow in the heavens at the time, close to the place of burning. And while burning they sang the hymn,

'There is a blessed land,
Making most happy;
Never shall rest depart,
Nor cause of trouble come.'

That was the hymn they sang while they were in the fire. And they prayed, saying: 'Lord, receive our spirits! Thy love to us has ordained this for us. And lay not this sin to their charge!' Thus they prayed as long as they had any life. Then they died, but softly, gently. Indeed, gently was the going forth of their life, and astonished were all the people."

The entire hymn by Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker is in four stanzas, and has been done into Latin by Lord Lyttleton. The date may be regarded as 1861.

THERE is a book, who runs may read.—KEBLE.

This is a part of Rev. John Keble's poem for *Septuagesima Sunday* in the *Christian Year*. "How beautifully he interweaves nature and grace, the visible and the invisible, in his hymn for *Septuagesima Sunday !*" So exclaims Christophers, with an enthusiasm which all can appreciate.

A heathen once said to Rabbi Meir: "How can your God, whose majesty, you say, fills the universe, speak from between the two staves of the Ark of the Sanctuary?" Then the Rabbi held up a large and a small mirror to the man's gaze; in each of them his person was reflected. "Now," said the sage, "in each mirror your body corresponds to the size of the glass; and should the same be impossible to God? The world is his large mirror, and the Sanctuary is his small one."

THERE is a fountain filled with blood.—COWPER.

Dr. Dashiell, in his *Pastor's Recollections*, tells an affecting story of the power of this hymn upon the heart of a sceptic.

He had been called to visit a family where the little child had just died. He found the father a man of violent prejudices against religion, and especially against clergymen, owing to the unworthy conduct of a former ministerial friend. Persevering in his efforts to secure an influence with this very unpromising person, Dr. Dashiell relates that the first point of contact was this hymn. His early associations had endeared it to him, and he had never ceased to admire and love it in spite of his infidel opinions. After a considerable length of time, the sceptic met with a severe injury—his arm being drawn into machinery and crushed so that amputation was necessary. It was at first very doubtful if the patient would rally, but finally he was heard to murmur something, and as Dr. Dashiell bent over him to catch the words, he distinctly caught the language of the stanza:

"The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day,
And there may I, though vile as he,
Wash all my sins away."

It was a confession of faith upon what seemed—though providentially it was not—the very edge of death.

Cowper did not write this stanza as it appears above, and as we usually sing and say it. His words in the *Olney Hymns* are:

"And there *have* I, *as* vile as he,
Washed all my sins away."

In the *Olney Hymns* Cowper's hymn stands very much in its modern shape. It is No. 79 of Book I., and is based on Zech. 13 : 1. The concluding two stanzas (the sixth and seventh) are notably fine:

"Lord, I believe thou hast prepar'd
(Unworthy though I be)
For me a blood-bought free reward,
A golden harp for me!

"'Tis strung, and tun'd, for endless years,
And form'd by power divine;
To sound in God the Father's ears
No other name but thine."

Mrs. Oliphant, who has doubtless been prejudiced for some cause or other, calmly puts this hymn aside. She writes that it "still finds a place amid the familiar utterances of piety; but we cannot think [it] is often used by any congregation of worshipping people in these days" (!).

On the other hand, Dr. Ray Palmer, in his *Voices of Joy and Gladness*, has the following excellent remarks on the hymn:

> "Take as an example that favorite hymn of Cowper's,
>
> 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'
>
> This has been pronounced, by some, gross and repulsive in its conception and language, or, to say the very least, highly objectionable in point of taste.
>
> "Such criticism seems to us superficial. It takes the words as if they were intended to be a literal prosaic statement. It forgets that what they express is not only poetry, but the poetry of intense and impassioned feeling, which naturally embodies itself in the boldest metaphors. The inner sense of the soul, when its deepest affections are moved, infallibly takes these metaphors in their true significance, while a cold critic of the letter misses that significance entirely. He merely demonstrates his own lack of the spiritual sympathies of which, for fervent Christian hearts, the hymn referred to is an admirable expression."

In 1824 this matter also troubled Montgomery.

> "I entirely rewrote," he says, "the first verse of that favorite hymn, commencing:
>
> 'There is a fountain filled with blood.'
>
> The words are objectionable as representing a fountain being *filled*, instead of *springing up*; I think my version is unexceptionable:
>
> 'From Calvary's cross a fountain flows,
> Of water and of blood;
> More healing than Bethesda's pool,
> Or famed Siloam's flood.'"

But the Church has decided against Mr. Montgomery's verses. They are "faultily faultless, icily regular"—and "splendidly null"!

When Dr. Mason Good was dying he frequently quoted this hymn, and especially seemed to dwell upon the line, "E'er since by faith I saw the stream," etc. "All the promises," he remarked, with emphasis, "are yea and amen, in Christ Jesus." In response to his friend who quoted to him the text, "Behold the Lamb of God," he said, "who taketh away the sin of the world," and so expired.

"Catherine Harris was a foundling residing near the city of Canterbury. At the age of twelve, through exposure, she became consumptive. When her pastor visited her, he expressed a hope that she found comfort by reading the Bible. She replied that nothing else would now give her comfort, excepting that one hymn she loved so much, 'There is a fountain filled with blood.' She said death had lost its sting, and the morning afterward she entered into rest."

"During the last revival in Ireland, Belfast had a large share in its blessing. Soon after it began, the curate of the parish visited one of the factories in which two hundred girls were employed. On his entering the building with the manager, a young woman near the door, seeing her minister, began to sing with a very sweet voice, 'There is a fountain filled with blood,' to the touching and well-known tune. The girl next to her took it up, and so onward it ran down the mill, till all the girls joined with deep and heartfelt fervency. Great as was the noise of the looms, the tender and subduing voice of praise rose above the din and clatter of the machinery. They wanted no books to sing through that hymn; it was well known to nearly all there. The manager, a Manchester man and an infidel, and ever on the watch to make ridicule of religion, was so completely overcome by that outburst of psalmody that he ran out of the mill. Meeting the curate afterward, he said: 'I was never so hard put to it as this morning; it nearly broke me down.' How the author, Cowper, would have been cheered to have heard that chorus."

"Lieutenant G——, an officer of the Union Army, having received his death-wound in a gallant charge at the head of his regiment, was visited in the hospital tent by the chaplain, who inquired how he felt. He said he had always been cheerful, and was now ready to meet God in peace. He thus proceeded: 'Chaplain, I was once passing through the streets of New York one Sunday, and heard singing. I went in and saw a company of poor people. They were singing, "There is a fountain filled with blood." I was overpowered with the impression the hymn made upon me, and I gave my heart to God. Since then I have loved Jesus, and I love Him now.' That was his last speech. As the chaplain listened, the voice faltered, and the minister said: 'Trust Jesus.' The officer whispered, 'I do trust Jesus,' and then expired."

"What have you done which makes your heart or your life appear so heinously sinful?" asked a minister of an amiable moralist. "I hate God, and I know it. I hate Christians, and I know it. I hate my own being. Oh, that I had never been born!" and she left the room in an agony of feeling.

A few minutes later, while walking the adjoining room in great distress her eye lighted on a copy of *Village Hymns* which lay on the sideboard.

She eagerly caught it up, and at the first page to which she opened she read these words:

> "There is a fountain filled with blood
> Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
> And sinners plunged beneath that flood
> Lose all their guilty stains."

As she finished this verse she dropped the book and exclaimed: "I have found my Saviour! This is the Saviour I need; a precious Saviour." Her enmity to God was gone and her burden was removed.

THERE is a happy land.—YOUNG.

This hymn was composed by Andrew Young in 1838. A resident of Edinburgh, where he was born in 1807, he is commemorated by Dr. Rogers as a teacher and the son of a teacher. His father, David Young, was one of the most successful teachers in Edinburgh for fully half a century of active service. In 1830, Mr. Andrew Young, then a graduate of the University, was chosen by the Town Council to the Head Mastership of the Niddry Street School, where he remained for eleven years. In 1840 he assumed the Head Mastership of Madras College, in the University of St. Andrews, and held this post for thirteen years. He then retired from active duty and resided in Edinburgh.

The hymn has obtained a new lease of public favor owing to the tune written for it, in 1864, by Samuel Sebastian Wesley.

THERE is a land immortal.—MACKELLAR.

Mr. Thomas MacKellar is a Presbyterian elder of Germantown, Philadelphia, and we have been favored by him with the particulars of his history, in response to our request. He was born in New York City, August 12th, 1812; his grandfather an elder of the old Kirk of Scotland and his mother a descendant of a Huguenot family. As a child he was able to read at so early an age that he cannot now recall the time when this was not natural and easy to him. But his education was seriously obstructed by his father's financial embarrassments.

Brought up on Venn and Doddridge and Bunyan, he was imbued with the principles and fancies of these devout instructors until the *Holy War* really seemed to enter his blood, and he has lived his useful life with this inspiration always quickening him to watchfulness and zeal. Of poetry he only imbibed a little from Cowper, but the Bible was, first and last, his chief delight.

Mr. MacKellar before he was fourteen became a compositor, and worked at the case in the printing-office of a weekly paper in New York. Thence he passed into the establishment of the Harpers, where he continued for several years. By degrees he was promoted there until he attained the dignity of proof-reader. During the greater part of this time he was writing verses as he found opportunity. It was a hard life for him ; he had much of the support of the family on his shoulders and little relaxation. As to property, he had, of course, nothing—though there was an inheritance in the family which seemed likely to come to a large amount. But the youth had the sense to follow the advice of an old Quaker lawyer : "Thomas, I hear thee is an industrious lad. Stick to work and thee will make a fortune before thee will get this one." He has certainly done so, and he is now, and has been for many years, the head of the great type-founding firm of MacKellar, Smiths & Jordan, in Philadelphia.

It was in 1833 that Mr. MacKellar went to Philadelphia to live. He took the post of proof-reader and foreman in L. Johnson's stereotype foundry. For twelve years he worked faithfully for his employers, and was allowed to purchase a small interest in the concern. It is this same business of which he is now the senior partner, and which is probably as extensive as any in the world.

In fact, Mr. MacKellar's business prosperity and his religious earnestness began together. For in 1834 he united with the old Pine Street church, and finally became an elder in its congregation. Since that date he has been constantly in the service of the Church in an official capacity—being elected to the same duties in Germantown on his removal thither.

For a long while nothing of religious verse came from his pen. In 1845, however, he began to compose hymns, and the one before us was the first of a long and excellent series. He shall tell the story in his own language :

> "One evening (I almost always wrote, after a hard day's work in the foundry, on ideas suggested during the day or while walking homeward to dinner)—while writing a piece for my friend, J. C. Neal [author of *Charcoal Sketches*], a fancy suddenly struck me of a religious nature. I laid aside the work in hand and pursuing the new idea, I at once produced the hymn, 'There is a land immortal,' and sent it to the editor, who referred to it as a religious poem from 'Tam,' my assumed name, under which I had already acquired considerable notoriety. This was in 1845. It was widely copied, and was afterward inserted in a volume published

by me. The New York *Journal of Commerce*, years after, published it as a production of 'Barry Cornwall.' This error was afterward corrected, but it misled Rev. Dr. C. S. Robinson, who inserted it in his *Spiritual Songs*, giving the authorship to 'Barry Cornwall.' He gave my name in after editions."

Mr. Neal's paper was the *Gazette*, and to this and other periodicals Mr. MacKellar regularly contributed. His published works are : *Droppings from the Heart ; Lines for the Gentle and Loving ; Tam's Fortnight Rambles ; Rhymes Atween Times ;* and *Hymns and a few Metrical Psalms* (1883). Beside this he is the successful author of a book known to nearly every member of the craft of stick and galley as the *American Printer*. Its publication has netted $15,000 to Mr. MacKellar's firm, and it is still in print and sells well.

It is fitting that we conclude these notes with Mr. MacKellar's closing words, sad though they seem :

"I was married in 1834, and have had ten children—all good and God-loving. My wife died fourteen years ago. Five of our children are with her in Paradise—having done good work here to God's glory—and five are with me on earth, still witnessing for Christ."

There is a singular and entirely undesigned coincidence between this hymn and Henry Vaughan's beautiful lyric, "Peace."

"My soul, there is a countrie
  Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentrie
  All skilfull in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
  Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
  Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious friend
  And (O my soul ! awake)
Did in pure love descend,
  To die here for thy sake.
If thou can'st get but thither,
  There growes the flowre of peace,
The rose that cannot wither,
  Thy fortresse, and thye ease,
Leave, then, thy foolish ranges ;
  For none can thee secure
But One, who never changes,
  Thy God, thy Life, thy Cure."

THERE is a land of pure delight.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 66, of Book II., "A Prospect of Heaven Makes Death Easy." It has six stanzas, and is one of Dr. Watts's earliest hymns. It was written at Southampton when he was about twenty-one or twenty-two years of age. The suggestion of its exquisite beauty came, we are told, from the view across Southampton water—the "narrow sea" with its "swelling flood," beyond which lie the "sweet fields" and "living green" of the New Forest. Perhaps, as has been hinted by one hymnologist, Charles Wesley borrowed this thought of the "*narrow* sea" of death in some of his own pieces.

THERE is a name I love.—F. WHITFIELD.

This hymn was written in 1855 by Rev. Frederick Whitfield, B.A.

THERE is a safe and secret place.—LYTE.

There is a painting by Landseer called "The Sanctuary." The deer are gathered by deep, clear waters, peacefully lying in a Highland glen. Around are the great rocks and the herd are cropping the abundant pasture or resting at ease. There is no trouble in the air and no lack of any supply. Thus it is with God's bounty: "green pastures," "still waters," "munitions of rocks," "none to molest or to make afraid."

Lyte was doubtless thinking, too, of that God "under whose wings we have come to trust"; and of the entire 91st Psalm of David the king.

THERE is a spot of consecrated ground.—C. ELLIOTT.

Miss Havergal placed this, in ten stanzas, in *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1875. Its date is 1839.

THERE is an eye that never sleeps.—WALLACE.

Rev. John Aikman Wallace was the son of James Wallace, a gun-maker in Edinburgh, where he was born, January 19th, 1802. The present hymn appeared in the *Scottish Christian Herald* for some date in 1839. Its author was then a minister of the Free Church of Scotland, settled at Hawick; and yet neither this composition of his nor anything else that he wrote finds a place in the new *Free Church Hymn-Book*, 1882. He died at Trinity, near Edinburgh, February 9th, 1870.

One stanza of this really fine and strong hymn has a pathetic association in the mind of the present writer with an incident in Mr. Edward Pierrepont's book, *From Fifth Avenue to Alaska* (New York, 1884). Wallace wrote :

" But there's a power which man can wield
When mortal aid is vain,
That eye, that arm, that love to reach,
That listening ear to gain."

The author of the account quoted below, a young man of the most brilliant promise and already of high attainments, died at Rome, Italy, as Chargé d'Affaires, April 16th, 1885 ; and his experience illuminates these words.

In the course of a hunting expedition through the Hoodoo Mountains in Wyoming Territory, Mr. Pierrepont became lost. He was alone and without food, fire or shelter, in the midst of a driving snow-storm—a position to dismay the most experienced mountaineer.

" The snow-flakes," he says, " at this moment became thicker than ever. Round and round we wheeled. My hands became nearly too numb to guide the horse, and it seemed as if we should never reach the place of descent. We could hardly see twenty feet ahead ; all sides looked perpendicular ; and, although up at this great altitude not a glimpse could I catch of the surrounding country. The bare ridge was about one mile in circumference, and my former horse-tracks had long ago been obliterated. At last I recognized a curiously twisted fir, and saw that I had been merely making a circle.

" In despair, knowing that at this altitude without fire the morning would find me frozen, strangely there came to my mind these words of Tennyson ;

' More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of ;'

and I earnestly prayed that for one moment the storm might abate, and allow me a glimpse of where I was.

" Hardly had I uttered the words when one of the most striking incidents of my life took place. It may have been a mere coincidence, but I was so impressed with the occurrence that I could but feel that the act, which the memory of Tennyson's lines prompted, had something to do with the phenomenon which so quickly followed. Suddenly the wind lulled ; the snow ceased falling ; the heavy shrouds of mist which hung over the valley and mountain-tops lifted ; and low in the West the declining sun, having but brief time of light, shone brightly. The huge, lone ranges, as far as the eye could reach, sparkled in their new white robes ; and the winding stream near which the old camp lay seemed but a mile distant. Even the tired old horse raised his head as if encouraged with new life. I soon found the hitherto hidden descent, and quickly gained the lower ridge, the gradual slope of which I knew would bring me back to camp.

"For full thirty minutes the sky remained clear, with the exception of large fleecy clouds driving across its face ; then, as suddenly, the wind swept through the valleys, and all became dark and threatening as before."

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest.—TAPPAN.

To his *Gems of Sacred Poetry*, 1860, Mr. William B. Tappan appends the following interesting note which completely revises the statements of hymnologists, and fixes the date of this hymn.

He says that it "was written by me, in Philadelphia, in the summer of 1818, for the *Franklin Gazette*, edited by Richard Bache, Esq., and was introduced by him to the public in terms sufficiently flattering to a young man who then certainly lacked confidence in himself. The piece was republished in England and on the Continent, in various newspapers and magazines, and was also extensively circulated in my own native land, where it has found a place in several hymn and music books. It was published in my first volume of Poems, at Philadelphia, in 1819, and soon after was set to music by A. P. Heinrich, Esq., in the same city." "I have said this much," he continues, "because the hymn has been claimed by several writers in both hemispheres, and has appeared with various names and signatures affixed."

The Rev. William Bingham Tappan was born at Beverley, Mass., October 29th, 1794. In 1815 he removed to Philadelphia, and after teaching awhile in Somerville, N. J., he entered the service of the American Sunday-school Union. This, according to Dr. Allibone, was in 1826, but Miller makes it 1822. The former date—from Dr. Allibone's residence and facilities for knowledge—is doubtless correct. He remained with that society for the rest of his life, becoming, however, an Evangelist in the Congregational Ministry in 1841. He died at West Needham, Mass., June 18th, 1849. His large volume of *Sacred Poetry*, now before the present writer, does not produce the impression that Mr. Tappan was by any means a great poet, or even a successful hymn-writer, beyond a very few productions. These are :

"There is an hour of peaceful rest."

"Wake ! isles of the South, your redemption is near."

[Written, 1819, on the occasion of the departure of the first missionaries to the Sandwick Islands, and really prophetic of the results that followed.]

and

"'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow."

THERE is no night in heaven.—KNOLLIS.

Francis Minden Knollis, of Fitzhead, Taunton, was a graduate of Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1837; and took his M.A. degree in 1840. He proceeded by regular steps, being noted as deacon in 1838, priest in 1839, Bachelor of Divinity in 1850, and Doctor of Divinity in 1851. He was the incumbent of Fitzhead, diocese of Bath and Wells, from 1856—and the gross income of this position was £90! He was, however, domestic chaplain to Lord Ribblesdale; and in 1839 was a Fellow of Magdalen College. He had been (1841) rector of Congerstone, Leicestershire, and his death occurred in 1863. Dr. Knollis published a very large number of pamphlets, sermons and brief treatises. His hymns are contained in *A Garland for the School; or, Sacred Verses for Sunday Scholars*, 1854; *A Wreath for the Altar;* and *Lays for the Sanctuary, and Other Poems* (2d ed. 1867). This latter volume was "compiled by G. Stevenson de M. Rutherford, and published in London by Elizabeth Good." The present piece (which is in the *Free Church Hymn-Book,* in five stanzas) was contributed by Knollis to *Rutherford's Collection.*

THERE'S a wideness in God's mercy.—FABER.

This hymn is taken from Faber's poem entitled "Come to Jesus," which is in thirteen stanzas.

THERE were ninety and nine that safely lay.—MISS CLEPHANE.

The date of this hymn is 1868. The writer was Miss Elizabeth C. Clephane, of Melrose, a member of the Church of Scotland. It first appeared in the *Family Treasury*, edited by Dr. Arnot. Thence it drifted into the *Christian Age*, a London religious journal, where it attracted the attention of Mr. Ira D. Sankey. The tune to which it is inseparably joined formed itself in his mind during a conference held on the subject of "The Good Shepherd." He sang it, before it was written down, May 16th, 1874, at a gospel meeting in the Free Assembly Hall, Edinburgh. Miss Clephane was born in the year 1830 and died (as we learn) in 1869. She is the author also of "Beneath the cross of Jesus."

One of the most thrilling incidents connected with its use is the effect its distant singing produced on the heart of an impenitent man. Clear and sweet the song rose up: "I go to the desert to find my sheep." And the man on the hillside heard and was saved.

THEY who seek the throne of grace.—HOLDEN, *alt.*

Oliver Holden—an almost mythical figure in American psalmody—was born at Shirley, Mass., September 18th, 1765. We venture to repeat something of what was said under "All hail the power of Jesus' name," in order to make the present annotation more complete. We are indebted for much of our information to Mr. Hubert P. Main.

Holden was a carpenter by trade and then became a teacher of psalmody and publisher of music, at Charlestown, Mass. The list of his publications is as follows:

1792.—*The American Harmony*, which he compiled and edited.
1793.—*The Union Harmony*, 2 vols., Boston.
1795.—*Massachusetts Compiler*, with Gram and Holyoke, Boston.
1800.—*Music on Death of George Washington.*
1795–1803.—*The Worcester Collection*, four editions.
1800 (about).—*Plain Psalmody.*
1802 (about).—*Charlestown Collection.*

He is said also to have published a volume of poetry containing some original hymns, in which this may have a place, though the book is inaccessible and the fact cannot be verified. Mr. Main, who has most of the volumes named above, has found it impossible to identify this hymn, but has others in his own handwriting. The present piece is said to be signed with an "H." and to commence "All those who seek a throne of grace."

> "By the sick-bed of Rabia stood two holy men. One of them said: 'The prayers of that man are not sincere, who refuses to bear the chastening strokes of the Lord.' The other went beyond him, saying: 'He is not sincere who does not rejoice in them.' Rabia, detecting something of self in that very joy, surpassed them both as she added: 'He is not sincere who does not, beholding his Lord, become totally unconscious of them.' The Mohammedan *Lives of the Saints* records that, on another occasion, when questioned concerning the cause of a severe illness, she replied: 'I suffered myself to think on the delights of Paradise, and therefore my Lord hath punished me.' She was heard to exclaim: 'What is the Kaaba to me? I need God only.'"

THINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love.—DODDRIDGE.

In the diary of Dr. Gardiner Spring, under date of May 25th, 1851, there is an entry which is interesting. Evidently this excellent man had been pressed by some serious affliction; for he says that this was the first time he had opened his piano to sing since it occurred.

"'I felt,' he writes, 'that while all God's works praise him, my voice also should be vocal with his praise. How beautiful is this green earth on a Sabbath day!' Yet he seems to have thought his joys ought to be in some measure subdued, and he adds, as he sings on in his quiet way: 'I could only give utterance to the words:

"Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above."'"

This is Dr. Doddridge's "Lord of the Sabbath! hear our vows," found in full in Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, p. 335. In many of the modern collections the hymn is made to begin, as it does here, with the second stanza, and this omission of the first is the only noticeable alteration which has taken place. It was composed, January 2d, 1737, to be sung after a sermon on Heb. 4:9.

THINE for ever! God of love.—MAUDE.

Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude is the wife of Rev. Joseph Maude, and the daughter of Mr. George Henry Hooper, of Stanmore, Middlesex. Her husband—to whom she was married in 1841—is vicar of Chirk, which lies between Ruabon and Oswestry, North Wales. He is an honorary canon of St. Asaph's. The lady informed Mr. Miller that this hymn—which has been generally adopted—was first printed in her *Twelve Letters on Confirmation*, 1848. It was composed for a confirmation class at Newport, Isle of Wight, and was earliest used in the collection of Bishop William Walsham How, then rector of Whittington, Shropshire, 1864. Mrs. Maude's *Memorials of Past Years* appeared in 1852. She has written many other pieces, but none have had the favor which this has enjoyed.

THINE holy day's returning.—PALMER.

This hymn is based on Ps. 84:10; was written in 1834; and, so far as Dr. Palmer recalls (though the fact has been questioned), was one of the little "batch of hymns" given by him to Lowell Mason not long after that date.

THIS child we dedicate to thee.—GILMAN.

This "Hymn for Baptism" is from the pen of a Unitarian clergyman, Rev. Samuel Gilman, D.D., born, Gloucester, Mass., February 16th, 1791; educated at the Academy in Atkinson,

N. H., and afterward a clerk in the Essex Bank, Salem. In 1811 he was graduated with honor at Harvard College; was tutor in mathematics for two years; studied theology with Drs. Ware and Kirkland, and was then ordained, December 1st, 1819, as pastor of the Unitarian Society, at Charleston, S. C. Dr. Gilman continued at this post until February 9th, 1858, when he died at Kingston, Mass., while on a visit to his son-in-law, Rev. C. J. Bowen. His death was regarded in Charleston as a public calamity.

He was a frequent contributor to current periodicals, and will be remembered by the *Memoirs of a New England Village Choir*, which are included in his *Contributions to Literature* (1856). Scattered through his writings are many hymns.

Dr. Putnam says that the present hymn is a translation from the German, with two stanzas omitted, but the original is not named. It suggests C. F. Neander's "*Du wiesest, Jesu,*" etc., at the commencement of the second double stanza:

> "Dir sei auch dieses Kind befohlen!
> Du nimmst es auf, dein Wort ist wahr," etc.

THINK gently of the erring.—FLETCHER.

This hymn appears in Adams and Chapin's (Universalist) *Hymns for Christian Devotion*, 1846, and bears the name of "Miss Fletcher." It is therefore probable that she was an American writer.

THIS God is the God we adore.—HART.

In *Hart's Hymns*, 1759 (2d ed., 1762) this is No. 73. It has seven double stanzas and commences, "No prophet, no dreamer of dreams." The usual two-stanza hymn, with the above first line, has been formed from this longer piece by taking the last stanza and dividing it. The title of the original hymn is, "If there arise among you a Prophet, or a Dreamer of Dreams, etc.—Deut. 13 : 1," etc.

The morning and evening hymns from the *Christian Year* were read to Dr. Nicholas Murray just before his death. "Very beautiful," he said, "but I want nothing but sleep." On the other hand, he said of the repetition or reading of Scripture truths and promises: "That keeps me awake, as my mind anticipates every word." "'Tis Jesus the first and the last," was repeated to him, and he responded: "Whose Spirit shall guide me safe home."

This is my body, which is given for you.—C. L. Ford.

"Charles Lawrence Ford," says Dr. Rogers, in *Lyra Britannica*, 1867 (2d ed., 1868), "is the son of a distinguished artist in Bath. He was educated at Bath and is B.A. of the University of London. Six hymns from his pen are inserted in the *Lyra Anglicana*, edited by the Rev. Robert H. Baynes. He has also contributed to Mr. Baynes's collection of *English Lyrics*."

This is not my place of resting.—Bonar.

In *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, this hymn appears in four stanzas, with the title "Rest Yonder."

This is the day of light.—Ellerton.

Rev. John Ellerton, who became rector of Hinstock, Shropshire, in England, 1872, is the author of this hymn. It first appeared in *Selection of Hymns for use in Chester Cathedral*, 1868. Mr. Ellerton was born in London, December 16th, 1826, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, graduating in 1849. He then entered the Episcopal Church, 1850. In 1883 he was rector of Barnes, Surrey, England. He has written many excellent hymns, some of which are found in the *Nantwich Choral Book*, 1866 and 1867; others of which are in *Hymns, Ancient and Modern*, also in the *Church Hymns*, and in the *Hymnal Companion*. His *Church Hymns, Annotated*, was published by the "Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge," London, 1881.

This is the day the Lord hath made.—Watts.

Dr. Watts affords this as a version of Ps. 118, Fourth Part, C. M.; vv. 24–26. The title is, "Hosanna: the Lord's Day; or, Christ's Resurrection and our Salvation." It has five stanzas.

Thou art coming! At thy table.—F. R. Havergal.

This is in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 53. It is the second part of "Thou art coming, O my Saviour!" which the author dates in 1873.

Thou art coming, O my Saviour!—F. R. Havergal.

This Advent Hymn, in seven stanzas, is in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 52. We have just given the other part of this hymn, and the date is 1873.

Thou art gone to the grave, but we will not deplore thee.—Heber.

This hymn was composed, December, 1818, in consequence of the death of Bishop Heber's only child, at the age of six months. When she died he wrote :

> "I am myself more cut down than I thought I should be, but I hope not impatient. I do not forget that to have possessed her at all, and to have enjoyed the pleasure of looking at her, and caressing her, for six months, was God's free gift, and still less do I forget that He who has taken her will at length, I hope, restore her to us."

Thou art gone up on high.—Toke.

Mr. Miller corresponded with Mrs. Emma (Leslie) Toke, and she informed him that she had "never published anything in prose or verse." The following hymns were given to a friend "who was collecting for the Committee of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, when they were arranging their hymn-book, and were sent anonymously." In this collection the following pieces by Mrs. Toke appeared :

O Lord, thou knowest all the snares. (1852.)
O Lord ! in all our trials here. (1852.)
O thou, who didst with love untold. (1852.)
O thou to whose all-seeing eye. (1852.)
Lord, of thy mercy, hear our cry. (1852.)
Glory to thee, O Lord. (1853.)
Thou art gone up on high. (1851.)

The author is the daughter of John Leslie, D.D., bishop of Kilmore, and was born at Holywood, Belfast, August 9th, 1812. She married Rev. Nicholas Toke of Godington Park, Ashford, Kent, in 1857. Of the above pieces three are in *Lyra Hibernica Sacra*. There is no recognition of her death in *Anglican Hymnology*, 1884, but she is currently stated to have died in 1878. *Lyra Hibernica* does not mention the fact in 1879.

Thou art my hiding-place, O Lord.—Raffles.

Rev. Thomas Raffles was born in London, May 17th, 1788. He was hopefully converted at ten years of age, and joined the Wesleyan Methodists ; but afterward, when the family removed to Peckham, he united with Rev. W. B. Collyer's Independent church. Being naturally destined for the ministry, he then entered Homerton College, and was trained under Dr. John Pye-Smith, receiving his ordination, June 22d, 1809, as pastor of an

Independent (Congregational) church at Hammersmith, London. After three years' profitable labor he was then called to succeed the eloquent Thomas Spencer in Great George Street chapel, Liverpool. His predecessor had been drowned in the Mersey, August 5th, 1811, and Mr. Raffles, among his other literary work, prepared an account of his life.

The choice of the church had been well made. Thomas Raffles proved an excellent pastor and a very attractive preacher, becoming, from his installation in 1812, one of the most popular divines in the city. Not only that, but his influence extended through England and was felt in America. For fifty years he held this position and then retired on a pension, February, 1862. But he did not long survive this change from activity to ease, and he died August 18th, 1863, in Liverpool. At the time of his death he was a man of means, through his wife, who was the daughter of James Hargreaves, and who died, leaving four children, May 17th, 1843.

In 1812, Dr. Collyer included eight of Mr. Raffles's hymns in his *Collection.* But the majority of his pieces were written subsequently to that date. He himself prepared a *Supplement to Dr. Watts's Psalms and Hymns,* 1853; and for many years wrote a hymn for each succeeding New Year's Day.

Of other hymns which he composed we may mention:

"Lord, like the publican I stand,"

[which was written upon its evident theme at "Seacombe, Oct. 4th, 1831."]

"High in yonder realms of light,"

[which is found in Dr. Collyer's collection, 1812.]

THOU art the Way: to thee alone.—DOANE.

This hymn is taken from Bishop Doane's *Songs by the Way,* 1824. His other hymn, "Softly now the light of day," also comes from this volume.

THOU, from whom we never part.—FOLLEN.

Mrs. Eliza Lee Follen, daughter of Samuel and Sarah Cabot, was born in Boston, August 15th, 1787. She was married, 1828, to Professor Charles Follen, whom Dr. Putnam calls the "eminent exiled friend of civil and religious liberty," and who had come to America in 1825. He was a teacher of German and of Ecclesiastical History and Ethics, at Cambridge; and the pastor of the Unitarian Society at East Lexington. He was lost on the "Lexington," which was burned, January 13th, 1840, in Long Island Sound.

Mrs. Follen wrote much during her thirty years of married life, and was editor of the *Child's Friend* from 1843 to 1850. She died in Brookline, Mass., January 26th, 1860.

None of her hymns are in S. Longfellow's and S. Johnson's *Hymns of the Spirit.* The *Songs of the Liberal Faith*, however, contains nine pieces, but not the present hymn.

THOU God of glorious majesty.—C. WESLEY.

In this hymn occurs the well-known stanza, "Lo, on a narrow neck of land," which has been supposed to fix the place and circumstances of its composition. Some hymnologists do not consent to Dr. Belcher's positive statement that the verses were written at the Land's End, Cornwall—a dangerous and precipitous promontory pushing out between the Atlantic Ocean and the English Channel, and with scarcely standing-room upon some portions of it. We are able, however, to assert that they were composed not long after a visit to that region, and were included among the *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1st ed., 1749; 2d ed., 1755 and 1756). Creamer has nothing to say as to their origin, but quotes the approval of Montgomery and the three lines:

> "Death stands between eternity and time,
> With open jaws on such a narrow bridge,
> That none can pass, but must become his prey."

We may also note the language of Addison in the *Spectator* (No. 590): "Many witty authors compare the present time to an isthmus, or narrow neck of land, that rises in the midst of an ocean immeasurably diffused on either side of it."

The hymn has six stanzas in John Wesley's "corrected" *Hymn-Book*, 1779.

THOU grace divine, encircling all.—MISS SCUDDER.

That the author of two of our finest Christmas hymns should be the maternal uncle of one of our sweetest singers is not an unforeseen event. But when one says that Edmund Hamilton Sears is the uncle and Miss Eliza Scudder the niece, the statement means more than at first appears.

The present writer, mousing one day among the rubbish of an old book-stall, laid his hand on a small, neat volume, entitled *Hymns and Sonnets, by E S.* The book was thin, tastefully printed in Boston, and published by Lockwood, Brooks & Co., 1880, thus being of a comparatively recent date. And the hymn which heads this notice was so admirable in every way that the question at once arose: "To what extent is this writer known?"

It was not hard to connect the verses with the name of Miss Eliza Scudder, nor to ascertain, when once her hymns were differentiated from the mass, that she had obtained four places in *Hymns of the Spirit.* Eight of her pieces are in the Schaff-Gilman *Library of Religious Poetry*, in which volume it is stated that the lady's hymns and other poetry had not then (1880) been collected. So that the *motif* of the little book on the book-stall is easily guessed.

Miss Eliza Scudder was born in Boston, Mass., November 14th, 1821. Her various poems and hymns have been handed about in manuscript, and this present one had the good fortune to meet the eye of her uncle, Rev. E. H. Sears. He included it in his "Pictures of the Olden Time, as shown in the Fortunes of a Family of the Pilgrims," 1857. The hymn itself had been written in 1852.

Other pieces were published in Mr. Sears's *Monthly Religious Magazine*, and gradually found their way into one hymn-book after another. The little collection of 1880 is rarer than it seemed, for it was printed from type, and the edition was soon exhausted.

An examination of Dr. Putnam's *Singers and Songs of the Liberal Faith* does not disclose her name, for the excellent reason that while, at the writing of this hymn, she was an attendant upon the Unitarian ministry, she has for something like fifteen years past been a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church. The hymn itself bears witness, in its six stanzas, to the high and spiritual desire of one worthy to be classed with such women as Madame Guyon, Dora Greenwell, or Christina Rossetti.

Miss Scudder has lately been a resident of Salem, Mass. We are indebted to her cousin, Mr. Horace E. Scudder, for several of these facts.

The hymns which bear her name in *Hymns of the Spirit*, 1864, are:

"I cannot find thee! Still on restless pinion."
"In thee, my powers, my treasures, live."
"Thou grace Divine, encircling all."
"Thou long disowned, reviled, oppressed."

To these may be added :

" Grant us thy peace, down from thy heavens falling."
" Life of our life, and light of all our seeing."
" Gentle friends who gather here." 1872.
" The day is done ; the weary day of thought and toil is past." 1874.
" From past regret and present faithlessness."

THOU lovely source of true delight.—STEELE.

In the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, this is entitled " Desiring to Know and Love Him More," and has six stanzas.

THOU only Sovereign of my heart.—STEELE.

In the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, this is entitled " Life and Safety in Christ Alone.—John 6 : 68." It has six stanzas.

THOU very present aid.—C. WESLEY.

The date is 1749, and the hymn has four stanzas.

THOU who roll'st the year around.—PALMER.

This is based on Ps. 65 : 11, and is a New Year's hymn, 1832. It was the first celebration of a new year after Dr. Palmer's marriage.

THOU ! whose Almighty word.—MARRIOTT.

The author was Rev. John Marriott, born at Cottcsbach, near Lutterworth, England, in 1780. He studied at Rugby ; entered Christ Church College, Oxford, and was graduated in 1802, and then entered the ministry of the Church of England, 1803. After holding the living of Church Lawford, near Rugby, for some years, he left Warwickshire owing to his wife's health and settled as a curate at Broad Clyst, in Devonshire. His *Sermons* (posthumously published, 1838) are good. Mr. Marriott died at Broad Clyst, March 31st, 1825, and this hymn (which is his only one) was written in 1813.

The hymn itself, published, 1816, in Dr. Raffles's *Collection*, is reprinted in *Lyra Britannica* from the author's manuscript.

THOUGH I speak with angel tongues.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

This hymn is made from that which begins, " Many a gift did Christ impart," which is the hymn for Quinquagesima Sunday in the first series of *Lyra Germanica*, 1855. It is the " *Unter jenen grossen Gütern*" of Ernst Lange.

The author was a man of noble and powerful intellect. His inclination was in the direction of the Halle school of thinkers, but he never regularly affiliated himself with them. He was a native of Dantzig, where he was born in 1650, and where he was honored with the offices of magistrate and burgomaster. His hymns have the singular incident connected with them that they were published when he was sixty-one years of age. On attaining this period of his life he printed sixty-one hymns and dedicated them to a friend of equal age with himself. His design, as he explained, was to celebrate the mercy of God, who had spared them both during the past year from the ravages of a pestilence which had devastated the town. The good man died at Dantzig in 1727.

Our hymn is based on 1 Cor. 13 : 1–3, 13, and is in five stanzas, to which Freylinghausen, who employed it in his collection, added the sixth.

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing.—ANON.

In *Laudes Domini* this hymn is credited to J. N. Darby, the founder of the "Plymouth Brethren." Mr. Miller says positively that Darby denied to him that he had written it.

THOUGH now the nations sit beneath.—BACON.

Of this hymn Professor Bird says :

> "It is based on a piece by Sarah Slinn, preserved in Dobell's famous *Selection*, 1806–10. This was taken into the Andover tract [prepared by Dr. Bacon, at Andover, for the Society of Inquiry, and containing about one hundred and eight pages], stanzas 4 and 5 being much altered, and the first couplet of each being re-written."

Over one-third of it finally came to be Dr. Bacon's, and it was mainly owing to his share in the work that Nettleton copied the hymn into the *Village Hymns*. It was copied back into *Church Psalmody* (1831), and there Dr. Bacon found it. By this time Sarah Slinn was nearly eliminated, and Dr. Bacon revised the piece and "left no more of Slinn than the faintest touch in the third and last lines." Hence the hymn is called his, and is entered as "1823–33."

THOUGH troubles assail.—NEWTON.

This hymn was written, February, 1775, and appeared in the *Gospel Magazine*, January, 1777. It is included in the *Olney Hymns*, 1779, where it is Book I., No. 7, and has eight stanzas.

"My course of study," Newton once said, "like that of a surgeon, has principally consisted in walking the hospital." Hence his hymns are always practical. "Much depends," he used to say, "on the way we come into trouble—Paul and Jonah were both in a storm, but in very different circumstances."

Though sorrows rise and dangers roll.—Heber.

We can profitably compare with this hymn one by H. Kirke White, 1812, whose last stanza is almost sublime:

> "These ashes, too, this little dust
> Our Father's care shall keep
> Till the last angel rise and break
> The long and dreary sleep."

It commences: "Through sorrow's night and danger's path."

Through all the changing scenes of life.—Tate and Brady.

This is "Tate and Brady," and not Tate alone. It is their version of the 34th Psalm, and is dated 1696.

Three in One, and One in Three.—Rorison.

This hymn was originally published, with others of his composition, by Rev. Gilbert Rorison, LL.D., in a collection made for his congregation at Peterhead in 1850. Our author was the son of John Rorison, merchant, and was born at Glasgow, February 7th, 1821. He was educated at the University of Glasgow, and became the incumbent of St. Peter's Episcopal church, Peterhead, Aberdeenshire. He died at Bridge of Allan, Scotland, October 11th, 1869. Sir David Brewster commended his *Three Barriers*, published in 1861, as being the best reply to Darwin up to that date.

The hymn with which this author has enriched the worship of the Church is full of the spirit of calm and fervent devotion. It is a direct address to the Godhead, so simple, so reverent, so genuine, that it commends itself to the sensibility of Christian hearts at once. Such things have to be sung, not said.

"It is not possible to put into forms of colloquial speech," says Dr. C. S. Robinson, "the sources of enjoyment which a pardoned believer knows when he is once possessed of the peace which passes understanding; the soul like a bride rests in a love it cannot explain, when the sweet day of espousal to Christ has been reached. The Christian cannot be alone, for a happy conscience, like a bird in his heart, keeps singing cheerily to give him company. He has no alarms, no suspicions. Nothing breaks up the calm, bright serenity of his trustful repose in Christ Jesus. 'Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee.' Such an one has reached the final tranquillity of the soul.

> 'Far, far beneath—the noise of tempest dieth,
> And silver waves chime ever peacefully;
> And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
> Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.' "

THROUGH the day thy love has spared us.—KELLY.

This hymn was written in 1806. It is based on Ps. 4 : 8, and has two six-line stanzas. It is probably the best-known of all of Thomas Kelly's hymns. In the preface to his edition of 1853 the old man, then eighty-four years of age, says:

" It will be perceived by those who read these hymns that though there is an interval between the first and last of nearly sixty years, both speak of the same great truths, and in the same way. In the course of that long period the author has seen much and heard much, but nothing that he has seen or heard has made the least change in his mind, that he is conscious of, as to the grand truths of the Gospel." Altogether he composed seven hundred and sixty-seven hymns.

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow.—BARING-GOULD.

This is from the Danish of Bernhardt Severin Ingemann, born at Thor Kildstrup, Island of Falster, May 28th, 1789. He was a professor in Zealand from 1822 to his death, in 1862. His works, collected in 1851, make thirty-four volumes, many of which are romances. The present hymn is in the Schaff-Gilman *Library of Religious Poetry*, and the record of the translator's life is placed in another part of this volume. Seven of Ingemann's hymns are rendered (rather prosaically) by Gilbert Tait in his *Hymns of Denmark*, 1868. The Danish of this hymn is "*Igjennem Nat og Trængsel*," 1825.

THROUGH the yesterday of ages.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

This is found in Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 284, with the title, "Tried, Precious, Sure," and a reference to Heb. 13 : 8 and Isa. 28 : 16. It has three stanzas. *Songs of Grace and Glory*, 1875, does not contain this piece.

THUS far the Lord hath led me on.—WATTS.

There are six stanzas to this piece. The Scriptures used in the preceding discourse are Ps. 4 : 8; Ps. 3 : 5, 6, and Ps. 143 : 8.

This hymn, like many others of Dr. Watts's, is written to accompany the sermon. In the collected hymns it is No. 80 of Book I.

Thy Father's house! thine own bright home!—Palmer.

Dr. Palmer has been in the habit of repeating various appropriate hymns to very sick or dying people. This is a favorite with him for such a use, and he has found it give comfort on many occasions. It is based on John 14 : 2, and was written in 1864.

We take this opportunity to preserve a beautiful little anonymous hymn from the *Bible Christians' Collection* (fourth edition, London, 1875), and which is unusual to American eyes.

"Is it a thing so small,
So easy to comply,
When summoned by the sudden call,
To get me up and die!

"For those who humbly keep
The faith by Christ bestowed,
To die is but to fall asleep
In the soft arms of God.

"O could I thus sink down
To everlasting rest,
Without a lingering sigh or groan,
On my Redeemer's breast!

"Jesus, thy blood apply,
Thy mind and Spirit give;
Then shall I get me up and die;
Then shall I truly live."

Thy home is with the humble, Lord!—Faber.

From the hymn, "Sweetness in Prayer," which commences, "Why dost thou beat so quick, my heart?" The only verbal change is in the substitution of "rest" for "nest" in vv. 1 and 3; and of "house" for "nest" in v. 2. For "the simple are Thy rest" there is the important alteration, "The simple are the best."

Thy life was given for me.—F. R. Havergal.

This is altered from "I gave my life for thee," which had such currency in the Moody and Sankey *Gospel Hymns*. The manifest impropriety of singing to the Saviour His own supposed words, needs no comment to justify the change that has been made in the verses. The author's text is 1 Sam. 12 : 24, and her date for the hymn is 1859. It has six stanzas.

The origin of the hymn suggests that story of Count von Zinzendorf, the founder of the Moravians, who was led to Christ by seeing the "Ecce Homo" picture in the gallery at Düsseldorf. It represented the Saviour crowned with thorns, and over it were the words, "All this have I done for thee. What doest thou for Me?" The hymn itself was written in Germany in 1859, and as Miss Havergal was at school in Düsseldorf, and afterward visited the place, she must have seen the same picture and been moved by it as was that other hymn-writer, whose influence had been so great a century previous. Miss Havergal herself states that it was inspired by such a picture with such an inscription.

An evangelist at the Oxford Union meeting, August 29th to September 7th, 1874, related this incident: "Behind the pulpit where I was preaching in the chapel of the Faith Houses of Dorothea Trudel, at Männedorf, Switzerland, I saw a large figure representing our Lord upon the cross, crowned with thorns. Much as I deplored this object, I learned a lesson from what was beneath it. 'Ich,' the German word for I, was inscribed in large letters, but through it was a deep cancelling mark, and it was substituted by 'ER' or HE. May we all beneath the cross learn the lesson of the cancelled 'I'!" (Gal 2 : 20).

THY way, not mine, O Lord.—BONAR.

This is taken from Dr. Bonar's *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series, 1857, where it has seven stanzas. It first appeared in 1856.

THY way, O Lord, is in the sea.—FAWCETT.

A decided alteration of this hymn, and one not for the better, is the piece, "Thy way is in the sea," which appears in the *Methodist Hymnal.* The original form by John Fawcett comes from his *Hymns*, 1782. The reference is to Ps. 77 : 19 and 1 Cor. 13 : 9. Mr. Nutter charges the alterations to the account of Dr. James Floy, one of the editors of the *Methodist Hymn-Book* of 1849. The changes are in metre, from C. M. to S. M.; and in person, from first person singular to first person plural—and the *dignity* is gone besides!

THY works, not mine, O Christ.—BONAR.

This hymn is taken from *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, First Series, 1857. The title is, "The Sinbearer," and the text, Isa. 3 : 5. It has ten stanzas.

"TILL he come": oh, let the words.—E. H. BICKERSTETH.

This is a hymn found in *From Year to Year* (p. 66) for the Thursday before Easter, for which the lessons are Hos. 13 : 1–15; Hos. 14; John 17 and 13; 1 Cor. 11 : 17; Luke 23 : 1–50. The hymn is based on 1 Cor. 11 : 26. It has four six-line stanzas, and was written in 1861.

TIME, thou speedest on but slowly.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

This is rendered by Miss Winkworth from the "*Welt lebwohl, ich bin dein müde*" of Johann Georg Albinus—or Albini—who was born March 6th, 1624, the son of a clergyman in Saxony. He wrote this hymn perhaps about the time when, in 1653, he became head master of the Cathedral School in Naumberg. In 1657 we find him the minister of St. Othmar's, in that town, afflicted and distressed—"fightings without and fears within." Perhaps it was nearer to 1657 than to 1653 that this "World, farewell! of thee I'm tired" was written. Miss Winkworth's date is 1652, but, for the reasons indicated above, we incline to refer the hymn to a later period.

Albinus is credited with the authorship of only four hymns, of which "World, farewell! of thee I'm tired" ("*Welt lebwohl,*" etc.), "Not in anger smite us, Lord" ("*Straf mich nicht in deinem Zorn*"), and "Hark! a voice saith, All are mortal" ("*Alle Menschen müssen sterben*"), are well known to German hymnologists. He died, after all his trials, in a peaceful and hopeful frame of mind, May 25th, 1679. His tombstone in St. Othmar's church bears the inscription:

"Cum viveret, moriebatur,
Et nunc cum mortuus vivit,
Quia sciebat, quod vita sit mortis
Et mors vitæ introitus."

It was written in allusion to his hymns, and may be rendered thus:

While he yet lived his life was flying;
And now, when dead, he still doth live:
Because he knew that living to dying—
As death to life—a door can give.

The hymn "*Alle Menschen*" was prepared and printed June 1st, 1652, for the burial of his friend, Paul von Henssberg, in Leipzig, and was sung on that occasion. It has been translated by Professor Mills in his *Sacred Lyrics from the German*.

'Tis by the faith of joys to come.—Watts.

The present piece is found in Dr. Watts's hymns as Hymn 129, of Book II., "We Walk by Faith, not by Sight." It has four stanzas.

Whoever has examined the antennæ of insects has observed a sense, different from sight, with which they are supplied. "They exhibit," says Hartwig, "a wonderful diversity of form; now drawn out into a thread, and now ending in a knob—now pectinated like a comb, and now expanding like a fan. We find them smooth or hairy, simple or divided into branches, projecting or recurved—sometimes short, sometimes of a length surpassing the body. When the insect is in motion they are stretched out and expanded to their fullest extent, but by many species they are immediately retracted on the occurrence of any loud or sudden noise—and then there is in many cases a channel or groove ready to receive, to hide and to protect them against many injuries." Strange to say, the uses of these antennæ "are not yet fully ascertained." But the analogy between this peculiar sense and that faith which supplies the want of sight is too apparent to require any expansion here.

"'Tis finished!"—so the Saviour cried.—S. Stennett.

In his last moments it is stated that Dr. Stennett was given a throat gargle compounded of vinegar and other ingredients. He quoted the Scripture, "And in his thirst they gave him vinegar to drink," and added: "When I reflect upon the sufferings of Christ I am ready to ask, What have I been thinking of all my life? What he did and suffered are now my only support."

This hymn is Stennett's in part, not entirely. He wrote the first and last stanzas. In *Rippon's Selection*, 1787, it has six stanzas; and the second and fourth are placed (as if spoken by the Saviour) in the first person. This, doubtless, caused the change.

'Tis midnight, and on Olive's brow.—W. B. Tappan.

In Mr. Tappan's *Gems of Sacred Poetry* this is the closing poem of the devotional series. It has four stanzas. The only changes are:

First stanza.—*Immanuel* wrestles.—*E'en the* disciple *that* he loved.
Fourth stanza.—*From the heavenly* plains.

The title is "Gethsemane," and the date is 1822.

'Tis God the Spirit leads.—Beddome.

The present hymn really commences, "That we might walk with God," and is found entire in *Songs of the Spirit* (p. 122). The second stanza, which begins our hymn, is, "He by his Spirit leads," etc. It is not in *Rippon's Selection*, but Hymn 210, in the collection appended to the American Episcopalian Prayer-Book, contains two stanzas, one somewhat altered and the other *verbatim* from this piece. It begins, "Heirs of unending life," and our present first line is altered to "God will support our hearts," etc. We would fail to comprehend the reason for all this shifting, changing, and remodelling of a very moderate piece, if we did not get the last stanza, which has carried the rest of the hymn across the stream of time like another giant Christopher :

> " 'Tis he that works to will,
> 'Tis he that works to do ;
> His is the power by which we act,
> His be the glory too !"

'Tis my happiness below.—Cowper.

A slight change in this hymn from the form in the *Olney Hymns* (Book III., No. 16) makes a fine improvement in what would otherwise be an inferior piece, owing to its imperfect ending. It was originally in three eight-line stanzas. The last half of the third stanza is dropped, and the last four verses of the second stanza are transposed with the first four of the third. There is no alteration in the words, but now the song comes to an harmonious conclusion.

It is a touching fact that this hymn stands under the head of " Conflict," immediately surrounded by five others, all by the same author. There is a history involved in the very pieces themselves. First comes Cowper's last contribution to the Olney book, " God moves in a mysterious way." Then the present hymn. Then, " O how I love thy holy word." Then, " The billows swell, the winds are high." Then, " God of my life, to thee I call." Then, " My soul is sad and much dismayed." It can be noticed that the gloom grows deeper, from the first troubled sense of God's mysterious providence down to this last piece, which is entitled " The Valley of the Shadow of Death."

Now Newton strikes in with " 'Tis past—the dreadful, stormy night," and follows it with " Unless the Lord had been my stay." And Cowper plucks up courage to sing his " Peace after a Storm": " When darkness long has veiled my mind," but returns to his old despondency in " The Saviour hides his face."

These hymns of " Conflict " are among the most precious in the book. Here, in a page or two more, we find Cowper's " O Lord, my best desires fulfil," and Newton's " I asked the Lord that I might grow," with " Begone, unbelief " and " If to Jesus for relief," and " Be still, my heart ! these anxious cares." The section closes with a reference to twenty-one hymns of a similar character in the first book and five in the second. Newton's verses are hopeful, robust, energetic. Cowper's are sad, agonized, and despondent ; though in almost every one faith struggles up at last. Newton's are the healthier ; Cowper's the more poetic and sympathetic. Newton was the active and Cowper the passive voice of the Christian verb.

Lady Austin gave Cowper a small printing-press on which he printed verses. He also raised cucumbers (which he did not eat) and hares (which he never killed) in order to divert himself from the contemplation of this ceaseless anguish. Sometimes, and for quite a length of time, he was helped by these devices. Sometimes he was able to sing, as here, in the midst of the fires.

'Tis not a cause of small import.—Doddridge.

This is Doddridge's hymn, "Let Zion's watchmen all awake," with the omission of the first stanza. The full form of the original is in Dr. Hatfield's *Church Hymn-Book*. The date is 1736.

'Tis not that I did choose thee.—Conder.

The sentiment in this hymn is such as to make it a companion piece to Miss Jane Taylor's "Come, my fond, fluttering heart" (1817). This was a hymn which Mr. Conder greatly admired. He wrote:

> "I esteem a genuine hymn a treasure. I have one in my possession beginning, 'Come, *my* fond, fluttering heart,' which *ought* to be published. I do not expect I shall ever gain permission of its timid author, from the mistaken idea (as it appears to me) that its publication would involve the disclosure of personal feelings."

To-day the Saviour calls.—S. F. Smith and T. Hastings.

Dr. Hastings wrote to Rev. W. Fleming Stevenson that this piece was offered to him in a "hasty sketch," which he "retouched" and printed in *Spiritual Songs*, 1831–33.

To God the Father, God the Son.—Watts.

This is Dr. Watts's "Third, L. M." doxology, in his hymns, Book III., No. 32.

To God, the only wise.—Watts.

In the *Hymns*, Book I., No. 51, this is entitled "Preserving Grace.—Jude 24, 25." It has five stanzas. It was first placed at the close of a sermon on this theme.

To him that loved the souls of men.—Watts, *partly*.

To credit this piece entirely to Dr. Isaac Watts is plainly impossible. It contains only a single line which is his work: "Behold! on flying clouds he comes." A comparison of the present hymn with the 61st of Dr. Watts's Book I. will show this fact very evidently. That piece is the familiar one commencing, "Now to the Lord that makes us know,'' and, except for this single line, it is a different production. The propriety of calling it the work of Watts comes from the use which has been made of the original by William Cameron. He is supposed to have been the person who transferred and altered this hymn in order to adapt it to the *Scotch Paraphrases.* But as his agency in the matter stands in some doubt, it is only fair to Dr. Watts to allow him the credit of the composition. The Scottish *Free Church Hymn-Book* seeks another source for the hymn by suggesting that John Mason's "Song of Praise,'' commencing, "To him that loved us from himself,'' was the theme on which Dr. Watts composed his hymn. This would give a curious origin to the present doxology. The last half of the second stanza was anonymous in the *Paraphrases*, 1775.

William Cameron was born in 1751, and was educated at Mareschal College, Aberdeen. In 1775 he was associated with Logan and others in altering and amending the paraphrases of Scripture employed in the Scotch Church, and which were appended to the version of the psalms for public worship. Ten years later he was ordained and settled at Kirknewton, in Mid-Lothian, Scotland, where he died, November 17th, 1811. To him are attributed the 66th, 14th, and 17th of the *Scotch Paraphrases;* and one of his hymns, commencing, "How bright these glorious spirits shine,'' is confessedly altered from Dr. Watts's 41st Hymn, Book I. This last was based by Dr. Watts on Rev. 1 : 5–7, and bears the title, "Christ, our High Priest and King; and Christ coming to Judgment." It consists of five four-line stanzas.

To him that chose us first.—Watts.

Dr. Watts has this in his hymns as No. 39 of Book III., Second Part, "A Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity." It is in three stanzas.

To thee, my God and Saviour.—Haweis.

The date of this hymn is 1792. It is a rapturous song of praise to Christ as God, such a whole-souled, unsectarian strain as might well arise from the lips of such a man as Thomas Haweis.

When Dr. Haweis, as one of the trustees of Lady Huntingdon's property, was asked: "Of what Church do you profess yourselves?'' he replied: "We desire to be esteemed members of Christ's Catholic and Apostolic Church, and essentially one with the Church of England, of which we regard ourselves as living members. And though, as the Church of England is now governed we are driven to a mode of ordaining ministers and maintaining societies not amenable to what we think [is] abused episcopal jurisdiction, yet our mode of governing and regulating our congregations will probably be allowed to be essentially episcopal. With us a few preside. The doctrines we subscribe are those of the Church of England, in the literal and grammatical sense. Nor is the Liturgy of the Church performed more devoutly, or the Scriptures better read for the edifying of the people by any congregations in the realm than by those in our connection." Such, therefore, may be considered to be the official statement of the opinions held by "Lady Huntingdon's Connection."

To Jesus, our exalted Lord.—STEELE.

This piece must be distinguished from Miss Steele's similar first line, "To Jesus, our victorious Lord." The present is in the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, with the title "Communion with Christ at his Table," and is in six stanzas.

To thee, O Christ, we ever pray.—S. W. DUFFIELD, *tr.*

This is a rendering of the hymn, "*Christe precamur annue*," of Ennodius, bishop of Pavia—a little-known hymn-writer of the fifth century, whose story appears in "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns." It was made in 1883 for *Laudes Domini*, where it first appeared.

To thee, O God, we raise.—PIERSON.

This hymn was written by Arthur Tappan Pierson, D.D., born in New York City, March 6th, 1837. He is a graduate of Hamilton College, in the class of 1857, and entered the ministry of the Presbyterian Church in 1860. Having served churches in Binghamton and Waterford, N. Y., he went to Detroit, in 1869, to the pastorate of the Fort Street Presbyterian church. He is now pastor of the Bethany Presbyterian church, Philadelphia, a large mission enterprise which owes its origin to Mr. John Wanamaker. Dr. Pierson has written two or three hymns, of which this is one, for the Moody and Sankey services.

To thy pastures, fair and large.—MERRICK.

The first names associated with the English poetical version of the *Psalms of David* are those of Sternhold and Hopkins (1562); next follow Tate and Brady (1696); then comes James Merrick. But the version by Merrick was not successful with royalty. It was published 1765, and contained a great deal that was good, but the wheat of poetry was mixed with the chaff of verbosity. Dr. Collyer, in 1812, so esteemed him, however, as to take fifty-one of his pieces for the collection which was then issued. We may adopt the language of a recent hymnologist and speak of him as "among the most careful and respectable of the English versifiers of the Book of Psalms." "Respectable" is one of those words which reveal a stroke of genius in the biographer—for it is followed by the depreciating statement that "a few only of his psalms have become popular."

Let us not be so cruel as to attribute to his "incessant pains in the head" any of this deficiency. Mr. Merrick was a truly learned man—but truly learned men are not always gifted with the grace of sympathetic hymnody.

Our author was born January 8th, 1720, at Reading, Berkshire, England. Having been fitted for college at the grammar school in his native place, he entered Trinity College, Oxford (1736), and was graduated with honor. His headaches debarring him from the duties of the ministry, he turned to literary pursuits and published several works, partly on theological and partly on classical themes. His psalms—which we must charitably hope did not cause his mental distress—appeared in 1765, and were announced as "a mixture of Translation and Paraphrase." He is honest enough to declare that they are "not calculated for the uses of public worship," but rather for "the purposes of private devotion." To what extent they fulfil their purpose may be inferred from the admission of the poet himself: "The translator," he remarks with gravity, "knew not how, without neglecting the poetry, to write in such language as the common sort of people would be likely to understand."

That sort of hymn-writer might consider himself as receiving far more than his due, if out of his inflated and bombastic verses a little real poetry could be gathered. It is a great mercy to such a man that hymnody has its Ruths as well as its Boazes—and that occasionally a David can be found to save "a leg or a piece of an ear" out of the ravenous maw of time. This present hymn is one of the two or three that are now in use. It is only fair to add that Merrick has a place in English literature owing to his poem of "The Chameleon" [*Chambers's Cyclopædia of English Literature*, Vol. I., p. 753], which was familiar to all the school-boys of twenty years ago. But his hymns and psalms—though the taste of that day was divided about them—have deserved the reproach of the *London Quarterly Review*, which said that their author was "as tame as he was diffuse"; and that of the *Eclectic Review*, which characterized them as "florid paraphrase and insipid verbiage."

There was a desperate effort made by a certain Rev. W. D. Tattersall, in 1791, to adapt Merrick to moderate minds. This gentleman, after some severe struggles, in which he was compelled to mould Merrick into a more popular form, issued these psalms anew, divided into stanzas and "Adapted to the Purposes of Public or Private Devotion." He was ready to launch the venture in 1789, but the Church authorities could not be brought to approve it. So he delayed until 1791, and finally published it on its own keel without reference to dockage in the Church. "Even in this form," says the charitable Dr. Hatfield, "the book has had a very limited circulation."

From some researches of Dr. Hatfield we also discover that Merrick did not bend his gigantic powers of elaboration upon the actual Hebrew text. The version of Ps. 122, at least, is based on the Latin hymn of Dr. Theodore Zwinger, the German reformer.

Mr. Merrick died at Reading, January 5th, 1769.

To thy temple we repair.—MONTGOMERY.

In the *Original Hymns* this is Hymn 115, "A Day in the Lord's Courts." It has seven stanzas, and is somewhat altered. The date is given as 1812.

TOGETHER with these symbols, Lord.—CENNICK.

John Cennick certainly possessed the spirit of Christ in an eminent degree. On one occasion he and a Mr. Harris had been preaching to the people and were met by the bitterest persecution.

"We sang a hymn," says Cennick, "and then the devil led on his servants; they began beating a drum, then made fires of gunpowder; at first the poor flock was startled; but while God gave me power to speak encouragingly to them, they waxed bolder and very few moved. The mob then fired guns over the people's heads, and began to play a water-engine upon brother Harris and me, till we were wet through. They also played an engine upon us with hogswash and grounds of beer-barrels, and covered us with muddy water from a ditch; they pelted us with eggs and stones, threw baskets of dust over us, and fired their guns so close to us, that our faces were black with the powder ; but, in nothing terrified, we remained praying. I think I never saw or felt so great a power of God as was there. In the midst of the confused multitude, I saw a man laboring above measure, earnest to fill the buckets with water, to cast upon us. I said to him : 'What harm do we do? why are you so furious against us? we only come to tell you that Christ loved you, and died for you.' He stepped back a little for room, and threw a bucket of water in my face. When I recovered myself, I said : 'My dear man, if God should so pour out his wrath upon you, what would become of you? Yet I tell you Christ loves you.' He cast away the bucket, dropped down his trembling hands, and looked pale as death ; he then shook hands with me, and parted from me, I believe under strong convictions."

This is from the account given by Rev. John Glanville, in the scarce little pamphlet commemorating the Centenary of the Tabernacle, at Bristol ; a congregation established by Mr. Whitefield in 1753, and of which Cennick was once the pastor.

Travelling to the better land.—Anon., 1878.

This appears as "Anon." in *Spiritual Songs*, 1878.

Triumphant Lord, thy goodness reigns.—Doddridge.

In the hymns of Rev. Dr. Philip Doddridge this is No. 35, and is entitled "Relishing the Divine Goodness." It is worth noticing that, in the original, the pointing of the opening line is different from that adopted in the modern collections ; that is, a comma is placed after the adjective : it is the goodness, not the Lord, that is here celebrated as "triumphant." It is as if he had said, "Lord, thy goodness reigns triumphant." It seems almost instinctive to quote by the side of this hymn the pathetic and thoughtful poem of John G. Whittier :

THE ETERNAL GOODNESS.

"I see the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within ;
I hear with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

"Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings ;
I know that God is good !

"I dimly guess from blessings known
Of greater out of sight,
And, with the chastened Psalmist, own
His judgments too are right.

"I long for household voices gone,
For vanished smiles I long,
But God hath led my dear ones on,
And He can do no wrong.

"I know not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

"And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruisèd reed He will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

"No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove:
I can but give the gifts He gave,
And plead His love for love.

"And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar;
No harm from Him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

"I know not where His islands lift
Their fronded palms in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond His love and care."

TRIUMPHANT Zion, lift thy head.—DODDRIDGE.

This is No. 107 in Dr. Doddridge's *Hymns*, with the title, "The Holy City Purified and Guarded.—Isa. 52 : 1, 2." It has five stanzas. One of Dr. Robinson's finest "settings" was made when he put, on the ring of "Anvern," this gem of a hymn.

'TWAS on that dark, that doleful night.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives us this as Hymn 1, of his Book III., "The Lord's Supper instituted.—1 Cor. 11 : 23, etc." It has seven stanzas and has—although in the minor key—a strong hold upon the affections of the Church as a Communion hymn.

As a description of the ordinance itself one may profitably contrast with it that vivid and strange conception of the last supper of Gauvain and Cimourdain in Victor Hugo's *Ninety-Three*. *There* we get the intense naturalness of the ordinance from a totally different standpoint. The passage cannot be quoted here, for it would not be understood apart from the story in which it is imbedded.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives this as his version of Ps. 125, C. M., "The Saint's Trial and Safety." It has five stanzas.

UNTO thee be glory given.—H. M. C.

"The internal structure of these two stanzas would mark the hymn as comparatively recent, probably High Church Episcopalian, and undoubtedly English. It appears to be the conclusion of some longer poem, and possibly a translation from the German." Thus much of annotation had been written before the verses were found in Barnby's *Hymnary*, No. 401. There the whole hymn consists of six stanzas, of which these are the last two. It is signed, "H. M. C."; who is in the preface thanked for having given "most valuable aid in translation," and for having extended to the compiler the "use of many hymns." The present writer therefore leaves his original note, as a contribution to the "higher criticism" in the study of hymns.

UNVEIL thy bosom, faithful tomb.—WATTS.

This is the fifth of the *Lyric Odes to Death and Heaven*, and is addressed by Dr. Watts "to Lucius, on the death of Serena." These odes were included in the *Miscellaneous Thoughts in Prose and Verse*, 1734, and it is thought that they were all designed for the comfort of some especial friend at a time of bereavement. Another of the odes is, "Give me the wings of faith to rise."

UPON the Gospel's sacred page.—BOWRING.

This hymn is from Sir John Bowring's *Matins and Vespers*, 1823. There are five stanzas.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes.—WATTS.

Rev. John Newton writes (June 3d, 1777, to the "Rev. Mr. R——"):

> "Give my love to your friend. I dare not advise: but if she can quietly return at the usual time, and neither run intentionally into the way of the small-pox, nor run out of the way, but leave it simply with the Lord, I shall not blame her. . . . My prescription is to read Dr. Watts, Psalm 121, every morning before breakfast, and pray over it till the cure is effected. *Probatum est.*
>
> "'Hast thou not given thy word
> To save my soul from death?
> And I can trust my Lord
> To keep my mortal breath.
> I'll go and come,
> Nor fear to die,
> Till from on high
> Thou call me home.'"

This is that "Ps. 121, P. M.," in four stanzas, to which the wise counsellor referred.

WAKE, awake! for night is flying.—WINKWORTH, *tr.*

In *Lyra Germanica*, Second Series, 1858, this has the title, "The Final Joy." It is in three stanzas and is translated from the hymn of Philip Nicolai, 1598, "*Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme*," one of the grandest of German chorales. The tune has been introduced by Mendelssohn into his "St. Paul," and the words, "Sleepers, wake! a voice is calling," are familiar to many. It has been sung by children's gatherings at the Crystal Palace, and at St. Paul's, and elsewhere in London; and has been translated into Portuguese, Danish, Tamil, and other languages.

"Spener," says Theodor Kübler, "used to sing it on Sunday evenings; and a pious Christian, the Government Councillor Pregizer in Stuttgart, is recorded to have sung the third verse in his dying moments, with a clear voice, although shortly before he had not been able to speak a word aloud."

The tune is usually ascribed to Jacob Praetorius, Nicolai's organist in Hamburg, but the fact is that Nicolai himself was the author, and Praetorius only harmonized it.

The present bishop of Salisbury received the originals of this hymn and of "How brightly shines the morning star" from Baron Bunsen. He intrusted them to Algernon Herbert and his brother-in-law, Philip Pusey, for translation. There is another version of the hymn in the *Hymnary*, 1872, which is stated to be "based on E. A. Dayman," but which is really very close to Miss Winkworth's translation, whole lines being exactly the same.

WALK in the light! so shalt thou know.—BARTON.

Bernard Barton—sometimes called "the Quaker poet"—was born January 31st, 1784, in London, England. His parents being members of the Society of Friends, he naturally embraced the opinions of that body of Christians and remained with them throughout his life. In 1810 he became a clerk in Alexander's Bank, at Woodbridge, and remained in that situation until his death, February 19th, 1849. He was for some years in receipt of a state pension of £100, granted to him on the recommendation of Sir Robert Peel. His poetry in 1812 attracted the attention of Robert Southey; and the poems issued in 1820 secured him the friendship of as opposite a character as possible—namely, Lord Byron. He printed several volumes, and his verses, while unobtrusive, are decidedly worthy of praise.

Our hymn appears in six stanzas in *Lyra Britannica*, of which the second and fourth are omitted from the present piece in *Laudes Domini.*

Robert Barclay, of Ury, who wrote his *Apology* in the reign of Charles II. (1675), has first given us that idea of the "inner light" which prevailed and still prevails among the Friends:

"Yea," saith Barclay ("Of Universal and Saving Light," sect. 28), "there is a book translated out of the Arabic which gives an account of one Hai Eben Yokdan; who, living in an island alone, without converse of man, attained to such a profound knowledge of God as to have immediate converse with him, and to affirm 'That the best and most certain knowledge of God is not that which is attained by premises premised and conclusions deduced, but that which is enjoyed by conjunction of the mind of man with the supreme intellect, after the mind is purified from its corruptions, and is separated from all bodily images, and is gathered into a profound stillness.' "

The "Quakers" were, and are, mystics; and the work quoted by Barclay is really a mystical fiction whose title he has mistaken for the name of a person. It was edited by Pococke (Oxford, 1671), and was written by Abubekr ibn-Tofail, who died in 1190.

WARRIOR kings their titles gain.—J. D. CHAMBERS, *tr.*, *alt.*

This hymn is in Barnby's *Hymnary*, 1872, where it is stated to be "based on J. D. Chambers," and is defended by (English) copyright. The Latin original is found in Newman's *Hymni Ecclesiæ* and also in the collection of Zabuesnig. In both cases it is taken from the Paris Breviary. This is the first stanza:

> "Victis sibi cognomina
> Sumant tyranni gentibus:
> Tu, Christe, quanto dignius
> Ab his capis quos liberas!"

It is not ancient, and has six stanzas—all of which appear in the *Hymnary*. For further information on the Paris Breviary see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night.—J. BOWRING.

This, which is one of Sir John Bowring's best-known lyrics, is derived from his *Hymns*, 1825. Its Scripture is Isa. 21 : 11. He informed Rev. Dr. A. P. Happer, in China, that he first knew of its employment as a hymn in 1834 or 1835, when he attended a prayer-meeting of American missionaries in Asiatic Turkey, and heard it sung by them.

Mr. W. C. Prime, in his ceaselessly-interesting *Boat Life in Egypt*, writes:

"Just before the break of day, from the Mosque of Mohammed Ali, at the citadel, the morning call to prayer sounds over the city. The Sultan Hassan, old Tooloon, and another, and another, take it up, and three hundred voices are filling the air with a rich, soft chant that reaches the ear of the Mussulman in his profoundest slumber, and calls him up to pray. Does he obey? There was a time when, at that call, the city of Salah-édeen had no closed eye, no unbent knee in all its walls. But the Mussulman is changed now. . . . He heard it—yes, there were a few old men who remember the glory of the Mamelukes; who heard their fierce shouts when the Christian invaders met them at the pyramids; and who, wearied with long life, look now for youth and rest in heaven, and they, when they heard the call, obeyed it, and theirs were the only prayers wasted in the dawning light in all of Cairo, and when they cease there will be none to pray."

We are but strangers here.—T. R. Taylor.

This is the familiar hymn, "I'm but a stranger here," of Thomas Rawson Taylor, whose *Memoirs* were published by W. S. Matthews in 1836. A second edition was issued in 1842 with a preface by James Montgomery. Mr. Taylor was the grandson of a farmer in Humbleton, Northumberland, England. His father, Thomas Taylor, was a Dissenting minister of Ossett, Yorkshire, and there the subject of our sketch was born, May 9th, 1807. In 1808 his father removed to Bradford, near Leeds, and took the charge of a large Congregational church, and in this place the lad spent his early years.

His education was received at Bradford and at a private school in Manchester, after which he was, in 1822, a clerk in a counting-house for a year. In 1823, being sixteen years of age, he was apprenticed to a Mr. Dunn, a printer, who seems to have been a person of great and genuine piety. Here the youth was thoroughly grounded in his religious convictions, and after three years we find him—with his master's consent—entering Airedale College and having the ministry in view.

During his theological course Mr. Taylor frequently preached with acceptance in the neighborhood, and in 1830 he was ordained to the charge of the Howard Street chapel in Sheffield, where he attracted the notice of Montgomery. His health was not robust, and he soon developed symptoms of serious disease of the lungs. This constantly interrupted his preaching, and in the course of the next two years it became evident that he must resign his charge. He therefore returned to Bradford, in 1833, where he assisted his father and performed, for a short time, the duties of classical tutor at Airedale College. But his strength gradually failed and he sank away to a peaceful death, March 15th, 1835. There is much poetic sympathy between the dying man and these verses before us. He was of that pathetic class, too often of necessity commemorated in these pages, whose hymns are the expression of an ethereal and spiritual life which had already begun on earth and was soon to be perfected in heaven.

We are the Lord's ; his all-sufficient merit.—Astley, *tr.*

Mr. Astley's original hymns appeared in *Songs in the Night* (1860). His full name is Charles Tamberlane Astley. He is the son of John William Astley, "born at Cwmllecoediog, near Mallwyd, North Wales, May 12th, 1825 ; rector of Brusted, Sevenoaks, Kent." His hymn, "O Lord, I look to thee," is found in *Hymns for the Church and Home,* 1873, and was written, during an illness, at Pisa, about December, 1858.

We come, O Lord, before thy throne.—P. H. Brown.

This is a hymn for "the Seamen's Concert," and is found in Nason's *Congregational Hymn-Book,* 1857, signed "P. H. B." The date given is 1836.

We come to the fountain, we stand by the wave.—Bethune.

Dr. George W. Bethune composed this piece about the year 1848 at the request of Rev. J. S. Holmes, editor of the *Baptist Hymn and Tune Book.*

He said, at the time, to his nephew, Rev. George Duffield : "I have the vanity to think that I can write a better hymn of that kind than any that I have seen in their collections." Thus the great Baptist hymn was written by one who was altogether antagonistic to that denomination in his personal belief.

We give immortal praise.—Watts.

Dr. Watts's *Hymns* include this as No. 38 of Book III., "A Song of Praise to the blessed Trinity." It has four stanzas.

We give thee but thine own.—How.

One of the most expressive parables of the Talmud relates to charitable giving :

The Rabbi Jochanan was riding (so the story runs), and was accompanied by some of his scholars in an excursion beyond the walls of Jerusalem. On their way they saw a poor woman collecting the dropped grain around the feeding-troughs of the cattle of some Arabs. When she beheld the rabbi she begged him for assistance. But the rabbi said, "What has become of the money which thou didst receive on thy wedding day?" "Ah," she answered, "is there not a saying in Jerusalem, 'The salt was wanting to the money'?" For the Jews believed that charity was to property what salt is to meat ; and without charity the property would perish.

Then the rabbi inquired after her husband's money. "That followed the other," she replied. Whereupon the rabbi turned to his pupils and said, "I remember when I signed her marriage contract. Her father gave her a million of gold dinars. Her husband also was wealthy." Then he bestowed upon her what he could, and wept with her over her hard condition.

This hymn by Bishop How first appeared in Morrell and How's *Psalms and Hymns*, 1854.

WE march, we march to victory.—G. MOULTRIE.

A popular processional hymn, to which the date is 1867, and to which Barnby's tune (known as "Great Heart" or "Incarnation"), 1869, is the accepted setting.

WE may not climb the heavenly steeps.—WHITTIER.

The life of John Greenleaf Whittier is "writ large" in the record of American poetry. It is like John Hancock's signature to the Declaration of Independence. He needs no extended notice, therefore, from us, by way of biography. He was born of Quaker parentage, near Haverhill, Mass., December 17th, 1807. Beginning life as a farm-boy and shoemaker, his early education was procured at the village school. His first verses were written when he was only seventeen, and William Lloyd Garrison, then editor of the Newburyport *Free Press*, printed them in his paper. The lad contrived to catch two years more of education at Haverhill Academy, and then (in 1829) was launched upon the sea of journalism. In Boston, Hartford, Haverhill, Philadelphia and Washington he pursued the duties of his profession until 1839. In 1847 he became the corresponding editor of the *National Era* in Washington, D. C., and from this time he was identified with the movement for the abolition of slavery. His various poems are noted, and their nature indicated, in Richardson's *Primer of American Literature*. During the later years of his life Mr. Whittier has been, by common consent, regarded as our most characteristic American poet—though, with a strange fatuity, the eyes of England appear to have missed him and fastened upon Walt Whitman, Joaquin Miller and Bret Harte. Even Longfellow and Bryant are less American than Alfred B. Street, and Street is less American than Whittier.

Mr. Whittier's religious life has been within the Quaker fold altogether. He has never married, and lives alternately at Amesbury and Boston, beloved by all who know him. While he has never written "hymns" pure and simple, this and similar pieces taken from longer poems come naturally (like the verses of Keble) into the service of the Church.

The present piece is taken from the long poem entitled "Our Master," which is found among the *Occasional Poems*, 1865, and commences, "Immortal love, forever full."

WE plough the fields and scatter.—MISS CAMPBELL, *tr.*

A translation of the hymn, "*Wir pflügen, und wir streuen*" (1782) of Matthias Claudius. He was the son of the pastor of Reinfeld, in Holstein; born at Reinfeld, August 15th, 1740; lived at Wandsbeck, near Hamburg, and died in Hamburg, January 21st, 1815. He was a most agreeable and cheerful writer. His humor, albeit somewhat ungainly and stiff-jointed, is sincere. His religious influence was great, though he was not a theologian and wrote neither sermons nor devotional tracts. Instead, he communicated poems and articles to such periodicals as the *Wandsbecker Bote* between 1774 and 1812. His collected works comprise these contributions, and his "strong, primitive and sympathetic Christian feeling" has produced a lasting effect upon his countrymen. He resisted, at times with irony and again with kindly humor, the rationalism of his day; but he did not forget to goad and spur dead orthodoxy as well as open unbelief. His signature "Asmus" became renowned, and while his poems were not commonly utilized as hymns in the German hymn collections, this one at least merits a place in its English dress among our own songs of praise. Menzel says of Claudius that the pressure of his private affairs extinguished very much of his satirical power, and that his genius was cramped by his condition. In short, he belonged to those of whom Gray has said:

> "Chill Penury repressed their noble rage
> And froze the genial current of the soul."

Examples of his verse can be found in Longfellow's *Poets and Poetry of Europe.*

Theodore Kübler, in his excellent annotations to the *Lyra Germanica*, has added this incident as to the death of Claudius: "For seven weeks he expected his death, praying much; shortly before his end he prayed, 'Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from all evil.' He died, serenely, on the 21st of January, 1815."

The translator of the present hymn is Miss Jane Montgomery Campbell, 1861. Her rendering appeared in C. S. Bere's *Garland of Songs.* Mr. Bere contributed it originally to the *Appendix to Hymns, Ancient and Modern* (1868), but stated that it was not his own: he "had it from a friend."

"We shall see him," in our nature.—M. Pyper.

This is a very remarkable hymn to have been produced by a poor Scottish needlewoman, for such was Mary Pyper. She was born in Greenock, May 27th, 1795, the daughter of a private soldier in the 42d Regiment. From childhood she resided in Edinburgh, supporting herself as a needlewoman and selling small wares among the families interested in her welfare. In 1847 she published a thin volume of *Select Pieces,* of which Dr. Rogers says that many of them possess real merit, "and it is greatly to be regretted that their author is suffered to remain in indigence." As late as 1867 she was still living in Edinburgh.

We shall meet beyond the river.—J. Atkinson.

The author of this favorite Sunday-school hymn is Rev. John Atkinson, D.D., a clergyman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, now stationed in Jersey City, N. J. He has kindly communicated the origin and history of his hymn.

It was written in February or March, of the year 1867. Dr. Atkinson's mother had died in February, and, being alone in his study near midnight, it was natural that her loss should be prominent in his thoughts. He had also been engaged in earnest revival work. "On that particular night," he writes, "under these influences, and perhaps under even higher influence, that song in substance seemed to sing itself in my heart. I said to myself, 'I had better write that down, or I shall lose it.' There, in the silence of my study, not far from midnight, I wrote the hymn."

It was then anonymously printed in the *Sunday-school Advocate,* as the author believes. This first publication was without Dr. Atkinson's permission, but from this the piece was taken into two or three music-books, and Mr. Hubert P. Main wrote for it the popular tune to which it is now sung in the *Moody and Sankey Collection.*

Up to this date the hymn had been strictly anonymous, but when *Winnowed Hymns* was in preparation, the compilers inserted a request in the *New York Christian Advocate* for the name of the author. Dr. Atkinson then responded, and the piece—which had been largely circulated before—went still further in the very acceptable new book which had adopted it.

Dr. Atkinson was born September 6th, 1835, in Deerfield, Cumberland County, N. J., and has continuously served in the Methodist Conferences in New Jersey and Michigan.

This hymn has been frequently revised by different hands. Its author prefers the version given below :

"We shall meet beyond the river,
By and by,
And the darkness will be over,
By and by;
With the toilsome journey done,
And the glorious battle won,
We shall shine forth as the sun,
By and by.

"We shall wake the harps of glory,
By and by;
We shall sing the 'old, old story,'
By and by;
And the strains, forevermore,
Shall be wafted o'er and o'er
Yonder everlasting shore,
By and by.

"We shall rest from tribulation,
By and by;
And from labor and temptation,
By and by;
Then these worn and weary feet
Shall walk on the golden street;
Old companions we shall greet,
By and by.

"We shall rise from death victorious,
By and by;
And receive a crown all glorious,
By and by;
All the storms and billows passed,
And the anchor safely cast,
We shall meet in heaven at last,
By and by."

WE speak of the realms of the blest.—MRS. MILLS.

Mrs. Elizabeth (King) Mills was born at Stoke Newington, England, 1805; married Thomas Mills, M.P.; and died at Finsbury-Place, London, April 21st, 1829. This hymn, written not long before her death, has been credited erroneously to Mrs. Caroline (Fry) Wilson in several collections. Before writing this hymn she had been reading in Bridges' commentary on Ps. 119 : 44, "We speak of heaven, but, oh, to be there!"

WE stand in deep repentance.—PALMER, *tr.*

A translation—but so free as to be almost an original—of a German hymn. It was made in 1834, and Dr. Palmer can only recall that it was from a chance volume to which he, not being a fluent German scholar at that time, was not otherwise attracted.

It has much resemblance to a hymn by J. A. Cramer, 1780, of which two stanzas are in the *Hamburgisches Gesangbuch* of Dr. Rambach (second edition, 1843), and which commences, "*Wir erscheinen hier vor Dir.*"

"WE would see Jesus;" for the shadows lengthen.—ANON., 1858.

This is found anonymously in Bishop Huntington's *Elim, or Hymns of Holy Refreshment*, 1865. It is entitled "A Death-bed Hymn," and has seven stanzas. It has been traced back to Dr. Hastings's *Church Melodies*, 1858.

WEARY of earth and laden with my sin.—STONE.

This hymn of eight stanzas is taken from Rev. Samuel J. Stone's *Lyra Fidelium*, 1865. The account of its use is interesting.

"The illness and recovery of the Prince of Wales," says a writer, "was among those things that work together for good. The thoughts of those in high places were led toward the throne of Him who appoints afflictions as well as joys, and the psalm of thanksgiving to be sung at St. Paul's, at the service of praise and gratitude for the Prince's recovery, was taken from *Lyra Fidelium*, a half-cheering, half-plaintive hymn of penitence:

'Weary of earth, and laden with my sin,
I look to heaven and long to enter in;
But there no evil thing may find a home,
And yet I hear a voice that bids me come.'"

WELCOME, days of solemn meeting.—S. F. SMITH.

We are kindly informed by Dr. Smith that this hymn dates from the "protracted meetings" of 1834 or thereabouts. The "revival era" of the United States gave us some admirable hymns, of which this is one.

"No doubt," writes the seventeenth century divine, good William Gurnall—"no doubt the prayers which the faithful put up to heaven from under their private roofs were very acceptable to him; but if a saint's single voice in prayer be so sweet to God's ear, much more the church choir, his saints' prayers in consort together. A father is glad to see any one of his children, and makes him welcome when he visits him, much more when they come together; the greatest feast is when they all meet at his house."

WELCOME, delightful morn.—HAYWARD.

The name "Hayward" has long been attached to this hymn, but the author is a figment and a shadow still. The present writer is familiar with a curious volume, first printed in 1817, and written by "J. Pike and J. Hayward," entitled *Cases of Conscience Answered.* It is a series of ingenious casuistical treatises, and is of far greater value than are many more pretentious works. In Bickersteth's *Christian Student* it has received a generous commendation. Perhaps the joint author of this book is the "Hayward" of the hymn; as the hymn itself appeared in 1806, in *Dobell's Collection.* It probably comes into American acceptance through the introduction given to it by Dr. N. S. S. Beman in his *Sacred Lyrics*, 1841, where it is in the same shape, and with the same name, as in *Laudes Domini.*

WELCOME, happy morning.—ELLERTON, *tr.*

This hymn is a translation of the "*Salve festa dies, toto venerabilis ævo*" of Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, for whose romantic career see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

There are many Latin verses beginning with the expression *Salve festa dies*, doubtless in imitation of this poem. Mrs. Charles and others have rendered it. Jerome of Prague, on his way to execution, sang several hymns, and this among the rest. As the fire enveloped him he cried: "This soul in flames I offer, Lord, to thee!" In 1544, Cranmer made an English version of the hymn, and recommended its use (in a document still extant) to Henry VIII.

WELCOME, sacred day of rest.—WILLIAM BROWN.

The ascription of this hymn to "William Brown" is made in *A Selection of Hymns for Congregational Worship*, by Thomas Russell, A.M., which reached its twentieth edition in 1843. Miller says it is not in the tenth edition, 1826, and D. Sedgwick, in his *Index of Authors of Psalms and Hymns*—which is a most preposterously unsatisfactory and thin little book—simply attributes a poetical work to William Brown in 1822. The hymn appeared anonymously in *Conder's Collection*, 1836.

WELCOME, sweet day of rest.—WATTS.

This is from Dr. Watts's *Hymns*, Book II., No. 14, "The Lord's Day; or, Delight in Ordinances." It has four stanzas. The date is 1707.

WELCOME, welcome, dear Redeemer.—W. MASON.

This hymn, by William Mason, appeared posthumously in five stanzas in the supplement to the *Evangelical Magazine*, 1794.

WHAT cheering words are these.—KENT.

John Kent, born at Bideford, Devonshire, December, 1766, was the son of a shipwright in Plymouth Dock, now Devonport. In his fourteenth year John was apprenticed to his father and employed his leisure faithfully in self-improvement. He now began to write religious verses. In 1803 some of these were published in a small volume entitled *A Collection of Original Gospel Hymns*. His Christian life was modest and genuine, and at length he was overtaken, after many years of honorable goodness, by the misfortune of loss of sight. He bore this great affliction with patience, and died in faith, November 15th, 1843. His last words were: "I am accepted." The hymns have been frequently reprinted, and those in *Lyra Britannica* are from the "tenth edition, London, 1861," in which is also a life of the author by his son.

WHAT equal honors shall we pay.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 63, of Book I., "Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation." Dr. Watts prepared it for use after a sermon on Rev. 5 : 12. It has six stanzas.

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone.—DENNY.

This hymn is found in Sir E. Denny's *Miscellaneous Hymns*, 1839–70, with the title, "The Forgiving One.—Ps. 45 : 2." There are five stanzas.

WHAT is life? 'Tis but a vapor.—KELLY.

This hymn appears in Thomas Kelly's third edition, 1809, based on James 4 : 14. It is in four stanzas.

Lord Plunket, one of Kelly's old schoolmates, meeting him one day when they had both grown old, said to him: "You will live to a great age, Mr. Kelly!" "Yes," was the answer, "I am confident I shall, as I expect never to die."

WHAT our Father does is well.—BAKER, *tr.*

This is a translation from Benjamin Schmolke, the Silesian poet (1672–1737), by Rev. Sir H. W. Baker. The first lines are:

"Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan!
So denken Gottes Kinder," etc.

This must not be confused with the piece by Samuel Rodigast, translated by Miss Winkworth, "Whate'er my God ordains is right"—as both commence with the same line. It bears date 1720, and is in six stanzas.

WHAT shall I render to my God.—WATTS.

Dr. Watts gives us in this hymn his version of Ps. 116, Second Part, C. M. He has this note: "V. 12, etc., Vows, made in Trouble, paid in the Church; or, public Thanks for private Deliverance." There are six stanzas.

WHAT sinners value, I resign.—WATTS.

This is part of Ps. 17, L. M., "The Sinner's Portion and the Saint's Hope; or, the Heaven of Separate Souls, and the Resurrection." It has six stanzas. This is the third, which is here used to commence the hymn.

To his friend Williston, Rev. A. Nettleton wrote from Durham, April 21st, 1827: "This day I am forty-four years old. . . . The thought of leaving the world appears rather pleasant—and, above all, the thought of never sinning. I feel it a great thing to be a Christian. . . .

> 'O glorious hour! O blest abode!
> I shall be near and like my God,
> And flesh and sin no more control
> The sacred pleasures of the soul.'

I feel a peculiar love to ministers—especially to those with whom I have labored in seasons of revival. Remember me affectionately to them all."

When all thy mercies, O my God.—Addison.

The original poem from which this hymn comes has thirteen stanzas; it was written by Joseph Addison, and first appeared in No. 453 of the *Spectator*, August, 1712. In connection with it the author observes:

"If gratitude is due from man to man, how much more from man to his Maker? The Supreme Being does not only confer upon us those bounties which proceed more immediately from his hand, but even those benefits which are conveyed to us by others. Any blessing we enjoy by what means soever derived, is the gift of him who is the great Author of good, and the Father of mercies."

There is a touching anecdote of Rev. Jonathan Crowther, who died in Leeds, England, January 16th, 1856. He was a man of great piety and learning; and, being taken ill at the house of a friend, it became evident that his disease was fatal. One asked him, in the words of Scripture: "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?" The dying man continued the quotation to the end of the verse, and then emphatically added:

> "When all thy mercies, O my God,
> My rising soul surveys,
> Transported with the view, I'm lost
> In wonder, love, and praise."

He followed this by words from the 23d Psalm, and then saying, "I am thankful," he expired.

When God, of old, came down.—Keble.

This is the Whitsunday hymn in the *Christian Year*. The text is Acts 2:2–4, and the poem from which this is taken has eleven stanzas.

When gathering clouds around I view.—Grant.

This is printed among the *Sacred Poems* of Sir Robert Grant (London, 1839), edited by his brother, Lord Glenelg. It first appeared in the *Christian Observer* (England), February, 1806. The author revised his hymn and republished it in the *Observer*, February, 1812. This republication was at the instance of a writer whose signature was "E—y D. R."

WHEN downward to the darksome tomb.—PALMER.

This hymn, by Dr. Ray Palmer, was written, 1842, at Bath, Me., and is based on John 11 : 25.

WHEN I can read my title clear.—WATTS.

The title given by Dr. Watts to this hymn is, "The Hopes of Heaven our Support under Trials on Earth." It is No. 65 of his Book II., and has four stanzas.

An agent of the American Tract Society, visiting Pittsburg Landing just after the battle, found among the wounded a Baptist clergyman, a personal friend, who had enlisted as lieutenant and also acted as chaplain. When the news of the battle came he was just burying one of his comrades, and in view of the approaching battle, his prayer impressed all those who were present. Several said that it could never be forgotten. The lieutenant-chaplain soon fell severely wounded and lay without water or help, within the lines of the enemy, for more than twenty-four hours. Shot and shell were falling around him, but he declared that he never enjoyed a sweeter and more precious experience. Several times he found himself singing this hymn. His sufferings were terrible, but the God who watches over all his children shielded him with such particular love that he reached his home in safety some days later.

WHEN his salvation bringing.—J. KING.

This is assigned by Miller to "Joshua King." A writer in *Notes and Queries*, August 5th, 1855, credits it to a certain Mr., Mrs. or Miss "Rooker." Professor Bird states that "the chorus is added to the original." The date, as given by Hutchins, is 1830. Hall and Lasar name as the author "John King, incumbent of Christ Church, Hull, England," who died, September 12th, 1858, in his seventieth year. We quote their account as the fullest and best that is accessible :

"Gwyther's *Psalmist* contains one psalm and four hymns marked J. King. In a copy of the *Psalmist* with MS. notes by the editor, these hymns are assigned to 'Joshua King, vicar of Hull'; but the person meant by Mr. Gwyther must have been the incumbent of Christ Church, no one named King having held the vicarage of Hull. Mr. King published several sermons and other works, and edited a volume of hymns and poems by a lady (M. A. Bodley) entitled, *Original Hymns on Scripture Texts, and Other Poems*, London, 1840."

In his notes to the Irish Episcopal *Church Hymnal*, Major

Crawford shows that the author of this hymn was doubtless the Rev. John King, incumbent of Christ church, Hull. He was probably the author of "XXIII. Sermons, London, 1833, 8vo," commended in the *British Magazine* as "showing great thought and very pleasing views."

We have given this *excursus* on a disputed authorship *in extenso* in order to convey, once more, a clear notion of the difficulties that beset any dogmatic statement in such matters. Many blunders have been caused by this sort of absolutism. We prefer to let our readers judge from the facts.

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross.—WATTS.

Probably this is Dr. Watts's very finest hymn. It is founded on Gal. 6 : 14, and appeared in 1709.

In the *Adam Bede* of "George Eliot" there is a description—reputed to be from life—of Dinah Morris (whose real name was Evans). It was in her closing moments, after she had reached a great age, that she exclaimed : "How good the Lord is ; praise His holy name!"

Not being able to lie down, a friend supported her, and she presently began to repeat this hymn. Among her last words were the triumphant verses :

> "'Worthy the Lamb that died,' they cry,
> 'To be exalted thus!'
> 'Worthy the Lamb,' our hearts reply,
> 'For He was slain for us.'"

The contrast between the pure consecration expressed in these verses and the actual conduct of Christians, is often painfully apparent. There are several anecdotes on the subject which strike us as incongruous and unfit for our pages, but we give place to one, related by a person who is very far removed from levity on such themes :

It is Dr. John Hall, of New York, who tells the story of a Scotchman who sang, most piously, the hymn :

> "Were the whole realm of nature mine,
> That were a present far too small,"

and all through the singing was fumbling in his pocket to make sure of the smallest piece of silver for the contribution box!

WHEN I view my Saviour bleeding.—R. LEE.

Richard Lee, "a laborious mechanic," printed this hymn in his *Flowers of Sharon* (London, 1794). The pieces in this volume were written when he was between the ages of fifteen and nineteen. Several of them were contributions to the *Evangelical Magazine*

(1793 and 1794) over the signature "Ebenezer." The author then lived at Leicester Fields, London. In *Living Authors* (1816) he is styled a "political and religious fanatic;" but the hymns which he wrote are devout, and often worthy, productions. He is not known to have published any other works.

WHEN Jesus dwelt in mortal clay.—GIBBONS.

Dr. Dwight, in his *Collection*, 1800, credits this to Dr. Gibbons. It contains the illustrious lines:

> "That man may *last*, but never *lives*
> Who much receives but nothing gives,
> Whom none can love, whom none can thank;
> Creation's blot, creation's blank."

The hymn appears in two stanzas in *Streeter's* (Universalist) *Collection*, 1829, without any author's name attached. But it has all the marks of its authorship in the antithetical character of Dr. Gibbons's verse, though it is so much smoother than his usual composition that Dr. Dwight may be rightfully suspected of amending it. We do not find it in Dr. Gibbons's *Hymns*, 1769—at least, we only find this stanza, which is from another piece:

> "When Jesus dwelt in mortal clay
> He prov'd his Grace from Day to Day;
> Meanness and Want to Him apply'd,
> Meanness and Want He ne'er deny'd."

We must refer the piece to the *Sermons*, 3 vols., 1787.

WHEN Jordan hushed his waters still.—CAMPBELL.

Since any work on English literature will give the biography of Thomas Campbell—one of the great lights of English poetry—we only need to mention the principal dates which are required for ready reference. He was born July 27th, 1777, the youngest of eleven children, in the High Street of Glasgow, from whose University he was graduated in 1791. His *Pleasures of Hope* first gave him renown (1799), and from this period he devoted himself to literature as a profession. He will be permanently remembered by his "Exile of Erin," "Lochiel," "Hohenlinden," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Soldier's Dream," and his sea-songs, "Ye Mariners of England" and "The Battle of the Baltic." The rhythmic power of these pieces would indicate his ability to compose an excellent hymn. This, however, is the only one that he appears to have written. The authority for this statement is Dr. William Beattie, his biographer. The hymn, not being intended for public worship, would scarcely hold its place it it were not for its author's reputation.

Mr. Campbell's health failed in 1843, and he went to Boulogne, where he died, June 15th, 1844. He was buried in Westminster Abbey.

WHEN, like a stranger on our sphere.—MONTGOMERY.

In Montgomery's *Original Hymns* this is entitled "Hymn for the Opening of the Sheffield General Infirmary, October, 1797." It has ten stanzas, some of which are much altered in current use. It should be noted that this year, 1797, was the date at which the author commenced, in prison, to write verses. This is therefore one of his earliest hymns.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain.—WHITE.

This hymn becomes of special interest when regarded as a record of Henry Kirke White's own progress from scepticism to the Christian faith. It is difficult to fix a precise date for its composition, but 1804 was that of its publication.

WHEN morning gilds the skies.—CASWALL, *tr.*

Rev. Edward Caswall was the son of Rev. R. C. Caswall, and a younger brother of Rev. Henry Caswall, D.D., prebendary of Salisbury Cathedral. His birth was thus within the pale of the Church of England, and his family have been noted for their scholarship and literary activity. Our author was born, July 15th, 1814, at Yately, in Hampshire; he entered Oxford University (Brasenose College) in 1832, and was graduated in 1836. In 1838 he was ordained deacon, and presbyter in 1839; the succeeding year he became perpetual curate of Stratford and-Castle, near Salisbury, and in 1841 he married Miss Louisa Walker, of Taunton. When his wife died of cholera in 1849 the griet and despondency of her loss determined him to a more entire devotion to Roman Catholicism than before. He and his wife had already, in 1847, been received into the Church of Rome by Cardinal Acton, and this final result had been planned ever since his resignation of his ecclesiastical position in the English communion in 1846. There is no doubt that the *Tracts for the Times* affected

Mr. Caswall's religious attitude of mind. His own sermons on *The Seen and the Unseen* were promptly followed by his secession from the Anglican establishment, and on the 29th of March, 1850, he became a Roman Catholic priest in the Congregation of the Oratory which Cardinal Newman had instituted in Birmingham. There he remained until his death, January 2d, 1878.

The present hymn appears in Mr. Caswall's *Hymns and Poems*, 1873. It is No. 17 of the *Hymns from Various Sources*, and is marked there as a translation from the German "*Gelobt sei Jesus Christ.*" This is unfortunately indefinite; for Martin Luther wrote a famous lyric, "*Gelobet seist du Jesu Christ,*" which is the free rendering of the "*Grates nunc omnes reddamus*" of Gregory the Great, or, as some think, of Notker Balbulus. The probable original is, however, not this hymn of Luther, but another and later, "*Gelobet seist du Jesu Christ.*" It is usually classed as a "Sunday-morning Hymn," and commonly commences thus:

"Gepreiset seist du Jesu Christ,
Das nun der Tag erschienen ist."

This is in five stanzas, and the probability is that Mr. Caswall's paraphrase of eight stanzas has expanded into an original hymn.

His suggestive theme is accredited to Philipp Harsdörffer, and the hymn itself first appears in a volume printed at Nuremberg, 1654. Harsdörffer was born in that city in December, 1607, and died as Rathsherr (city-councillor) September 19th, 1658. He was a fine old romanticist, who, in his prime, 1644, was entirely willing to engage in one of the antique troubadour contests—the prize between himself and one Klai, his poetical rival, being a basket of flowers. A decision could not be then reached by the judges, and therefore a flower was given to each contestant, and a new order, "The Flowers," was founded in memory of the occasion. The remaining blossoms were sent to poets who were friendly, with an invitation to unite with the society. The order is in existence even at the present day; it celebrated its two hundredth anniversary in 1844. Harsdörffer was its head until his death in 1658, and the influence of this body of poets was cast in favor of pastoral and religious verse, to the great advantage of their literature, then and since. As the customary place of meeting was at Pegnitz, near Nuremberg, they were often called "the shepherds and shepherdesses of Pegnitz."

Such, then, in its affiliation with English, Latin and German hymnody; in its connection of ancient and modern thought; in its deep relations to literature, and in the wide catholicity of its religious faith, is the story of "When morning gilds the skies"—the opening hymn of *Laudes Domini*, and a true strain from the "Lord's Praises," whence it takes its name.

WHEN my last hour is close at hand.—E. A. BOWRING, *tr.*

Edgar Alfred Bowring, the translator of various pieces from Goethe and Heine, has rendered this hymn from the hymn, "*Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist*" of Nicolaus Hermann. The translation was made 185–, but definite facts are not attainable. Professor F. M. Bird, taking it "from some book or paper," included it in a Lutheran collection, prepared 1865–68.

The original is in the *Deutsches Gesangbuch* of Dr. Schaff. Hermann was "*Kantor*" (precentor) in Joachimsthal, and died 1561. The hymn was written before 1560. Joachimsthal was a large village between Saxony and Bohemia in the mountain region. It was near the mines, had embraced the Reformed faith, and was noted for its interest in education. Here Johann Matthesius and Nicolaus Hermann led their quiet life. Their friendship was devoted to the cultivation of music and poetry. Matthesius was the pastor and Hermann was the precentor and organist of the church, as well as head-master of the schools. Miss Winkworth gives a beautiful sketch of Matthesius's conversion and character, but she assigns to Hermann the wider and more enduring influence.

The portrait of Hermann, which is still preserved at Nuremberg, shows "a handsome, genial, yet shrewd-looking old man"—a man who entered fully and heartily into the lives of those about him. His hymns were written for his school-children, or for the song-gatherings of the young. They are adapted to the practical experiences of daily life, and to the hazards of the mine. Few are essentially ecclesiastical—although he often poetized the leading thoughts of the good pastor's sermons with what Miss Winkworth calls a "fatal facility of versification." Here is a pretty, although rather a material and mundane, conceit of his regarding the music of the future world:

> "Every organist or lutanist in that life, too, will take some holy text and strike upon his organ or his lute, and every one will be able to sing at sight, and by himself, four or five different parts. There will be no

more confusion and mistakes which now often put many a good musician quite out of heart, especially when he has to begin again several times over."

Poor Hermann! Like a good many of us he was imagining heaven to be just what we have *not* had here! But what a glimpse this is at the sources of that deep musical knowledge of Germany for which such patient teachers have toiled so long and so well!

It only remains to be added that Hermann's hymns first appeared in 1559, with appropriate tunes furnished also by himself. He died, May 5th, 1561. His version of the "*Jam moesta quiesce querela*" was Anglicized into "Now hush your cries and shed no tear," and was a great favorite with Prince Albert of England. Two stanzas of it were sung at his funeral, December 23d, 1861, in St. George's Chapel, Windsor.

It is either the deep harmony of Christian aspiration, or else it is a deliberate transcription, which has made Hermann's hymn so close to a part of the *Salve caput cruentatum* of St. Bernard.

Here is the Latin:

"Dum me mori est necesse,
Noli mihi tunc deesse;
In tremenda mortis hora
Veni Jesu, absque mora,
Tuere me et libera."

And this is the German:

"Wenn mein Stündlein vorhanden ist,
Zu fahren meine Strasse,
So leit' Du mich, Herr Jesu Christ,
Mit Hülf' mich nicht verlasse!
Mein' Seel' an meinem letzten End'
Befehl' ich Dir in Deine Händ',
Du woll'st sie mir bewahren."

And this is the English (of Bernard's hymn):

When my dying hour must be,
Be not absent then from me;
In that dreadful time, I pray,
Jesus, come without delay,
See and set me free!

And this is Bowring's stanza:

"When my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus, by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken.
O Lord, my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'Tis safe within thy keeping."

"*Turbabor*," *inquit Augustinus*, "*sed non perturbabor, quia vulnerum Christi recordabor.*"

WHEN on Sinai's top I see.—MONTGOMERY.

In Montgomery's *Original Hymns* this is No. 50, "The Three Mountains." It has four stanzas and first appeared in Collyer's *Collection*, 1812.

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe.—MILMAN.

This hymn is based on the words, "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows (Isa. 53 : 4)." The Gospel for the Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity—to accompany which this hymn was written—is that of the Widow of Nain. This explains the refrain, "Jesus, Son of Mary, hear," to which much exception has been taken. The date is 1827. We may profitably compare with this Dean Milman's other burial hymn, "Brother, thou art gone before us."

WHEN shades of night around us close.—*Tr.* CHARLES COFFIN.

This hymn is credited by Mr. Biggs to the "Compilers of Hymns, Ancient and Modern" (1861), of whom Rev. Sir H. W. Baker was chairman. The Latin original is from the Paris Breviary, and commences, "*In noctis umbra desides.*" The same hymn is translated by J. D. Chambers in *Lauda Sion*. For the Paris Breviary and Charles Coffin see "The Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

WHEN sins and fears, prevailing, rise.—STEELE.

In the *Poems by Theodosia*, 1760, this is entitled "Christ, the Life of the Soul." It is based on John 14 : 19, and has five stanzas.

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies.—SHRUBSOLE.

William Shrubsole, Jr., was born at Sheerness, in the Isle of Sheppey, Kent, England, November 21st, 1759. His father was a master mast-maker and lay-preacher, and later in life was the regular minister of a small body of Dissenters, worshipping in Bethel chapel, but continued also to labor at his trade. He died in 1797. The son followed his father's calling for some length of time. He finally became a clerk, grew in general esteem, and at twenty-six years of age (1785) was appointed an accountant in the Bank of England. The biographical sketch which appears in Dr. Morrison's *Fathers and Founders of the Missionary Society* furnishes us with the facts of his life. This was written by his daughter, Mrs. Cunliffe, is now before us, and is quite certain to be accurate.

Mr. Shrubsole's religious convictions dated from his attendance on the Jewin Street chapel, where his father's friend, Rev. Richard Woodgate, was the pastor. It was in this gentleman's house that he boarded, and the Christian people whom he met assisted him in his desire for the truth. He frequently attended the preaching of such men as John Wesley, Berridge and Rowland Hill. On Easter Sunday, 1787, he received the communion for the first time at the hands of his venerated father at Sheerness.

He was married in 1791 to a Miss Morris, and on the death of his wife, in 1810, he seems to have relinquished every thought but that of doing good. In 1812 he took lodgings in the Bank of England, where he had become a trusted employé, and these he retained until his death, which befell, by reason of an apoplectic stroke, on a visit to Highbury, August 23d, 1829. He never returned to consciousness after his seizure.

He was conspicuous and active in the formation of the London Missionary Society, and was interested also in the Bible and Tract causes, and in benevolent and reformatory institutions. These he encouraged by his pen as well as by his presence. The hymn before us was published in the August number of the *Christian Observer* for 1813. It is signed " Probus," has eight six-line stanzas, and the title, " Daily Duties, Dependence and Enjoyment," with the text, Rom. 14 : 8. It has been sometimes erroneously attributed to Sir Robert Grant.

WHEN the weary, seeking rest.—H. BONAR.

This hymn is constructed on the theme of Solomon's prayer in the temple, and is notable for that reason.

WHEN thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come.—LADY HUNTINGDON.

The Lady Selina Shirley, who is known to us as the Countess of Huntingdon, was born August 24th, 1707. She was herself of noble family, being the daughter of Washington, Earl Ferrers, who traced his lineage up to the days of Edward the Confessor. Indeed, in later years Lady Huntingdon was accustomed to thank God that it was written, " *Not* many mighty, *not* many noble, are called," inasmuch as this still gave hope that *some* of them might be saved. When only nine years of age she was seriously impressed at a funeral, and this was confirmed a few years later by hearing her sister-in law, Lady Margaret Hastings, say that "since she had known and believed in the Lord Jesus Christ for salvation she had been as happy as an angel." These convictions, together with certain influences derived from the preaching of Whitefield and the Wesleys, determined her heart to seek the Lord.

She was married, in June, 1728, to Theophilus, Earl of Huntingdon, and displayed an earnest piety in the midst of frivolous associates, and even in the experiences of the court. A dangerous illness had originally settled her purpose to be a child of God, and it seems as if this never was forgotten. "From her bed," says her biographer, "she lifted up her heart to the Saviour with this prayer, and immediately all her distress and fears were removed, and she was filled with joy and peace in believing."

There was no disposition on the part of this excellent woman to hide her light under a bushel, or to shrink from any work of love or mercy which might come in her way. She allied herself with the "Methodists," and was the fast friend of those by whose aid she had first heard of the way to God. Her husband frequently accompanied her to Fetter Lane to hear the Wesleys, and she faithfully prosecuted her efforts to bring with her those in her own station in society—a difficult task, if we are to judge from the letter written to her by the Duchess of Buckingham on one occasion. Her ladyship only expresses a certain familiar modern distaste toward the humbleness of Christ's poor flock, but it is in language that is quite classic in its repugnance to the low and ill born herd which worshipped at Fetter Lane.

> "I thank your ladyship for the information concerning the Methodist preachers. Their doctrines are most repulsive, and strongly tinctured with impertinence and disrespect toward their superiors, in perpetually endeavoring to level all ranks, and do away with all distinctions. It is monstrous to be told that you have a heart as sinful as the common wretches that crawl on the earth. This is highly offensive and insulting, and I cannot but wonder that your ladyship should relish any sentiments so much at variance with high rank and good breeding."

This had so little effect on the person to whom it was addressed that she presently made Donnington Park a place where such preachers and such godly people were received with particular honor. She governed her own estate on the principles of Christian integrity, caring for the sick and poor, and doing all that she could to bring laborers and tenants to a sense of their spiritual necessities. One man in subsequent years confessed that he had been brought to Christ by hearing her talking to a fellow-laborer on the other side of a wall. The precedent was regarded as a bad one by her aristocratic friends. She went, indeed, into methods beyond Methodism itself. She encouraged Mr. Maxwell to preach before he had received ordination, and she accompanied the early field-preachers in their tours. Men like Romaine and Doddridge met with her constant and unvarying kindness. When the latter was dying of consumption it was her money that carried him to the genial South, and his last days at Lisbon were blessed by her goodness. And when the former was cast out of his church (St. George's, Hanover Square) it was Lady Huntingdon who made him her own chaplain and helped him to establish chapels, as the result of these evangelistic efforts, in different places. Thus arose what was afterward known as "Lady Huntingdon's Connection," and it was assisted by large personal means; for, since the death of the earl, in 1746, she was the entire mistress of her own property. Her religious views were Calvinistic rather than Arminian, and she inclined to Whitefield rather than to the Wesleys. Among her friends and associates were Cennick, Toplady, Berridge, Haweis, Watts, Perronet, Doddridge, Walter Shirley (her cousin), Rowland Hill, De Courcy, Williams and James Hervey. It is as the centre of this group of hymn-writers that she becomes a most conspicuous figure in the religious history of her time. There is not a shadow of doubt that in her house and society is found the *nexus* of that wonderful list of hymnists, as in the Middle Ages such centres were found at St. Gall, Cluny and St. Victor; or, as in Germany, Luther was the crystallizing point during the Reformation, even as Newman has been in our own days for the High Church party in England.

At the time of the countess's death there were about sixty-four chapels which had been founded by her agency. It seemed desirable to place these on a permanent basis, and therefore they were deeded to four trustees: Dr. and Mrs. Haweis, Lady Ann Erskine and Mr. Lloyd. From this date "Lady Huntingdon's Connection" is a name in current religious records.

Lady Huntingdon also saw to the preparation of a hymn-book, which was revised by Shirley in 1774. It first appeared in 1764, with a selection of 179 hymns. In 1772 it had attained a fourth edition and numbered 317. A posthumous edition (*c.* 1800) contained 356. It was in the fourth edition that the present piece originally saw the light of public use. It began "Oh! when my righteous Judge shall come," and has been altered to the shape now before us, and omitted from the later edition of the book. It is a portion from a long poem on the Judgment Day. This is from the second part. The first line of the poem is, "We soon shall hear the midnight cry."

The question touching her ladyship's presumed authorship of "Come, thou Fount of every blessing" is fully discussed under the proper heading. It now seems evident that the acute D. Sedgwick was much misled. So, too, was a certain "J. M. Andrews," who, in 1858, dates from Saratoga Springs, N. Y., on the 20th of December, a fiery assault on "a robber by the name of Robinson." Mr. Andrews rushed into a leaflet on the strength of D. Sedgwick's communication to the (London) *Notes and Queries* for July 17th, 1858, and the further progress of that debate he did not apparently find out. There be many such!

This leaflet of his is one of the curiosities of hymnology, as it now lies (literally) before us. An honest comparison of it with the version afforded for the first three stanzas by the appendix to Evans's *Collection* (1786) does not prejudice the mind toward the archaic form. As excellent a writer of the English language as Robert Robinson would never have been guilty of the baldness and repetitious rhyme of this so-called original. Nor would Lady Huntingdon herself have been as awkward in phraseology.

Lady Huntingdon did not escape the sneers and reproaches of secret enemies and false friends. But she had the singular good fortune to have affected the third of the Georges, even when he was the Prince of Wales.

One day at court he asked the Lady Charlotte Edwin where she was. "Oh," said that haughty person, "I suppose, praying with her beggars." The Prince shook his head, and turning to Lady Charlotte, said: "When I am dying I think I shall be happy to seize the skirt of Lady Huntingdon's mantle to lift me with her up to heaven." Nor was this sort of indirect attack the sorest of her trials. The Archbishop of Canterbury concerned his episcopal dignity about her also. This Dr. Cornwallis actually made complaint to the young king because of the manner of her ladyship's support of Dissenters. Again it is to be recorded to King George's credit (it was our own Revolutionary monarch) that he met Lady Huntingdon's counter appeal with favor, and extended to her a very valuable moral sympathy. He further wrote a severe letter to the archbishop, stating that "he wished there were a Lady Huntingdon in every diocese in the kingdom." In addition to these outward afflictions she had to experience the loss of two sons, aged eleven and fourteen years ; and not long after them her husband died, leaving to her the care of a large estate and the education and training of their two sons and two daughters. But her personal influence on the minds of those whom she met was always the same in the end as it had been upon the king himself. His words to her will serve as a sample of the general sentiment of her contemporaries :

> "I have been told so many odd stories of your ladyship that I am free to confess I felt a great degree of curiosity to see if you were at all like other women ; and I am happy in having an opportunity of assuring your ladyship of the very good opinion I have of you, and how very highly I estimate your character, your zeal, and your abilities, which cannot be consecrated to a nobler purpose."

In November, 1790, after her eighty-third birthday had passed, she broke a blood-vessel and was near to death. But her mind was calm, and to those around her she remarked : "All is well—well forever !" Rallying slightly from this attack, she occupied herself in preparing her affairs for the great impending change, and in planning how to send missionaries to those destitute of the Gospel. In June she was much feebler, and on the 17th she expired (1791), in her eighty-fourth year.

To her abilities as a hymn-writer we have considerable testimony. A list of her pieces once existed, but it is now said to be lost. One piece may be in circulation under the name of Doddridge, who writes to his wife (1748) that he preached in Lady Huntingdon's family, and adds that he heard her sing and that he has "stolen a hymn which he steadfastly believes to be written by good Lady Huntingdon, and which he will not fail to communicate ;" but we have no clew to the verses.

Much more than our allowance of space might be taken by incidents and anecdotes, all of which can be found in her biography. A sentence from her preface to her hymn-book is a key to her character :

> "A title to the joys of an eternal world is purchased for thee by His obedience in life and death, and is that righteousness He will freely give here, which, whilst I am writing this, my heart importunately prays Him to give thee, reader, as the inestimable merit of His death."

There are some very interesting incidents associated with the present hymn. One is that of a soldier dying in hospital, who, at the last moment, raised himself and in a strong voice said, "Here !" The surgeon asked him what he wanted. "Nothing," he replied, "but it was roll-call in heaven, and I was answering to my name." It was the thought of the hymn :

"What if my name should be left out,
When thou for me shalt call !"

Lady Huntingdon's own words are fully as expressive :

> She said : "How little could anything of mine give a moment's rest to the departing soul ; so much sin and self mixed with the best ; and always so short of what we owe. Let me be found accepted in the Beloved, and complete in Him."

WHEN, wounded sore, the stricken soul.—MRS. ALEXANDER.

This hymn, by Mrs. Cecil Frances Alexander, appeared in 1858, in *Hymns, Descriptive and Devotional.* Its author is the daughter of Major Humphries, of Strabane, Ireland, and married, in 1850, the Rev. William Alexander, D.D., the present bishop of Derry (consecrated 1867). Dr. Alexander is also a man of repute in literature. Mrs. Alexander was born in 1823, and her *Hymns for Little Children*, 1848, have gone through many editions. She was the editor of the *Sunday Book of Poetry* in the Golden Treasury series.

WHERE high the heavenly temple stands.—BRUCE.

This hymn is No. 58 of the *Paraphrases of Scripture* used in the Church of Scotland. For many years it passed as the production of Rev. John Logan, a minister of Leith. It is now known to have been written by the ill-fated Michael Bruce, author of the "Ode to the Cuckoo." Logan was his college friend, and edited an edition of Bruce's poems in 1824. The conclusive evidence for the authorship of this piece is furnished by Mr. David Laing, of the Signet Library, Edinburgh, in a small pamphlet privately printed some years since. We find the verses in Logan's edition of Bruce, with nothing to indicate that they are not original with the unfortunate scholar.

It happened, however, that the "Ode to the Cuckoo" was a poem of such merit that inquiry was set on foot and Logan was detected and exposed. He had boldly appropriated the writings of Bruce by confusing his own with them—laying, in fact, his own cuckoo-egg in their midst—and the controversy which grew out of this fraud was destined to be among the most celebrated in English literature. It is reviewed in the *British Quarterly* for 1875, pp. 500–513. Principal Shairp also sums it up in *Good Words* for November, 1873. In every recent publication the case is decided against Logan.

We are indebted to the Rev. A. B. Grosart, in his edition of the works of Bruce, for the personal information which lends pathetic interest to this and other similar pieces. Our author, Michael Bruce, was born at Kinnesswood, in the county of Kinross, March 27th, 1746. His father was a weaver, and he was the fifth of eight children. In summer the young poet was sent to herd cattle, and, like Ferguson the astronomer, Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd, Robert Burns, Allan Ramsay and other Scottish worthies in song and scholarship, he took his first lessons from clouds and clods and creatures. At fifteen, his poor and godly parents contrived to send him to college on the strength of a legacy of 200 marks, or £11 *2s. 6d.*, and this munificent sum of, let us say, $60, settled his career. At Edinburgh University he met and became familiar with John Logan—an unfortunate associate indeed, since this man, his future biographer, contrived for years to claim and keep the credit of Bruce's "Ode to the Cuckoo," and of all his hymns.

Bruce first taught school at Gairney Bridge, famous for the first Presbytery of the Seceders, and received for this a salary of £11. Removing to Foresthill, near Alloway, the damp room, his poverty, and the hard work, combined to break his health and spirits. Two poems of great promise were produced under these disadvantageous conditions. One was *Lochleven*, composed in blank verse and strongly suggestive of the style of Pollok, Blair, Graham and poets of that stamp. Young and Gray are mentioned by him with an approbation which shows their influence. The "Elegy to Spring" is a faint reflection of Gray's Elegy, but has a vigor and pathos of its own. It is filled with sad prognostication, and closes with this touching stanza:

> "There let me sleep, forgotten in the clay
> When death shall shut these weary, aching eyes;
> Rest in the hopes of an eternal day,
> Till the long night is gone, and the last morn arise."

On the 5th of July, 1767, consumption had finished its work. Bruce was only twenty-one years and three months old. Under his pillow his Bible was found marked at the words, Jer. 22 : 10, "Weep ye not for the dead, neither bemoan him, but weep sore for him that goeth away; for he shall return no more, nor see his native country."

The bottom truth of the controversy as to Logan and Bruce appears to be that Bruce's original poems and hymns were in Logan's possession after the poet's death. An edition was printed in 1772, and others in 1784 and 1807. In 1837, Rev. William Mackelvie, of Balgedie, defended and vindicated Bruce's right to the "Cuckoo" and to the hymns.

Rev. John Logan fully deserves all the "Calamities of Authors"—for the elder D'Israeli has placed him in his book—since he was willing to take praise that was not truly his, and to seem the author of what he never wrote. His life was irregular, even dissipated, and he offended his parish by composing and securing the production of a tragedy called *Runnymede*. It is a memorable fact concerning him that he was employed to defend Warren Hastings when impeached—which is quite fitting to a man who, for all his ability, could sink low enough to steal Bruce's poems and plagiarize Zollikoffer's sermons.

WHILE in sweet communion feeding.—DENNY.

This hymn is taken from Sir E. Denny's *Miscellaneous Hymns*, 1839–70. It is entitled "On the Lord's Supper.—1 Cor. 11 : 26, and Cant. 1 : 12," and has two stanzas.

WHEREVER two or three may meet.—HASTINGS.

For several years the venerable Dr. Hastings conducted the choir in the West Presbyterian church, New York City, having his son, the eminent Thomas S. Hastings, D.D., as his pastor. It adds a charm to this hymn to know that its author desired, for himself and for his son, nothing so much as the presence of the divine Spirit in the services of the sanctuary.

The hymn was first published, from the author's manuscript, in *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865. Its opening lines suggest to us John Kent's "Where two or three together meet," and S. Stennett's "Where two or three with sweet accord."

This text (Matt. 18 : 20) has served as the theme of several other well-known pieces. Here is Cowper's "Jesus, where'er thy people meet," and Wesley's "See, Jesus, thy disciples see." Fawcett's "Blest be the tie that binds" is an expansion of the same thought, and with it we may join Kelly's "How sweet to leave the world awhile," and Isaac Watts's "Come we who love the Lord."

There is an opportunity here for the formation of one of the loveliest little anthologies in our language. A few more specimens will reveal the richness of the material to be employed. We should include J. D. Carlyle's "Lord, when we bend before thy throne," and Anne Steele's

"Come, thou desire of all thy saints," and John Newton's "Come, my soul, thy suit prepare;" to say nothing of many beside these.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night.—NAHUM TATE.

Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady were Irish by birth, and were "both somewhat impecunious, and both but feeble poets." Together they prepared the *New Version of the Psalms*, which the Church of England substituted for the "Old Version" of Sternhold and Hopkins. Tate was born in Dublin in 1652, and had the patronage of King William III., to whom he was indebted for his post of Poet Laureate. He composed a birthday ode for George I., and died in a sinecure position in the Royal Mint, London, 1715. The only authority for the adoption of this "New Version" by the Church was a permission from the Court, given at Kensington, 1696, that it might be employed by "such congregations as shall think fit to receive it."

The present piece appeared in 1703 in the supplement called *The Appendix with Hymns*. These are all by Tate.

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power!—H. M. WILLIAMS.

Miss Helen Maria Williams is best remembered by this generally accepted hymn; but in her day she was herself more remarkable than her poetry. Born near Berwick, as some say, or in London, as others declare, the year of her birth was certainly 1762. Her father was Charles Williams, of Aberconway, Wales, and he was an official of the English War Department. In early life Miss Williams resided at Berwick-on-Tweed, where she was educated, and where she wrote her first poem, in 1779. Under the encouragement and advice of Dr. Andrew Kippis, she published her first book in London in 1783; after which she composed and published other poems, one, in 1788, being directed against the Slave Trade.

Authorship had been a profitable matter with her, and she therefore went abroad, visiting the Continent in this eventful year, 1788. Parisian life proved very attractive to her, and she delayed in that crater of coming volcanic strife until 1790, when she was still a dweller in the city and suffered from the agitation of the times. She was thus exposed to more or less suspicion owing to her foreign antecedents, and was even imprisoned in the Temple for her advocacy of the Girondist cause. From this confinement she was not released before the fall of Robespierre, in 1794.

During this captivity she wrote many letters—which have been published—and also translated the *Paul and Virginia* of Bernardin de St. Pierre. In this last volume she included some of her own sonnets. By this time, as can easily be seen, she was in effect a Frenchwoman. Her sympathies were entirely with her adopted country, and she returned after her release and departure, and is found again in Paris in 1796. Nearly all of her later writings, as Dr. Allibone gives the list, relate to French affairs.

To this fact Miss Williams owes her most prominent mention in literature. She is renowned as "the friend and admirer of Marat"; as an "ardent female advocate of the French Revolution"; and as "an ex-Jacobin" who took an active part in all that was in progress. Athanase Coquerel, one of her pupils and admirers, has spoken highly of her. In his *Christianisme Experimental* he praises her domestic piety and her devotion to freedom and truth. She was the friend of Clarkson, Wilberforce, Southey, Rogers, Wordsworth, Mrs. Barbauld, and Mrs. Opie. Wordsworth was delighted with her sonnet to Hope, beginning, "Oh, ever skilled to wear the form we love."

The poems among which the present hymn appears bear the date 1786, and were reissued in 1823. This would place its composition at a period previous to her experience of the practical value of its petition in the midst of scenes of disorder and violence. And we may imagine the author, with her widowed mother, as they turned, in the days of strife and angry passions, to that "protecting Power" who alone could keep them in "perfect peace." Like many another song of the Church, this one was written in quiet hours, and the writer was uttering more than she knew.

It is well that we have this beautiful lyric inseparably connected with its author's name. We should otherwise be at a loss to understand the character of Miss Williams in a way to be as charitable as we could desire. But, having this, we are sure that her love of liberty was a pure one, and that her record as a Christian is unsullied. She and her mother attended the services of the Protestant congregation, whose ministers were such able and devout men as Monod and Coquerel, and Paul Rabaud, the Huguenot "pastor of the desert." It was Rabaud's son, Rabaud St. Etienne, who said in the Assembly: "He who attacks the liberty of others deserves to live in slavery. A worship is a dogma, a dogma is a matter of opinion, and opinions should be free." The time came when this bold speaker presided over that same Assembly, and his was one of the heads which fell under the knife of the guillotine. This was therefore an era of reaction against the tyranny of religious authority. In its rising tide was swept along so good a Christian woman as Miss Williams. By those who swelled the advance of these opinions Marat was almost deified. They proclaimed and half established a new faith. It may seem incredible to us, at this lapse of time, that such should have been the case, but the language of De Pressensé admits of no abatement.

> "The veneration for this monster" [Marat], he says, "knew no bounds. Hymns were written in his honor. On divers stamps he was placed by the side of Christ. Men swore by the sacred heart of Marat. The new worship was complete ; it had prostitutes for goddesses, and a man of violence and blood for a martyr and a saint. All it yet lacked was to engage in persecution ; and it failed not in this worthy business."

Then it was that André Chénier sang his hymn to "Liberty, daughter of Nature." The times are admirably described in Farrar's eloquent pages :

> "And was the world better for thus throwing overboard its faith in Christ ? Did the world succeed when it had tried to get rid of Christianity ? Aye, my brethren, if it be success to boast of liberty and end in a reign of terror ; of humanity, and end in Robespierre ; of virtue, and to end in the worship of a harlot on the polluted altars of Notre Dame." It was indeed this very "goddess of reason" who died, September 30th, 1863, as Dr. Christlieb testifies, "ninety years old, idiotic, blind, and a beggar in Alsace."

Miss Williams was one of those who thought they saw a coming emancipation of down-crushed humanity. That she consented to the outcome of the opinions with which her name has been indelibly associated appears to be false. But she remained in Paris, sharing its fortunes, and reaching at last a period of peace once more. Here, in this same city, quiet now after all its convulsions, she died, December 14th, 1827.

WHILE we lowly bow before thee.—COLESWORTHY.

Daniel Clement Colesworthy was born in Portland, Maine, in 1810. He was a printer, and edited the *Portland Tribune* for some years. He removed to Boston afterward, and published there a small book of *Sabbath-School Hymns* about the year 1833. The following list includes his other writings : *Opening Buds,* 1838; *Touch at the Times*, 1840; *The Year*, 1873; *School is Out*, 1876. The hymn, "A little word in kindness spoken," is his, and appeared first in the *Portland Tribune*, September 25th, 1841. The present hymn is taken from the collection issued by Rev. Elias Nason, in 1857, and was doubtless contributed to it, or utilized for it, and may easily have been its author's first step into regular hymnody.

WHILE with ceaseless course the sun.—NEWTON.

We find this in the *Olney Hymns*, Book II., No. 1, as "A New Year's Hymn," with the title, "Time, how Swift." It has three stanzas.

WHO are these like stars appearing.—F. E. Cox, *tr.*

Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox, in her *Sacred Hymns*, 1841, has translated these stanzas from the German hymn, "*Wer sind die vor Gottes Thron?*" The author is Heinrich Theobald Schenk, and his hymn of fourteen stanzas is in Schaff's *Deutsches Gesangbuch.* Miss Winkworth has also rendered it in *Lyra Germanica*, I. : 207, "Who are these before God's throne?" The author was born in a village of Hesse-Darmstadt, near Alsfeld, on the Schwalm, as Koch, the German hymnologist, informs us. Very little is known as to his history. The one fact wrested from obscurity is that he held the position of *Præceptor Classicus* in the Gymnasium at Giessen. In this place he also died, April 11th, 1727. This hymn, which is his "single, noble song," is based on Rev. 7 : 13–17.

WHO is this that comes from Edom?—KELLY.

This hymn, from Thomas Kelly's edition of 1806, is based on Isa. 63 : 1, and has five stanzas.

WHO shall the Lord's elect condemn.—WATTS.

This is Hymn 14, Book I., of Dr. Watts's hymns. It belongs after a sermon on Rom. 8 : 33, and is entitled "The Triumph of Faith, or Christ's Unchangeable Love." It is in six stanzas.

WHY do we mourn departing friends.—WATTS.

From Dr. Watts's Book II. of *Hymns Composed on Divine Subjects*, where it is No. 3, "The Death and Burial of a Saint,' and has six stanzas.

Why is thy faith, O child of God, so small?—Sherwin.

This hymn is the composition of Professor William Fisk Sherwin, an American Baptist, and a well-known composer and conductor of sacred music. He was born in Bucksland, Franklin County, Mass., March 14th, 1826, and now resides in Boston.

Why, on the bending willows hung.—Joyce.

Rev. James Joyce, M.A., born at Frome, Somersetshire, November 2d, 1781, and who died at Dorking, October 9th, 1850, was the vicar of Dorking, Surrey, in which position he has been succeeded by his son. In 1849, being quite aged and feeble, he sent out to his people *Hymns with Notes*, which were dedicated "To the poor of my flock," and contained selections of Scripture, with original prose meditations and hymns.

His son wrote to Mr. Miller that it was his father's custom to compose hymns and give them and other pieces of verse to his children at the breakfast-table. There are quite a large number of these devout poems which are unpublished. The hymn, "O why should Israel's sons," is altered from "Disowned of heaven, by man oppressed." It was written, 1809, while Mr. Joyce was a curate at Henley-on-Thames.

Why, O God, thy people spurn?—Hatfield.

Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield, D.D., born at Elizabethtown, N. J., January 9th, 1807, has been one of the most industrious of American hymnologists. But his long service, first as a successful pastor in New York City and afterward as Stated Clerk of the Presbyterian General Assembly, gave him more ecclesiastical than hymnologic prominence. He was graduated at Middlebury College, Vermont, 1829, and at Andover Seminary, 1831. His pastoral work began in St. Louis, Mo., 1832–35; then he had charge of the Seventh Presbyterian church, at Broome and Ridge streets, New York City, 1835–56. From 1856–63 he was pastor of the North Presbyterian church in the same city.

Dr. Hatfield's life after that period was relieved from pastoral duties, but he was occupied continually by the "care of all the churches." During this time he prepared his *Church Hymn-Book*, 1872, which is especially valuable to the hymnologist by reason of its adherence preferably to the old forms of hymns, and by its dates affixed to the pieces. It was the result of much original labor, and Dr. Hatfield's hymn-library—when combined, as it now is, with the books already in the Union Theological Seminary alcove—forms a monument to his zeal and judgment.

Dr. Hatfield attained in 1883 to the highest dignity in the gift of his denomination, being elected Moderator of the General Assembly. He discharged the duties thus imposed on him with a vigor and fervor which surprised even his best friends. Nor can there be any doubt that, at his advanced age, the excitement and strain of presiding over the debates and deliberations of an important session produced a reaction which hastened his death. The Assembly met in May ; the Moderator, who was also the Stated Clerk, returned home to be pursued by proof-sheets of the *Minutes*. No assistance given by his coadjutors could free his mind from a sense of necessity for his personal and accurate supervision ; and on the 23d of September, 1883, he died after a short illness, at Summit, N. J. To the present writer these words—and any words—are altogether feeble in their recognition of the loss of a dear and valued friend.

Dr. Hatfield's *Poets of the Church* was published posthumously by his son, Mr. J. B. Taylor Hatfield. Mr. Hatfield simply edited papers which had not received his father's final revision, and to this must be attributed any deficiency or error in the contents of the work. But the volume itself is unusually accurate in the most of its references and biographies. The index was prepared by another hand.

The volume called *Freedom's Lyre* was edited by Dr. Hatfield in 1840, and contained twenty-four original pieces. Ten original hymns were included by him in the *Church Hymn-Book*, 1872, of which the present (taken also into *Songs for the Sanctuary*, 1865) is one. It is based on the 60th Psalm.

WHY should the children of a King.—WATTS.

December 31st, 1848, Dr. Gardiner Spring wrote in his diary :

> "Whether it will be to me a year of sickness or health, pain or relief, life or death, prosperity or adversity, God will control every event, and make all things work together for good to them that love him.
>
> 'Why should the children of a king
> Go mourning all their days?'"

This is a hymn belonging after a sermon on Rom. 8 : 14, 16 and Eph. 1 : 13, 14. In the *Hymns* it is No. 144 of Book I., with the title, "The Witnessing and Sealing Spirit."

"Over one hundred years ago, on one of Mr. Wesley's visits to Chesterfield, he had commenced an out-door service in the market-place. During the first prayer the constable came and demanded his presence before a magistrate. The prayer ended, the man of authority marched off with the preacher; but before doing so the man of prayer showed his faith by saying to his hearers, 'Friends, sing a hymn whilst I am gone—I shall soon be back;' and he gave out the couplet:

'Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?'

Mr. Wesley returned and preached, before the hymn had been sung through a second time."

WHY should we start and fear to die?—WATTS.

This is Hymn 31 of Book II., "Christ's Presence Makes Death Easy." It has four stanzas.

In Leifchild's "Remarkable Facts" occurs a touching tribute to the power of this hymn:

Friends around the dying bed of an old servant of the Lord had been reciting verses of Scripture and stanzas of familiar hymns. At these words the dying man seemed particularly moved, and as the voice repeated,

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

he exclaimed, "*My head!*" and fell asleep in Jesus.

Miss Susan B. Higgins, missionary to Yokohama of the "American Women's Foreign Missionary Society," was on her dying bed in that distant land. A friend sang to her the stanza of this hymn commencing:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

When the singer ceased, her voice choked with grief, Miss Higgins herself took up the strain, and sang the verses preceding:

"Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should spread her wings in haste."

The work of this earnest woman only covered about eight months in Japan, but she was greatly beloved, and sincerely lamented by an unusual concourse at her funeral.

Dr. David Nelson, the great antagonist of infidelity, was a lover of English poetry, and especially of hymns. In his practice as a physician he found that the bulk of the theological learning of the families whom he met consisted of what was contained in the standard hymns of the Church. Frequently he would sing one of these hymns, impressively and alone, as the prelude of, or the peroration to, a sermon. As a physician he has been known to read or sing to the dying some such stanza as,

"Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should spread her wings in haste," etc.,

with the triumphant following stanza:

"Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are."

When Jeremiah Evarts, the beloved Secretary of the A. B. C. F. M., was dying, in March, 1831, he was attacked suddenly with violent pain. In one of his paroxysms, and when nearly exhausted, he said: "Dear Jesus!" Some one added the lines:

"While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there."

"Immediately," we are told, "he burst forth with expressions of rapture which cannot be described: 'Praise him, praise him in a way ye know not of!' He added: 'Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful glory. I will praise him, I will praise him. Who are in the room? Call all in—call all—let a great many come—I wish to give directions—wonderful—glory—Jesus reigns.'" Every one in the family was called, but he sank exhausted, and not long afterward breathed his last, free from pain and in perfect peace.

WHY will ye waste in trifling cares?—DODDRIDGE.

This is Dr. Doddridge's Hymn 206, "The Care of the Soul the one Thing Needful.—Luke 10 : 42." It is also a remarkable example of the improvement effected in a grand hymn by a little modification. Every stanza of the five shows the effects of judicious amendment. It may be worth our while to quote it here in the original form as a sufficient reply to those who so often object to *any* alteration of the language of a hymn:

"Why will ye lavish out your years
Amidst a thousand trifling cares?
While in this various range of thought
The one thing needful is forgot?

"Why will ye chase the fleeting wind,
And famish an immortal mind;
While angels with regret look down
To see you spurn a heavenly crown?

"The eternal God calls from above,
And Jesus pleads his dying love;
Awaken'd conscience gives you pain;
And shall they join their pleas in vain?

"Not so your dying eyes shall view
Those objects which ye now pursue;
Not so shall heaven and hell appear,
When the decisive hour is near.

"Almighty God, thy power impart
To fix convictions on the heart;
Thy power unveils the blindest eyes,
And makes the haughtiest scorner wise."

WITH broken heart and contrite sigh.—ELVEN.

G. J. Stevenson's testimony to the hymn and its writer is as follows:

"This hymn came to the author as an inspiration, whilst holding a series of revival services in the Baptist Chapel, Bury St. Edmunds, in January, 1852. The people sang it, and it became popular; but its author appears never again to have had the spirit of poetry resting upon him. It was written by Cornelius Elven, a native of Bury St. Edmunds, in which town he ministered most usefully to one congregation of Baptists for fifty years. He was a true and devoted friend of Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, who wrote a sketch of him when he died, in July, 1873, and says that he was a man of homely attainments, pre-eminently practical as a pastor and preacher, and full of faith and the Holy Ghost. The bulk of his body was stupendous, but his heart was large in proportion to his body, and it was full of kindness. He preached occasionally for Mr. Spurgeon, who loved him."

WITH deepest reverence at thy throne.—BUTCHER.

Rev. Edmund Butcher, the author of this hymn, was born in 1757, at Colchester, Essex, his father being a carpenter and builder, though his ancestor, John Butcher, had been rector of Feering, whence the family came to Colchester. Mr. Butcher's father was unable to afford him an education, the lack of which was partially supplied by the kind instruction given by Dr. Stanton, a Dissenting minister. At fourteen the lad was apprenticed to a linendraper in London, and while so employed he was also able to use his pen. This proved a real advantage to him ; as his pieces were taken by various periodicals, and he had some little money from them, with which to help his mother and sister. He found a friend, too, in Rev. Mr. Worthington, who preached in Salter's Hall, and whose church he attended. It was this gentleman who advised and assisted him in the direction of the ministry. Consequently he entered Daventry Academy—the same institution which the ill-fated Heginbotham attended, and which had once been under the care of Dr. Doddridge. The theological tutor in Mr. Butcher's time was Rev. Thomas Belsham, whose personal views were decidedly Socinian, and who, during his tutorship, forsook his former opinions and openly avowed the Unitarian belief.

Our author was first settled at Sowerby, in Yorkshire. Then he removed to London, where he preached, for the most part, at a chapel in Leather Lane, Holborn. He was ordained in 1789, Messrs. Kippis, Worthington, Belsham and others taking part in the services. Mr. Butcher's congregation was prosperous ; but his voice was poor. He finally left London for Sidbury Vale, near Sidmouth, in Devonshire, in 1798. About this period he printed some of his London sermons, adding to each of them (as was then the custom) a " suitable hymn " of his own composition. Sixty-nine of his hymns are in *The Substance of the Holy Scriptures Methodized*, 1801. Some other pieces appeared in the *Protestant Dissenters' Magazine*, of which he was the editor. In *Howse's Selection*, 1837, are some hymns derived from manuscript allowed for use by Mr. Butcher's widow.

His life at Sidmouth was peaceful and happy, and his home a delightful one, his health being improved by the change from London. But in 1821 he found it necessary to remove to Bath, where, unfortunately, he had a fall and dislocated his hip. This accident confined him to his bed and hastened his death, which occurred April 14th, 1822. A memoir of him appears in *The Christian Moderator* for 1827, from the pen of his friend, Rev. John Evans. His speculative opinions do not seem to have prevented a very deep and real piety of heart and serenity of faith.

WITH joy we hail the sacred day.—AUBER.

This is Miss Harriet Auber's version of Ps. 122. It is from her *Spirit of the Psalms*, 1829.

WITH joy we lift our eyes.—JERVIS.

Rev. Thomas Jervis, an English Unitarian and the minister of a congregation in Leeds, is the author of this and of another very good hymn, "Lord of the world's majestic frame." Both of them appeared in a volume entitled, *A Collection of Hymns and Psalms for Public and Private Worship: Selected by Andrew Kippis, D.D., Abraham Rees, D.D., T. Jervis, and T. Morgan.* This was issued in 1795, and it is remarkable as being one of the earliest collections to attach the names of the authors to their compositions, and to place a list of the authors at the beginning of the book. Sixteen of the six hundred and ninety hymns have been credited to Mr. Jervis. It is an unexpected honor for his name in this latter day to appear in *Laudes Domini*, for in not one of his pieces, so Dr. Hatfield assures us, "is there even the most distant allusion to the Saviour; they are thoroughly Deistic." In his belief this author was "an Arian, if not a Socinian." His poetry has no praise "to Christ as God."

Mr. Jervis was born in 1748, the son of a Presbyterian minister of Ipswich, England, bearing the same name. When he was quite young he was sent to London to school, and there for a while came under the care of Rev. David Jennings, D.D., and after his death, of his successors, Dr. Savage, Dr. Kippis, and Dr. Rees. Two of these names we recognize as joint editors of the *Collection* of hymns in 1795, with himself and Mr. Morgan. When Mr. Jervis was not much beyond twenty-two years of age he was chosen "Pastor of the Presbyterian church at Lympstone, and joint-minister of Topsham." About two years later he met the famous Dr. Priestley at the country-seat of the Earl of Shelburne, to whose two sons Jervis had just become tutor. The influence of this famous controversialist, as well as that of his former teachers, Dr. Kippis and Dr. Rees, must have affected his religious views, for the collection of hymns was designed for such congregations as were anti-Trinitarian in sentiment. This will explain why the pieces which it contains were so much, and so violently, altered in structure.

Dr. Rees was pastor of St. Thomas's Presbyterian church in London, and when he resigned in 1783 and removed to the Old Jewry, the favorite pupil became his successor. Twelve years later (1795), when Dr. Kippis, his other teacher, died in the pastorate of the Presbyterian church, Prince's Street, near Westminster Abbey, Jervis was again called upon, and this prominent position he held until 1808. Then he became pastor of the Mill-Hill congregation (Unitarian) of Leeds. For ten years more he labored there, and then he retired from active service. He died at his wife's home, Fryerning, Essex, in the year 1833.

WITH songs and honors sounding loud.—WATTS.

This is Dr. Watts's rendering of Ps. 147, C. M., vv. 7–9, 13–18, "The Seasons of the Year." It has eight stanzas.

WORK, for the night is coming.—ANNIE L. WALKER.

This is in the *Original Hymns* as Hymn 156, "Working the Works of God." It has nine stanzas.

WORK, for the night is coming.—A. L. WALKER.

In the first series of Moody and Sankey's *Gospel Hymns* this piece is marked "Arr. from Rev. S. Dyer, 1864." H. P. Main is the authority for the change in *Gospel Hymns* to "Anna L. Walker." Rev. Sidney Dyer (an American Baptist clergyman, b. 1814) is the author of "Resting by and by," and has written to Mr. Nutter: "I have never claimed this [the present] hymn, and know not who put my name to it." The lady who wrote it, and published it in a volume in 1868, was a resident of Canada. The ascription to Mr. Dyer grew out of a hymn on a similar topic written by him in 1854 for a Sunday-school in Indianapolis, Ind., but it is not at all like the hymn before us.

WORSHIP the Lord in the beauty of holiness.—MONSELL.

In Mr. Monsell's *Parish Hymnal*, 1873, this hymn appears, with the exclamatory "Oh" at the commencement of the line. In actual use the metre has compelled the omission of this redundant syllable. It is a noble song of praise, and is worthy to stand comparison with Heber's "Brightest and best of the sons of the morning," a hymn whose forms of expression are almost parallel with it.

WOULDST thou eternal life obtain?—PALMER.

The Scripture is Gal. 2 : 20, and this hymn was written by Dr. Ray Palmer in 1864.

YE Christian heralds, go, proclaim.—B. H. DRAPER.

It is "Christian *heralds*," not "*heroes*," and the history of the hymn is to be found under "Sovereign of worlds, display thy power." The date is 1803.

YE messengers of Christ.—MRS. VOKE.

Six missionary hymns—of which this is one—are credited to "Voke" in *Dobell's Collection*, 1806. She can be traced to Rippon's edition of 1800, and Mr. W. T. Brooke has discovered a *Selection of Missionary and Devotional Hymns*, published by John Griffin, Portsea, 1797, in which all her pieces appear. Dr. Collyer, 1812, added a seventh to the list, but we know not on what authority. The English Baptists ought to identify a lady whose denomination and nativity were probably the same as their own, and whose hymns have proved so useful.

YE servants of God, your master proclaim.—C. WESLEY.

From *Hymns for Times of Trouble and Persecution*, 1744. The title is, "To be sung in a Tumult." There are six stanzas.

YE sons and daughters of the Lord.—NEALE, *tr.*

A translation of the "*O filii et filiæ*," a Latin hymn of about the thirteenth century, which has often been rendered by others beside Dr. Neale. Curiously enough, the Latin text is only accessible to ordinary readers in Professor March's *Latin Hymns*. It has twelve stanzas and is a beautiful and spiritual lyric. This topic is treated more fully in the "Latin Hymn-Writers and their Hymns."

This translation should not be confused with a piece having the same first line, by Hugh Bourne, the "Primitive Methodist," for which see *Epworth Singers*, p. 336.

YES, for me, for me he careth.—H. BONAR.

The title of this piece is, "The Elder Brother," and it is found in *Hymns of Faith and Hope*, first series, 1857, in six stanzas. It is said to have been written in 1844.

YES! He knows the way is dreary.—F. R. HAVERGAL.

In Miss Havergal's *Poems*, p. 424, this has the title, "Be not Weary." It is in five stanzas. Her own date in *Songs of Grace and Glory* is 1867.

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints.—TOPLADY.

There are sixteen stanzas to this hymn in Sir Roundell Palmer's *Book of Praise*, and the date is 1772. From this longer piece, by the use of an original introductory stanza commencing, "If through unruffled seas," one of our finest lyrics has been formed.

ZION, awake! thy strength renew.—SHRUBSOLE.

This hymn was contributed, over the signature "W. S.," to the *Evangelical Magazine* for July, 1796. It is reprinted in four stanzas in Dr. Morrison's *Fathers and Founders of the Missionary Society*, which is now before us.

Mr. Shrubsole's hymns are all in this volume, and are:

"Arm of the Lord, awake, awake."
"Bright as the sun's meridian blaze."
"In all the paths my feet pursue."
"When, streaming from the eastern skies."
"Ye saints, your grateful praises bring."
"Zion, awake! thy strength renew."

ZION, the marvellous story be telling.—MUHLENBERG.

The chorus of this hymn is really its commencement. "Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing" is a favorite tune for "Old Folks' Concerts," and similar entertainments. It is the same setting in *Laudes Domini*, under the name of "Avison," which is familiar by its association in America with Thomas Moore's lyric, "Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea," 1816. Dr. Muhlenberg, ten years later, prepared this piece in the same metre, and with much the same idea in the chorus.

NOTE.

WHILE these pages have been passing through the press, I have obtained two important tracings of hymns. One is of "Glory to God, whose witness-train," concerning which Rev. J. U. Guenther, D.D., of Newark, writes me that the author was Christoph Titze (or Titius). He was born in 1641, at Wilkau, near Breslau, in Silesia ; studied theology and served as pastor in several congregations of the Evangelical Lutheran Church in Germany, and his last charge was Hersbruck, near Nuremberg. He died in 1703, and was the author of Hymn 917, in the large (German) *Moravian Hymn-Book*, beginning "*Sollt' es gleich bisweilen scheinen.*" The last two stanzas of our hymn are from this original. The first stanza is probably a free version from part of Count Zinzendorf's hymn, "*Der Glaube bricht durch Stahl und Stein*," which is No. 920 in the same collection.

The other is of the hymn, "Awake, my soul, to joyful lays," for which I am indebted to Miss Elizabeth Smith, of Bloomfield, N. J., who has kindly examined and authenticated the facts. It was when Mr. Medley was visiting at the house of a Mr. Phillips, a prominent Baptist, in London, that he said to the daughter of his host : "Betsey, will you bring me some paper and ink?" With these he retired to his room, and presently came back with this hymn written. This "Betsey," who was born in 1783, became Mrs. Dodds, and died in America, in 1861, and these particulars came from her lips through relatives residing in Washington, D. C. The date usually given to the hymn is 1785, and Mr. Medley died in 1799. It is therefore a later production than was supposed. It is only proper to add that Dr. George W. Anderson and Mr. Nutter have written me, seriously questioning these new facts. But the authority of my informant is so good that I leave them as they were given to me. Rippon's *Selection* (1st ed., 1787) contains the hymn.

"THERE is no exercise that I had rather live and dye in, than singing Praises to our Redeemer and Jehovah, while I might in the Holy Assemblies, and now when I may not, as Paul and Silas in my Bonds, and my dying pains, which are far heavier than my Bonds. Lord Jesus receive my Praise and Supplications first, and lastly, my departing Soul. Amen."

RICHARD BAXTER: *Preface to Version of the Psalms*, 1692.

CHRONOLOGICAL TABLE.

ENGLISH HYMN-WRITERS.

Note.—This list of hymn-writers is purposely given as below, and can be utilized for reference, if necessary, by underscoring the family names, thus: "Rev. Isaac *Watts*, D.D." The asterisk indicates those prominently associated with Lady Huntingdon. The letters S. W. and I. indicate the Scotch, Welsh or Irish birth, and the religious connection is expressed by familiar abbreviations.

A.D. 1400–1600.

Miles Coverdale, Ep., 1488–1569,
George Gascoigne, Ep., 1536 (?)–1577.
Thomas Sternhold, Ep., d. 1549.
Rev. John Hopkins, Ep., fl. 1551.
Rev. William Kethe, P., 1510–1580.
John Marckant, Ep., fl. 1562.
John Mardley, Ep., fl. 1562.
Sir Walter Raleigh, Ep., 1552–1618.
Robert Southwell, R.C., 1560–1595.
Sir Henry Wotton, Ep., 1568–1639.
Sir John Davies, Ep., 1570–1626.
John Donne, D.D., Ep., 1573–1637.
Bishop Joseph Hall, D.D., Ep., 1574–1656.
George Sandys, Ep., 1577–1643.
Francis Rous, P., 1579–1658 (s.)
David Dickson, P., 1583–1663 (s.)
Sir John Beaumont, Ep., 1856–1616.
Sir William Drummond, Ep., 1585–1649 (s.)
Rev. Giles Fletcher, Ep., 1588–1623.
George Wither, P., 1588–1687.
Robert Herrick, Ep., 1591–1674.
Francis Quarles, P., 1592–1644.
Rev. George Herbert, Ep., 1593–1632.
Bp. John Cosin, Ep., 1594–1672.

A.D. 1600–1700.

Rev. Henry Jessey, B., 1601–1663.
Sir Thomas Browne, Ep., 1605–1682.
Edmund Waller, Ep., 1605–1687.
John Milton, P., 1608–1674.
Bp. Jeremy Taylor, Ep., 1613–1667.
Henry More, D.D., Ep., 1614–1687.
Rev. Richard Baxter, Pres., 1615–1691.
Richard Crashaw, R. C., 1616 (?)–1650 (?)
"F. B. P." (Francis Baker, Priest ?) R. C., fl. 1616.
Andrew Marvell, Ep., 1620–1678.
Henry Vaughan, M.D., Ep., 1621–1695 (w.)
Rev. John Mason, Ep., d. 1694.
John Quarles, P., 1624–1665.
John Austin, R. C., 1613–1669.
Rev. John Bunyan, B., 1628–1688.
Rev. Samuel Crossman, Ep., 1624–1683.
John Dryden, R. C., 1631–1700.
Wentworth Dillon, Earl Roscommon, Ep. (I.) 1633–1684.
Bp. Thomas Ken, Ep., 1637–1711.

John Lagniel, 16 –1728.
Nahum Tate, Ep., 1652–1715 (I.)
Rev. Nicholas Brady, D.D., Ep., 1659–1726 (I.)
Rev. Samuel Wesley, Sen., Ep., 1662–1735.
Rev. Joseph Stennett, B., 1663–1713.
Rev. Thomas Shepherd, Cong., 1665-1739.
Joseph Addison, Ep., 1672–1719.
Mrs. Elizabeth (Singer) Rowe, 1674–1737.
*Rev. Isaac Watts, Ind., 1674–1748.
Rev. John Killinghall, Cong., d. 1740.
Bp. John Patrick, Ep., fl. 1679.
Rev. Simon Browne, Ind., 1680 (?)–1732.
Rev. James Craig, P., 1682–1744 (s.)
Alexander Pope, R. C., 1688–1744.
Robert Cruttenden, Ind., 1690–1763.
Samuel Wesley, Jr., Ep., 1690–1739.
Rev. William Robertson, Ep., d. 1743 (s.)
John Byrom, M.D., Ep., 1691–1763.
Rev. Robert Seagrave, Ep., 1693–1759. (?)
Rev. John Taylor, P., 1694–1761.
Rev. Robert Blair, Ep., 1699–1746 (s.)
Christopher Pitt, 1699–1748.
Rev. William Barton, Ep. 1598 (?)–1678.

A.D. 1700–1750.

*Rev. Philip Doddridge, Ind., 1702–1751.
Mary Masters, fl. 1702.
*Rev. John Wesley, M.E., 1703–1791.
Rev. James Fanch, B., 1704–1767.
Rev. Nathaniel Cotton, D.D., Ep., 1707–1788.
Rev. Philip Skelton, Ep., 1707–1787 (I.)
*Selina Shirley, Lady Huntingdon, Ind., 1707–1791.
*Rev. Charles Wesley, M. E., 1708–1788.
Rev. John Needham, B., d. 1787 (?)
Bp. Robert Lowth, D.D., Ep., 1710–1787.
Rev. Daniel Turner, B., 1710–1798.
Bp. John Gambold, Mor., 1711–1781.
Rev. Benjamin Wallin, B., 1711–1782.
Rev. Joseph Hart, Ind., 1712–1768.
*Rev. James Hervey, Ep., 1714–1758.
James Grant, P., d. 1785.
Christopher Batty, Ind., 1715–1797.
James Hutton, Mor., 1715–1795.
John Hawkesworth, LL.D., Ep., 1715–1773.
*Rev. John Berridge, Ep., 1716–1793.
Miss Anne Steele, B., 1716–1778.
Rev. Benjamin Beddome, B., 1717–1795.
*Rev. William Williams, Calv. M.E., 1717–1791 (W.)
Rev. John Cennick, Mor., 1717–1755.
Rev. William Hammond, Calv. M. E., 1719–1783.
William Mason, M. E., 1719–1791.
*Rev. Thomas Gibbons, D.D., Ind., 1720–1785.
Admiral Richard Kempenfelt, Ind., 1720–1782
Rev. Joseph Humphreys, Mor., 1720–
Rev. James Merrick, Ep., 1720–1769.

* John Wingrove, Ind., 1720–1793.
Rev. John Bakewell, M. E., 1721–1819.
Rev. Thomas Blacklock, D.D., P., 1721–1791 (s.)
* Rev. Peter Williams, Calv. M.E., 1722–1796 (w.)
Rev. Edmund Jones, B., 1722–1765.
Rev. Joseph Grigg, Pres., 1723 (?)–1768.
John Fountain, B., 1723–1800.
* Rev. Samson Occom, P., 1723–1792 (b. America).
* Rev. Henry Venn, Ep., 1724–1797.
Rev. Andrew Kippis, U., 1725–1795.
William Mason, Ep., 1725–1797.
Rev. John Newton, Ep., 1725–1807.
Rev. Thomas Olivers, M. E., 1725–1799.
* Hon. and Rev. Walter Shirley, Ep., 1725–1786.
* Rev. Martin Madan, Ep., 1726–1790.
Rev. Samuel Stennett, B., 1727–1795.
* Rev. Edward Perronet, Dis., 1721–1792.
Rev. John Langford, Bapt., d. 1790.
Rev. Thomas Scott, Ind., d. 1776.
John Fellows, Calv. M. E., d. 1785.
Rev. Richard Elliott, Ind., d. 1788.
John Dracup, B., d. 1795.
Miss Clare Taylor, Mor., d. 1778.
Bp. George Horne, Ep., 1730–1792.
William Cowper, Ep., 1731–1800.
William Tucker, B., 1731–1814.
* Rev. Thomas Haweis, Ep., 1732–1820.
Rev. Henry Moore, Dis., 1732–1802.
Rev. James Newton, Ep., 1733–1790.
Rev. John Ogilvie, P., 1733–1814 (s.)
* Rev. James Allen, Ind., 1734–1804.
Rev. Benjamin Francis, B., 1734–1799 (w.)
Rev. Robert Robinson, B., 1735–1790.
Rev. Richard Burdsall, M.E., 1735–1824.
Rev. Alexander Pirie, P., d. 1804.
Rev. Samuel Medley, B., 1738–1799.
Rev. John Fawcett, B., 1739–1817.
Rev. Augustus Montague Toplady, Ep., 1740–1778.
Rev. William Enfield, U., 1741–1797.
Ambrose Serle, Ep., 1742–1812.
* Richard De Courcy, Ep., 1743–1803.
Miss Hannah More, Ep., 1745–1833.
Rev. Benjamin Rhodes, M. E., 1743–1815.
Rev. Ottiwell Heginbotham, Ind., 1744–1768.
* Rev. Rowland Hill, Ind., 1744–1833.
Rev. William Kingsbury, Ind., 1744–1818.
Mrs. Anna Lætitia Barbauld, U., 1743–1825.
Rev. Joseph Hoskins, Ind., 1745–1788.
Michael Bruce, P., 1746–1767 (s.)
Rev. Samuel Deacon, B., 1746–1816.
Rev. Richard Cecil, Ep., 1748–1810.
Rev. Thomas Jervis, U., 1748–1833.
Rev. Jonathan Evans, Ind., 1749–1809.
Rev. Richard Burnham, B., 1794–1810.
Rev. John Morrison, D.D., P., 1749–1798 (s.)

A.D. 1750–1800.

John Adams, B., 1751–1835.
Rev. William Cameron, P., 1751–1811 (s.)
Rev. Daniel Herbert, Cong., 1751–1833.
Rev. John Rippon, B., 1751–1836.
George Keith, Bapt., fl. 1787.
Rev. Jehoi[a]da Brewer, Ind., 1752–1817.
Robert Carr Brackenbury, M. E., 1752–1818.
Rev. George Burder, Ind., 1752–1832.
Thomas Greene, Ind., 1753–
Rev. John Ryland, B., 1753–1825.
Rev. Robert Hawker, Ep., 1753–1828.
Rev. George Crabbe, Ep., 1754–1832.
William Drennan, M.D., Dis., 1754–1820.
Rev. William Hurn, Ind., 1754–1829.
Rev. James Boden, Ind., 1757–1841.
Rev. Edmund Butcher, U., 1757–1822.
John Dobell, Ind., 1757–1840.
Miss Susanna Harrison, Ind., 1757–1784.
Joseph Straphan, B.(?), 1757–
Mrs. Ann M. Taylor, Ind., 1758–1830.
Rev. Thomas Gisborne, Ep., 1758–1846.
Prof. Joseph Dacre Carlyle, Ep., 1759–1804.
Mrs. Alice Flowerdew, U., 1759–1830.
William Shrubsole, Jr., Cong., 1759–1829.
Sir James Edward Smith, M.D., U., 1759–1828.
Thomas Park, F.S.A., —, 1760–1835.
Rev. James Upton, B., 1760–1834.
Rev. Basil Woodd, Ep., 1760–1831
Rev. Joseph Swaine, B., 1761–1796.
*Rev. Job Hupton, B., 1762–1849.
Miss Helen Maria Williams, U., 1762–1827.
Rev. William Goode, Ep., 1762–1816.
John Mason Good, M.D., Dis., 1764–1827.
Mrs. Judith (Cowper) Madan, Ep., fl. 1792.
Mrs. Elizabeth (Scott) Williams, Dis., 1708–1776 (fl. America.)
Rev. John Rowe, Dis., 1764–1832.
John Kent, Dis., 1766–1843.
Rev. William Edward Miller,—, 1766–1839.
Rev. Samuel Pearce, B., 1766–1799.
Rev. John Walker, Ep., 1767–1833 (I.)
Alexander Balfour, P., 1767–1829 (s. ?)
Rev. Joshua Marshman, B., 1768–1837.
Rev. Josiah Pratt, Ep. 1768–1844.
* Rev. Thomas Kelly, Ind., 1769–1855 (I.)
Bp. Thomas Fanshaw Middleton, Ep., 1769–1822.
Mrs. (?) Amelia Wakeford ("Am—a") fl. 1769.
Mrs. Amelia Opie, Q., 1769–1853.
Rev. Edward Cooper, Ep., 1770–1833.
William Wordsworth, Ep., 1770–1850.
James Montgomery, Mor., 1771–1854.
Sir Walter Scott, Ep., 1771–1832 (s.)
Hugh Bourne, Pr. M.E., 1772–1852.
Rev. Wm. Hamilton Drummond, D.D., P., 1778–1865 (I.)
James Hogg, P., 1772–1835 (s.)

Miss Harriet Auber, Ep., 1773–1862.
John Burton, Sen., B., 1773–1822.
Rev. William Gadsby, B., 1773–1844.
Mrs. Maria G. Saffery, B., 1773–1858.
Mrs. Agnes Bulmer, M. E., 1775–1837.
Rev. Bourne Hall Draper, B., 1775–1843.
Rev. John Cawood, Ep., 1775–1852.
Lt.-Col. William Blacker, Ep., 1775–1855 (I.)
Rev. John Kempthorne, Ep., 1775–1838.
Bp. Richard Mant, D.D., Ep., 1776–1848.
Thomas Campbell, P., 1777–1844 (S.)
Rev. Ingram Cobbin, Cong., 1777–1851.
Rev. Joshua Marsden, M. E., 1777–1837.
Rev. Benjamin Williams, P. (? U.) fl. 1778.
Miss (?) Sarah Slinn, fl. 1779.
Rev. Thomas Cotterill, Ep., 1779–1823.
Thomas Moore, R. C., 1779–1852 (I.)
Miss Marianne Nunn, Ep., 1779–1847.
Miss Dorothy Ann Thrupp, Ep., 1779–1847.
Rev. John Buckworth, Ep., 1779–1835.
Rev. Ralph Wardlaw, Cong., 1779–1853 (S.)
William Hone, —, 1780–1842.
Rev. George Croly, LL.D., Ep., 1780–1860.
Rev. John William Cunningham, Ep., 1780–1861.
Rev. John Marriott, Ep., 1780–1825.
Rev. George Heath, U., 1781–1822.
Rev. John Bickersteth, Ep., 1781–1855.
Rev. James Joyce, Ep., 1781–1850.
Rev. Thomas Morell, Cong., 1781–1840.
John Thomson, M.D., U., 1782–1818.
Rev. William Bengo Collyer, D.D., LL.D., Cong., 1782–1854.
Rev. David Whyte, P., 1782–1872.
Mrs. Ann (Taylor) Gilbert, Cong., 1782–1866.
Rev. Gerard Thomas Noel, Ep., 1782–1851.
John Bowdler, Jr., 1783–1815.
Rev. George Clayton, Cong., 1783–1862.
Bp. Reginald Heber, D.D., Ep., 1783–1826.
Miss Jane Taylor, Cong., 1783–1824.
Bernard Barton, Q., 1784–1849.
Rev. John Bulmer, Cong., 1784–1857.
Rev. James Harrington Evans, B., 1785–1849.
Samuel Fletcher, Cong., 1785–1863.
Sir Robert Grant, Ep., 1785–1838 (S.)
Rev. Joseph Irons, Ind., 1785–1852.
Henry Kirke White, Ep., 1785–1806.
Rev. Edward Bickersteth, Ep., 1786–1850.
Rev. Thomas Scales, Ind., 1786–1860.
Mrs. Caroline (Fry) Wilson, Ep., 1787–1846.
George Mogridge ("Old Humphrey"), Ep., 1787–1854.
Rev. Andrew Reed, Cong., 1787–1862.
Rev. William Jowett, Ep., 1787–1855.

Abp. Richard Whately, D.D., Ep., 1787–1863.
Joseph John Gurney, Q., 1788–1847.
Rev. Thomas Raffles, D.D., Cong., 1788–1863.
Rev. Thomas James Judkin, —, 1788–1871.
Rev. John King, Ep., 1789–1858.
Josiah Conder, Cong., 1789–1855.
William Knox, P., 1789–1825 (s.)
Miss Charlotte Elliott, Ep., 1789–1871.
Rev. Prof. James Scholefield, Ep., 1789–1853.
Aaron Crossley Hobart Seymour, Ep., 1789 (I.)
Rev. Benjamin Guest, Ep., 1790–1869.
Rev. Henry March, Ind., 1790 (?)–
Rev. John Pyer, Cong., 1790–1859.
Miss Maria DeFleury, Ind., fl. 1791.
Rev. David Denham, B., 1791–1848.
James Edmeston, Ep., 1791–1867.
William Groser, B., 1791–1856.
Rev. John Howard Hinton, B., 1791–1872.
William Freeman Lloyd, Ep., 1791–1853.
Rev. Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Ep., 1791–1868.
Rev. William Urwick, D.D., Ind., 1781–1868 (I.)
Rev. John Keble, Ep., 1792–1866.
Lady Lucy Elizabeth Georgiana Whitmore, Ep., 1792–1840.
Rev. Robert S. McAll, Dis., 1792–1838 (s.)
Sir John Bowring, LL.D., U., 1792–1872.
Mrs. "Charlotte Elizabeth" Tonna, Ep., 1792–1846.
William Bartholomew, 1793–1867.
Rev. William Henry Havergal, Ep., 1793–1870.
Bp. Samuel Hinds, Ep., 1793–1872.
Rev. Henry Francis Lyte, Ep., 1793–1847.
William McComb, 1793–(I.)
Thomas Furlong, —, 1794–1827.
Robert Kaye Greville, LL.D., Ep., 1794–1866.
Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton D.D., LL.D., Cong., 1794–1848.
Mrs. Felicia Dorothea (Browne) Hemans, Ep., 1793–1835 (w.)
Mrs. Elizabeth (Holmes) Reed, Cong., 1794–1867.
Thomas Bilby, 1794–1872.
Richard Hine, fl. 1795.
Miss Mary Pyper, 1795–
Edward Swaine, Cong., 1795–1862.
Mrs. Joan Eliza (Thomas) Conder, Cong., 1796–
Rev. William Hiley Bragge-Bathurst, Ep., 1796–1877.
Sir Edward Denny, Plym. Br., 1796– (I.)
Mrs. Jane Lewers Gray, P., 1796–1871.
Rev. Thomas Dale, Ep., 1797–1870.
Rev. Cornelius Elven, B., 1797–1871.
Rev. Edward Mote, B., 1797–1874.
Alaric Alexander Watts, 1797–1864.
Joseph Harbottle, B., 1798–1864.
David Macbeth Moir, M.D. (Δ), P., 1798–1851 (s.)
Edward Osler, M.D., Ep., 1798–1863.
Rev. Thomas Binney, Cong., 1798–1874.
Rev. Baptist Wriothesley Noel, B., 1799–1873.
Philip Pusey, Ep., 1779–1855.
Rev. Hugh Stowell, Ep., 1799–1865.
Robert Campbell, R. C., 1799–1868.
Rev. John Moultrie, Ep., 1799–1874.
Rev. Rich'd Thos. Pembroke Pope. Ep., 1799–1859 (I.)

A.D. 1800–1850.

Rev. John Reynell Wreford, P., 1800–1881.
(Rev.) John Nelson Darby, Plym. Br., 1800–1882.
Richard Massie, Ep., 1800–
Rev. Abner William Brown, Ep., 1800–
Rev. Edward Churton, Ep., 1800–1874.
Rev. John Henly, M. E., 1800–1842.
Rev. John Johns, U., 1801–1847.
Matthew Bridges, R. C., 1800–
Rev. James Holme, Ep., 1801–
Mrs. Margaret Mackay, 1801– (s.)
Rev. John Henry Newman, D.D., R. C., 1801–
Joseph Stammers, Ep.(?), 1801–
(Rev.) James George Deck, Plym. Br., 1802–
Rev. John Hampden Gurney, Ep., 1802–1862.
Rev. John Harris, D.D., Ind., 1802–1856.
Rev. John Aikman Wallace, P., 1802–1870 (s.)
Rev. Ernest Hawkins, Ep., 1802–1868.
Rev. Frederick Oakeley, R. C., 1802–1880.
Mrs. Letitia Elizabeth (Landon) Maclean ("L. E. L."), 1802–1839.
Rev. Isaac Williams, R. C., 1802–1865.
Rev. Eliel Davis, B., 1803–1849 (fl. America).
Rev. George Smith, D.D., Cong., 1803–1870.
Rev. Henry James Buckoll, Ep., 1803–1871.
John Burton, Jr., Cong., 1803–
Rev. Benjamin Hall Kennedy, Ep., 1804–
Rev. Amos Sutton, B., 1804–1854.
Rev. Henry Trend, D.D., Ep., 1804–
John David Chambers, Ep., 1804–
Rev. Thomas Davis, Ep., 1804–
Rev. Robert Allen Scott, Ep., 1804–1870.
Rev. Thos. Edwards Hankinson. —, 1805–1843.
Mrs. Sarah (Flower) Adams, U.. 1805–1848.
Benjamin Gough, M.E., 1805–1883.
Rev. Jno. Eustace Giles, B., 1805–75
Mrs. Elizabeth Mills, Ep., 1805–1829.
Rev. Henry Addiscott, Cong., 1806–1860.
Rev. John Chandler, Ep., 1806–1876.
Rev. Arthur Tozer Russell, Ep., 1806–1874.
Mrs. Voke, B., fl. 1806.
Rev. John Sterling, Ep., 1806–1844.
Lady Flora Hastings, 1806–1839 (s.)
Henry Bateman, F.R.C.S., Sw., 1806–1880.
Rev. Wm. Gaskell, U., 1806–1884.
Rev. Horatius Bonar, D.D., P., 1808– (s.)
Prof. Joseph Anstice, Ep., 1808–1836.
Rev. William Lindesay Alexander, D.D., Cong., 1808–1884 (s.)
Mrs. Frances Sara (Fuller-Maitland) Colquhoun, Ep., 1809–1877.
George Rawson, Ind., 1807–
Rev. Edward Arthur Dayman, Ep., 1807–
Rev. Thomas Rawson Taylor, Cong., 1807–1835.
Abp. Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Ep., 1807–1886 (I.)
Bp. Christopher Wordsworth, D.D. Ep., 1807–1885.

Henry Fothergill Chorley, Ep.(?), 1808–1872.
Prof. John Stuart Blackie, P., 1809– (s.)
Rev. Edward Harland, Ep., 1809–
Mrs. Jane (Fox) Crewdson, Ep., 1809–1863 (w.)
Henry Joy McCracken Hope, Pr.(?), 1809–1872 (I.)
Rev. Herbert Kynaston, D.D., Ep., 1809–1878.
Rev. Henry Alford, D.D., Ep., 1810–1871.
John Beaumont, Ep., 1810–
Rev. Thomas Rawson Birks, Ep., 1810–1883.
Rev. Samuel Simpson England, Cong., 1810–
Rev. Philip James Wright, Meth., 1810–1863.
Andrew Young, Pres., 1807–
Rev. Ebenezer Cobham Brewer, LL.D., Ep., 1810–
Rev. John Samuel Bewley Monsell, Ep., 1811–1875.
Mrs. Jane Catherine (Lundie) Bonar, P., 1811–1885.
Rev. William Mercer, Ep., 1811–1873.
Rev. William Josiah Irons, D.D., Ep., 1812–1883.
Mrs. Emma (Leslie) Toke, Ep., 1812–1878.
Mrs. Elizabeth (Rooker) Parson, Cong., 1812–1872.
Rev. William Pollock, Ep., 1812–1873 (I.)
Henry Bennett, 1813–1868.
Samuel Prideaux Tregelles, Plym. Br., 1813–1875.
Joseph Edwards Carpenter, Ph.D., 1813–
Mrs. Jemima (Thompson) Luke, Ind., 1813–
Rev. Christian Henry Bateman, Ep., 1813–
Rev. Rob't Murray McCheyne, D.D., P., 1813–1843 (s.)
Mrs. Mary (Lundie) Duncan, P., 1814–1840.
Rev. Edward Caswall, R. C., 1814–1878.
Rev. Thomas William Baxter Aveling, Cong., 1815–1884.
Rev. Frederick Wm. Faber, R. C., 1814–1863.
Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, D.D., Ep., 1815–1881.
Hablot Knight Browne, 1815–1882.
Rev. Francis Minden Knollis, Ep., 1815–1863.
Rev. Thomas Whytehead, Ep., 1815–1843.
Rev. William Dickinson, Ep., 1816–1868.
Rev. Christopher Newman Hall, D.D., Cong., 1816–
Rev. John Ernest Bode, Ep., 1816–1874.
Rev. Joseph Denham Smith, Cong., 1816–
Oswald Allen, M. E., 1816–
Rev. Charles John Vaughan, D.D., Ep., 1816–
Rev. John Curwen, Cong., 1817–
Rev. Henry Downton, Ep., 1818–
Rev. H. Mayo Gunn, Cong., 1818–
Rev. Thomas Toke Lynch, Cong., 1818–1871.
Rev. John Ross Macduff, P., 1818– (s.)
John George Fleet, 1818–
Rev. John Mason Neale, D.D., Ep., 1818–1866.
James Hamilton, Ep., 1819–
H. R. H. Prince Albert, Ep., 1819–1861.
Mrs. Mary (Cotterill) Bourdillon, Ep., 1819–1870.
Rev. Thomas Hornblower Gill, Ep., 1819–

Bp. James Russell Woodford, D.D., Ep., 1820–1885.
Rev. Clarence Augustus Walworth, R. C., 1820–
Rev. Archer Thompson Gurney, Ep., 1820–
Rev. (?) George Gill, 1820–
Miss Anna Lætitia Waring, Q., 1820– (w.)
John Henry Hopkins, S.T.D., Ep., 1820–
Rev. Sir Henry Williams Baker, Bart., Ep., 1821–1877.
Rev. James Elwin Millard, D.D., Ep., 1821–
Mrs. Eliza Fanny (Goffe) Morris, 1821–
Rev. Edw'd Hayes Plumptre, D.D., Ep., 1821–
Rev. William Cooke, Ep., 1821–1884 (?)
Rev. Greville Phillimore, Ep., 1821–1884.
Rev. Gilbert Rorison, Ep., 1821–1869 (s.)
Bp. William Walsham How, D.D., Ep., 1823–
Horatio Nelson, Earl Nelson, Ep., 1823–
Rev. George Burden Bubier, Cong., 1823–1869.
Rev. Tressilian George Nicholas, Ep., 1823–1860.
Rev. James Drummond Burns, P., 1823–1864 (s.)
Rev. Henry Twells, Ep., 1823–
Francis Turner Palgrave, Ep., 1824–
Mrs. Cecil Frances (Humphreys) Alexander, Ep., 1823–
Rev. Godfrey Thring, Ep., 1823–
Rev. William Bright, D.D., Ep., 1824–
Rev. George MacDonald, LL.D., Ep., 1824–
Bp. Edward Henry Bickersteth, D.D., Ep.. 1825–
Miss Adelaide Anne Procter, R. C., 1825–1864.
Rev. Charles Tamberlane Astley, Ep., 1825–
Albert Midlane, Ep., 1825–
Rev. Laurence Tuttiett, Ep., 1825–
Miss Jane Borthwick, Ep., 1825–(s.)
Mrs. Eric Findlater (*née* Borthwick), Ep., 182–
William Whiting, Ep., 1825–1878.
Rev. George Hunt Smyttan, Ep., 182–
Rev. John Ellerton, Ep., 1826–
Rev. Thomas Johnson Potter, R. C., 1827–1873.
Mrs. Emma Frances (Shuttleworth) Bevan, 1827–
Rev. David Everard Ford, Cong., 1828 (b. 1796 ?).
James Lingley, B., fl. 1829–
Abp. Edward White Benson, D.D., Ep., 1829–
Miss Catherine Winkworth, Ep., 1829–1878.
Rev. Frederic Whitfield, Ep., 1829–
Mrs. Elizabeth (Rundle) Charles, fl. Ep., 1828–
Bp. Wm. Dalrymple Maclagan, D.D., Ep., 1826–
Rev. Robert Hall Baynes, Ep., 1831–
Rev. Francis Pott, Ep., 1832–
Rev. Charles Philpot, fl. 1831.
Rev. Richard Frederick Littledale, LL.D., Ep., 1833–
Rev. Henry Collins, R. C., 1834 ?–188–
Rev. Sabine Baring-Gould, Ep., 1834–
Rev. Charles Haddon Spurgeon, B., 1834–
Charles Stuart Calverly, Ep., 1834–1884.
Folliott Sandford Pierpoint, Ep., 1835–
Mrs. Elizabeth Codner, Ep., 1835(?)–

Miss Frances Ridley Havergal, Ep., 1836–1879.
Rev. John East, Ep., fl. 1836.
Rev. Thomas Benson Pollock, Ep., 1836–
Robert Cleaver Chapman, fl. 1837.
William Chatterton Dix, Ep., 1837–
Rev. George Wade Robinson, Cong., 1838–1877 (I.)
Rev. Gerard Moultrie, Ep., 1839–
Rev. Samuel John Stone, Ep., 1839–
Mrs. E. Shepcote, fl. 1840.
Miss Frances Elizabeth Cox, Ep., fl. 1841.
Rev. John Antes Latrobe, Ep., fl. 1841.
Mrs. Julia Anne (Marshall) Elliott, Ep., d. 1841.
Mrs. Charitie Lees (Smith) Bancroft, Ep., 1841–
Rev. Hugh White, Ep., d. 1840 (I.)
Rev. Richard Hayes Robinson, Ep., 1842–
George Robinson, fl. 1842.
Mrs. Ada (Cambridge) Cross, Ep., 1844–
George Washington Langford, fl. 1847 (I.)
Mrs. Mary Fawler Maude, Ep., fl. 1848.
Rev. David T. K. Drummond, Ep., fl. 1850.
William John Copeland, Ep., fl. 1848.
Rev. William W. Walford, fl. 1846.
Mrs. Jane Euphemia (Brown) Saxby, Ep., fl. 1849.
Rev. William Thos. Bullock, D.D., Ep., d. 1879.
Rev. James Gabb, Ep., fl. 1854.
Caroline Dent, fl. 1855.
Mrs. Mary (Bowley) Peters, Ep., d. 1856.
Miss Catherine Parr ("Holme Lee"), fl. 1856.
Mrs. Anne Ross (Cundell) Cousin, P., fl. 1857.
James Procter, Cong., fl. 1858.
Rev. Samuel Whitlock Gandy, Ep., d. 1858 (?)–
Miss Christina Forsyth, Ep., d. 1859.
Lady Mary Margaret Cockburn-Campbell, Ep., d. 1859.
Rev. John William Hewett, Ep., fl. 1859.
Henry Herbert Wyatt, Ep., fl. 1859.
Rev. Joseph D. Thrupp, Ep., fl. 1860.
Miss H. Whittemore, fl. 1860.
Rev. Phipps Onslow, Ep., fl. 1860.
Miss Mary Dunlop Moultrie, Ep., fl. 1860.
G. Tritton, Ep., fl. 1861.
C. E. May, Ep. (?), fl. 1861.
William Russell, fl. 1861.
Edward Osler, M.D., Ep., d. 1863.
Miss Jane Montgomery Campbell, fl. 1861.
Edward Wilton Eddis, Irvingite, fl. 1864.
Miss Jane Elizabeth Leeson, Ep., fl. 1864.
Miss Katherine Hankey, fl. 1867.
James John Cummins, Ep., d. 1867.
Rev. William Cowan, Ep., fl. 1878 (I.)
Mrs. Urania L. Bailey, fl. 1870.
Elizabeth C. Clephane, P., 1830–69.
Lord Plunket, Bp. of Meath, Ep., fl. 1879 (I.)
Rev. Henry James Buckoll, Ep., d. 1871.
Rev. Frederick George Lee, Ep., d. 1868.
Rev. Henry Arthur Martin, Ep., fl. 1872.
Mary F. Cusack (the "Nun of Kenmare"), fl. 1878 (I.)
John Morrison Sloan, fl. 1880.
Miss Sarah Doudney, fl. 1881.

Mrs. Alessie (Bond) Faussett, Ep., fl. 1878 (I.)
Charles Lawrence Ford, fl. 1865.
Mrs. R. H. Taylor, Plym. Br., fl. ?
Mrs. Mary Jane (Deck) Walker, Ep., fl. 1868.

AMERICAN HYMN-WRITERS.

The "Bay Psalm-Book" 1639 (by John Eliot, 1604–1690, Rev. Thomas Welde, b. Eng., d. 1660, and Rev. Richard Mather, b. Eng., 1596–1669).
Pres. Henry Dunster, Cong., d. 1659–
Anne Bradstreet, Pur., 1612–1672, b. Eng.
Rev. Michael Wigglesworth, Pur., 1631–1705 (b. Eng.)

A.D. 1700–1750.

Rev. Cotton Mather, D.D., F.R.S., Cong., 1663–1728.
Rev. John Barnard, Cong., 1681–1770.
Thomas Prince, Cong., 1687–1758.
Mrs. Elizabeth (Scott) Williams, Cong., 1708 (?)–1776 (b. Eng.)
Benjamin Cleveland, B., 1717 (?)–1790 (?)
Rev. Samson Occom, P., 1723–1792 (Indian).
Rev. Samuel Davies, D.D., P., 1724–1761.
Mrs. Sarah Bache, Q., 1745–1808.
Rev. Nathan Strong, D.D., Cong., 1748–1816.
Rev. Henry Alline, Cong., 1748–1785.

A.D. 1750–1800.

Rev. Timothy Dwight, D.D., Cong., 1752–1817.
Rev. Thomas Baldwin, B., 1753–1825.
Rev. John Leland, B., 1754–1841.
Joel Barlow, Cong., 1755–1812.
Rev. Abijah Davis, Pres., 1763–1817.
James Hart, fl. 1799.
Oliver Holden, Baptist, 1765–1844.
John Quincy Adams, U., 1767–1848.
Rev. John B— Matthias, M.E., 1767–1848.
Samuel J. Smith, Q., 1771–1835.
Rev. Joshua Marsden, 1777–1837 (b. England). M. E.
Francis Scott Key, Ep., 1779–1843.
Rev. John Adam Granade, M. E., 1770–1806.
Mrs. Phœbe Hinsdale Brown, C., 1782–1862.
Rev. Charles Giles, M.E., 1783–1867.
Rev. Asahel Nettleton, P., 1783–1844.
Thomas Hastings, Mus.D., P., 1784–1872.
Rev. Wm. Allen, D.D., C., 1784–1868.
Rev. John Pierpont, U., 1785–1866.
Rev. Nathan Sydney Smith Beman, D.D., P., 1786–1871.
Rev. Josiah Hopkins, P., 1786–1862.
Rev. Prof. Henry Mills, P., 1786–1867.

Prof. Andrews Norton, Unit., 1786–1853.

Rev. Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, D.D., Ep., 1787–1851.

Mrs. Eliza Lee (Cabot) Follen, U., 1787–1860.

Mrs. Emma C— (Hart) Willard, U.(?) 1787–1870.

Rev. Joseph Rusling, M. E., 1788–1839 (b. Epworth, Eng.)

Rev. Seth Mattison, M. E., 1788–1843.

Rev. Adoniram Judson, B., 1788–1850.

Bp. Henry Ustick Onderdonk, D.D., Ep., 1789–1858.

Miss Hannah Flagg Gould, P., 1789–1865.

Rev. Prof. Eleazar Thompson Fitch, Cong., 1791–1871.

Mrs. Lydia Howard (Huntley) Sigourney, C., 1791–1865.

Rev. Samuel Gilman, U., 1791–1858.

[John Howard Payne, 1792–1852.]

Augustus Lucas Hillhouse, Cong., 1792–1859.

Rev. William Mitchell, Cong., 1793–1867.

Rev. Nathaniel Langdon Frothingham, U., 1793–1870.

Rev. David Nelson, M.D., P., 1793–1844.

Rev. Nathaniel Colver, D.D., B., 1794–1870.

Rev. William Bingham Tappan, C., 1794–1849.

Rev. William Augustus Muhlenberg, D.D., Ep., 1796–1877.

William Cullen Bryant, U., 1794–1878.

Rev. James Wallis Eastburn, Ep., 1797–1819.

Rev. James Davis Knowles, B., 1798–1838.

Bp. George Washington Doane, D.D., Ep., 1799–1859.

Mrs. Abigail (Bradley) Hyde, Cong., 1799–1872.

Rev. William Bourne Oliver Peabody, U., 1799–1847.

Rev. Samuel Simon Schmucker, D.D., Luth., 1799–1873.

Rev. Jared Bell Waterbury, D.D., P. or Cong., 1799–1876.

Rev. Thomas Cogswell Upham, Cong., 1799–1872.

A.D. 1800–1850.

George Pope Morris, Ep(?) 1802–1864.

Rev. Leonard Bacon, D.D., Cong., 1802–1881.

Rev. William Henry Furness, D.D., U., 1802–

Rev. John Newton Brown, D.D., B., 1803–1868.

Mrs. Sarah (Boardman) Judson, B., 1803–1845.

Rev. Nathaniel Emmons Johnson, P., 1804–1847.

Rev. James Waddell Alexander, D.D., P., 1804–1859.

Rev. William Crosswell, D.D., Ep., 1804–1854.

Rev. George Washington Bethune, D.D., R. P. D., 1805–1862.

Rev. George Barton Ide, D.D., B., 1805–1872.

Rev. Frederic Henry Hedge, D.D., U., 1805–

Bp. Wm. Rollinson Whittingham, D.D., Ep., 1805–1879.

Rev. Nehemiah Adams, D.D., Cong., 1806–1878.

Harriet Cecilia Phillips, M.E., 1806–

Rev. Edwin Francis Hatfield, D.D., P., 1807–1883.

Rev. Jefferson Hascall, M.E., 1807–

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, U., 1807–1882.

Mrs. Phœbe Palmer, M. E., 1807–1874.
Rev. Roswell Park, Ep., 1807–1869.
Nathaniel Parker Willis, 1807–1867.
Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Appleton) Miles, U., 1807–
Rev. Ray Palmer, D.D., Cong., 1808–
John Greenleaf Whittier, Q., 1808–
Rev. Samuel Francis Smith, D.D., B. 1808–
Rev. Thomas Hewlings Stockton, D.D., M. P., 1808–1868.
Rev. Joseph Addison Alexander, D.D., P., 1809–1860.
Bp. George Burgess, D.D., Ep., 1809–1866.
Mrs. Lydia Baxter, B., 1809–1874.
Rev. Stephen Greenleaf Bullfinch, U., 1809–1870.
Rev. Robert Turnbull, D.D., B., 1809–1877 (b. Scotland.)
Oliver Wendell Holmes, M.D., U., 1809–
Rev. Samuel Young Harmer, M.E., 1809–
Daniel Clement Colesworthy, Cong., 1810–
Rev. James Freeman Clarke, U., 1810–
Mrs. Mary Stanley Bunce (Palmer) (Dana) Shindler, Ep., 1810–
Alfred Alexander Woodhull, M.D., P., 1810–1836.
Willis Gaylord Clark, —, 1810–1841.
Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, U., 1810–1876.
William Hunter, D.D., M. E., 1811–1877 (b. Ireland).
Rev. Elias Nason, Cong., 1811–
Mrs. Frances Miriam (Berry) Whitcher, 1812–1852.
Rev. John Sullivan Dwight, Cong., 1812–
Rev. Theodore Parker, U., 1812–1860.
William Henry Burleigh, U., 1812–1871.
Rev. Thomas Summers, D.D., M. E., 1812–
Thomas MacKellar, P., 1812–
Mrs. Cath. Harbison (Waterman) Esling, Ep., 1812–
Prof. George Nelson Allen, Ep., 1812–1877.
Rev. Sewall Sylvester Cutting, D.D., B., 1813–1882.
Rev. Samuel Wolcott, D.D., Cong., 1813–1886.
Rev. Archibald Kenyon, B., 1813–
Rev. Alfred Arthur Graley, Cong., 1813–
Rev. Jones Very, U., 1813–1880.
Rev. Charles Timothy Brooks, U., 1813–1883.
Rev. John Hart Stockton, M. E., 1813–1877.
Rev. Edwin Henry Nevin, D.D., P., 1814–
Mrs. Mary Hamlin (Mann) Maxwell, M. E., 1814–1853.
Rev. Edwin Hubbell Chapin, D.D., Univ., 1814–1880.
Rev. Charles William Everest, Ep., 1814–1877.
Rev. Sidney Dyer, B., 1814–
Mrs. Harriet (Beecher) Stowe, Cong., 1814–
Rev. Russell Sturgis Cook, Cong., 1814–1864.
Jacob R— Scott, B., 1815–1861.
Rev. John Perry Betker, M. E., 1815–1879.
Mrs. Maria Frances Anderson, B., 1819– (b. France).
Christopher Christian Cox, M.D., LL.D., M.P., 1816–1882.
Rev. Sylvanus Dryden Phelps, B., 1816–
Rev. Daniel March, D.D., P., 1816–

Eli Yates Reese, M. P., 1816–1861.

Mrs. Lucy Evelina (Metcalf) Akerman, Univ. (?), 1816–1874.

Rev. Edmund Turney, B., 1817–1872.

Rev. Henry Harbaugh, Ger. Ref., 1817–1867.

Rev. Thomas Hill, D.D., U., 1818–

Bp. Arthur Cleveland Coxe, D.D., Ep., 1818–

Rev. George Duffield (Jr.), D.D., P., 1818–

Robert Morris, LL.D., P., 1818–

Rev. James Henry Bancroft, 1819–1844.

Rev. Charles Beecher, Cong., 1819–

Rev. Samuel Longfellow, U., 1819–

Mrs. Helen Elizabeth Brown, 1819–

Bp. Frederic Dan Huntington, D.D., Ep., 1819–

Richard Storrs Willis, R.C., 1819–

Rev. Benjamin Webb, 1819–

Mrs. Elizabeth (Payson) Prentiss, P., 1818–1878.

William Bennett, M. E., 1818–

Mrs. Sarah Emily York, R. P. D. (?) 1819–1851.

Miss Alice Carey, Ind., 1820–1871.

Anson Davis Fitz-Randolph, P., 1820–

Rev. Calvin Sears Harrington, M. E., 1820–1886.

Mrs. Mary Ann (Pepper) Kidder, M. E., 1820–

Jeremiah Moorehouse Pelton, P., 1821–

Rev. Henry Martyn Dexter, D.D., Cong., 1821–

Rev. Leonard Swain, Cong., 1821–1869.

Rev. Aaron Robarts Wolfe, P., 1821–

Mrs. Martha Matilda (Brustar) Stockton, M. E., 1821–1885.

Miss Eliza Scudder, Ep., 1821–

Rev. Alexander Ramsey Thompson, D.D., R. P. D., 1822–

Miss Caroline May, Ep., 1822 (?)– (b. England).

Rev. Samuel Johnson, U., 1822–1882.

(Rev.) Col. Thomas Wentworth Higginson, U., 1823–

Rev. Charles Collins, P., 1823–

Rev. Frank Bottome, D.D., M. E., 1823–

Rev. William Orcutt Cushing, Sw., 1823–

Mrs. Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne, M. E., 1823–

Rev. Mark R— Watkinson, Bapt., 1824–1877.

Miss Phœbe Carey, Ind., 1824–1871.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cynthia (Andrews) Ellsworth, 1824–

R. S. James, B., 1824–

John Miller Evans, B., 1825–

Rev. Basil Manly, Jr., D.D., B., 1825–

Rev. Prof. Robinson Potter Dunn, P., 1825–1867.

Rev. James Wheaton Smith, D.D., B., 1826–

Prof. William Fisk Sherwin, B., 1826–

Rev. Peter Stryker, D.D., P., 1826–

Mrs. Mary B— C— Slade, 1826–1882.

Rev. Robert Lowry, D.D., B., 1826–

Francis Miles Finch, P., 1827–

Rev. Lewis Hartsough, M.E., 1828–

Mrs. Caroline (Sprague) Smith, 1827–

Rev. Charles Seymour Robinson, D.D., LL.D., P., 1829–

Christopher Ruby Blackall, M.D., B., 1830–

Horace Lorenzo Hastings, Ind., 1831–

Mrs. Grace Webster (Haddock) Hinsdale, Cong., 1832–
Rev. Benj. Russell Hanby, 1833–1867.
Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, M. E., 1833–
Rev. Pres. William Fairfield Warren, D.D., M. E., 1833–
Mrs. Margaret Elizabeth (Hoff) Carmichael, M. E., 1833–
Rev. Prof. Joseph Henry Gilmore, B., 1834–
Rev. Alexander Clark, D.D., M. P., 1834–1879.
Nathaniel Niles, Ep., 1835–
Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks, B., 1835–
Mrs. Ellen Maria (Huntington) Gates, P., 1835–
Theodore Frelinghuysen Seward, 1835–
Rev. John Atkinson, D.D., M. E., 1835–
Margaret Elizabeth Winslow, 1836–
Mrs. Maria Burbank (Williams) Barnes, B. ("Kate Cameron"), 1836–1873.
Rev. Arthur Tappan Pierson, D.D., P., 1836–
Mrs. Katharine (Hardenburgh) Johnson, P., 1838–
Philip [p] "P." Bliss, B., 1838–1876.
Rev. Elisha Albright Hoffman, M. E., 1839–
Mrs. Mary Holden (Coggswell) Seward ("Agnes Burney"), P., 1839–
Eden Reeder Latta, 1839–
Rev. Jonathan Burch Atchinson, M. E., 1840–1882.
Rev. Samuel (Augustus) Willoughby Duffield, P., 1843–
Mrs. May Louise (Riley) Smith, 1843–
(Rev. ?) Eben Eugene Rexford, Univ., 1847–
Rev. Melancthon Woolsey Stryker, P., 1851–
Mrs. Ethel (Lynn) Beers, d. 1880.
Rev. Edmund Simon Lorenz, Un. Breth., 1854–
Mrs. Mary A. (Lee) Demarest, fl. 1860.
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" FRIEND of my love, your face is bright,
I see the gladness in your eyes.
What fills your life so full of light?"
"I was three days in Paradise.

" I saw the angels and talked with them
Of mysteries far beyond our sphere,
And I brushed the very garments' hem
Of those whose souls were white and clear.

" How came you hence then, friend of mine?
Methinks had I been there with you,
I should cling to the heavenly bread and wine,
And dread whatever might prove untrue."

" Ah ! but I was not fit to stay,
I could not speak the heavenly speech ;
But I loved to linger along the way,
And learn the lessons the angels teach.

" And so I thought to wait awhile
Where men are weary and tears are shed ;
To cause the sorrowing heart to smile,
And open the darkness above the dead.

" For I dream by night and I strive by day
To touch once more each heavenly hand ;
And to bring my neighbor, as best I may,
Where Love is the lord of all the land !"

S. W. D.

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IT came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers *were* as one, to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the LORD; and when they lifted up *their* voice with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the LORD, *saying*, For *he is* good; for his mercy *endureth* for ever: that *then* the house was filled with a cloud, *even* the house of the LORD;

So that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud: for the glory of the LORD had filled the house of God.—2 CHRON. V. 13, 14.

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40 Influence of a song

85 Nearer my God to thee

35 Roll call in heaven